January 9, 1932

5¢ a copy

10c in Canada

IOLA FREE PUBLIC LIBRARY
IOLA, KANSAS

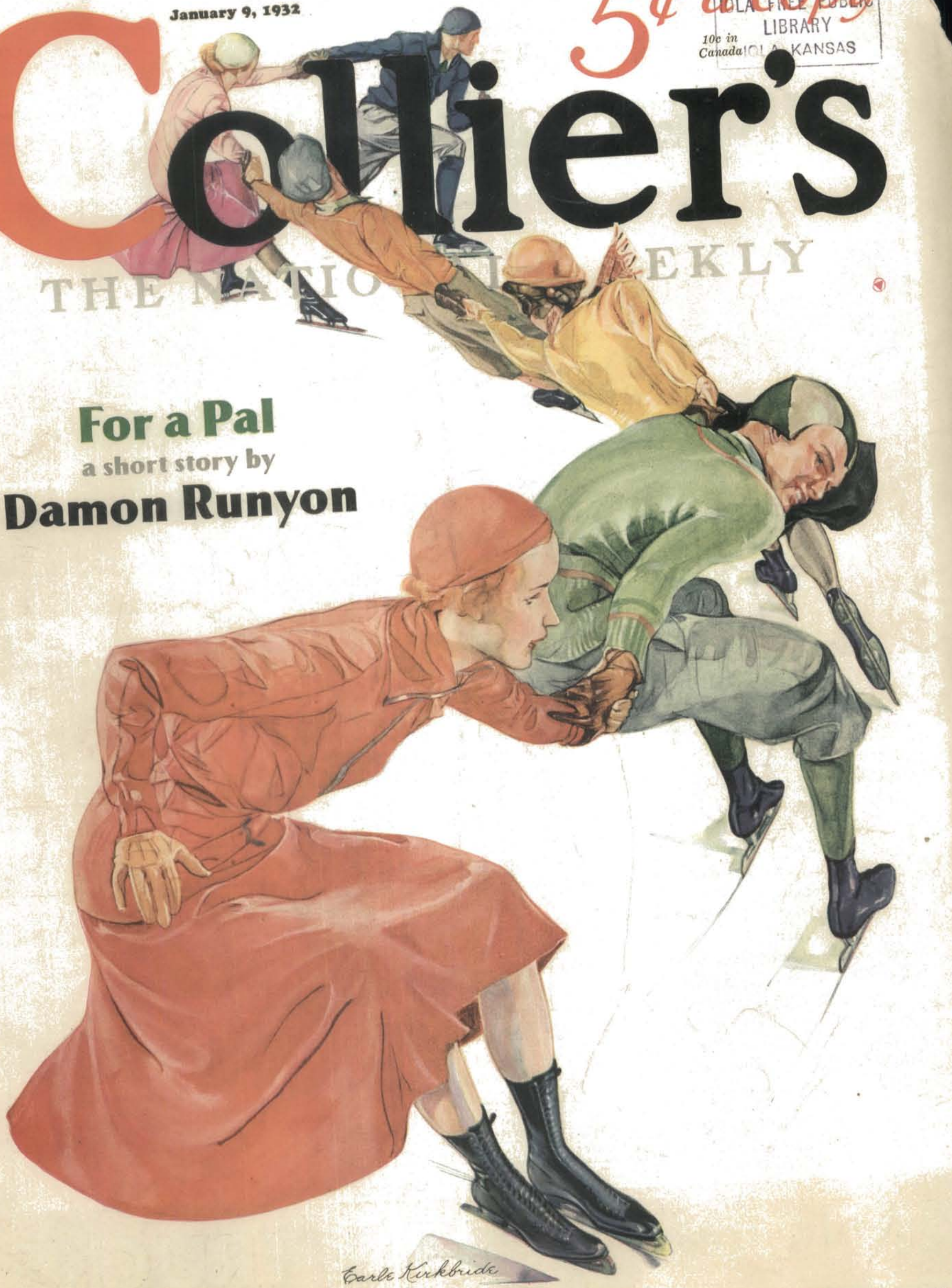
Collier's

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

For a Pal

a short story by

Damon Runyon

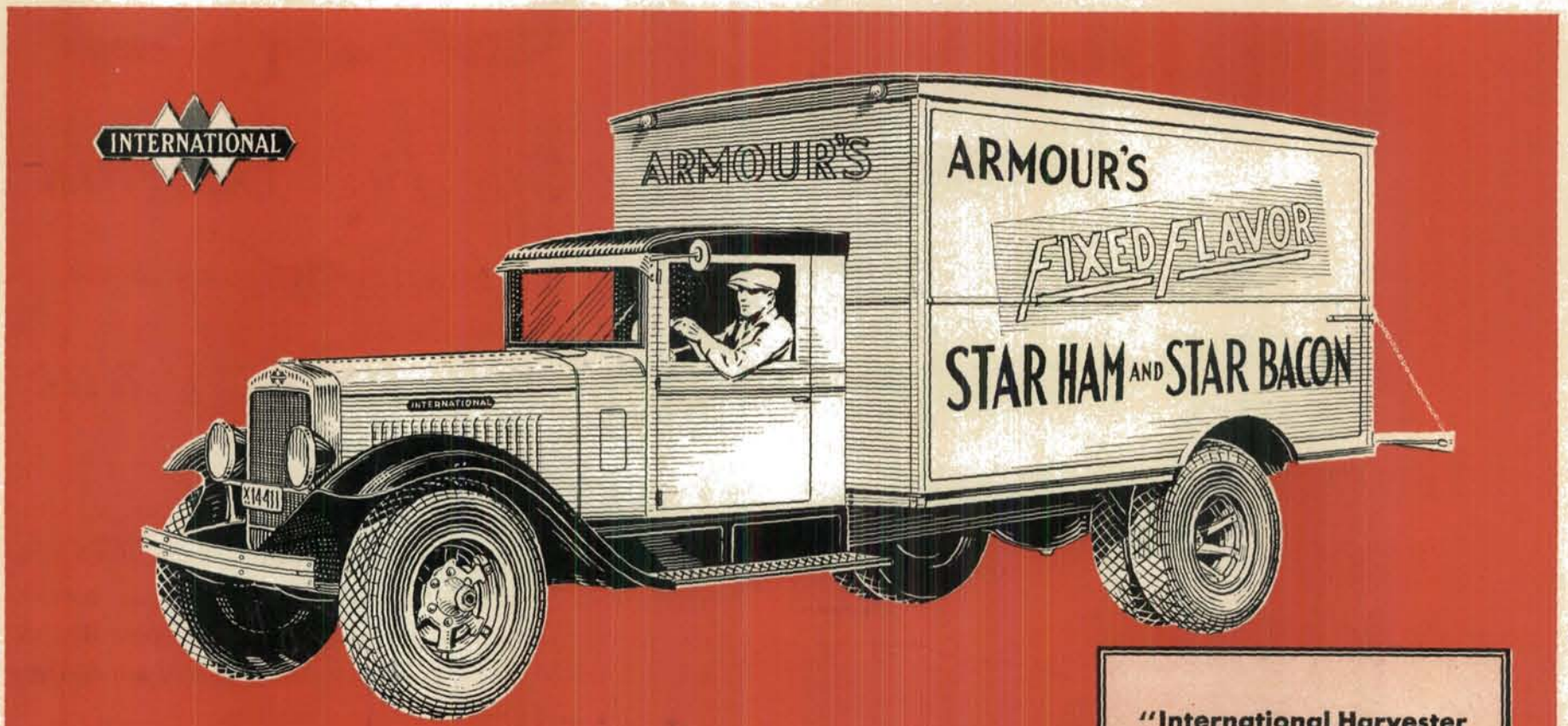


Earle Kirkbride

James B. Connolly · Alan Le May · Grantland Rice · William G. Shepherd

PROPERTY OF UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ARMOUR Gives High Praise to INTERNATIONAL TRUCKS



ARMOUR & COMPANY provides another chapter in the endless story of International Truck success. For more than fifteen years Armour's have come to International Harvester for trucks. And during 1931—a year of severe stress and cost-cutting economy—Armour's invested in a larger fleet of new Internationals than in any previous year.

As with hundreds of other large-fleet operators and thousands of single International owners, Armour's are pleased with the attractive lines of the modern International models, and they know from long experience that quality and dependability are to be found under the surface.

As for the Service that keeps Internationals on the job, this great packing firm gives credit without reserve. "Truck transportation and hauling efficiency are vital factors with us," says an Armour executive. "We use trucks at hundreds of points the nation over, yet we operate only limited facilities for the purpose of repair and upkeep. We prefer to depend on the truck manufacturer for the service, and we say without hesitation that the International Harvester readiness to serve is unequalled. International Truck service goes a long way in helping us to render our own vital service."

When you next make a truck investment put your trust in Internationals, and in the celebrated service that stays with these trucks. You will find cordial and lasting cooperation at an International branch—and any International dealer will meet you in the same spirit.

INTERNATIONAL HARVESTER COMPANY
OF AMERICA
(INCORPORATED)
606 So. Michigan Ave. Chicago, Illinois

"International Harvester Truck Service is First in The United States"

—From a statement by an Armour executive

The International branch at Detroit, where Armour & Company also has one of its many branches. International Harvester maintains the largest Company-owned truck service organization in the world, with branches at 163 points in the United States and 20 in Canada.

Ask for demonstration of the 1½-ton, 4-speed Model A-2

Now reduced to

$615

for the 136-inch Wheelbase Chassis f. o. b. factory.
Other sizes range from ¾-ton to 5-ton.

INTERNATIONAL TRUCKS

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The One Best Bargain

in this Month of Bargains is

Pepperell Extra Value

YOU HAVE often thought: "I wish I could afford Lady Pepperell Sheets." Now you can. Prices have hit bottom. First, the depression brought prices down. And now that the Christmas rush is over, good stores everywhere are holding White Sales and cutting prices to the bone.

So buy. Buy now, before the great chance of your lifetime has gone. You actually pay less right now for the luxurious, long-wearing Lady Pepperell Sheets than you have been paying for common sheets.

But you must act now. Go today—before it is too late—to your favorite store and say "Pepperell". They will give you the lowest prices you ever heard of. Buy for all your own beds, and buy a reserve stock for the future. You will be glad you did, all your life. Such chances do not come twice.

You have a choice of four famous Pepperell Sheets at different prices for different needs. Lady Pepperell has 4 extra threads for long wear. Pepperell "Regular" is the general utility sheet. Pepperell Fine Count is the guest room quality. Pepperell Peeress is the finest cotton sheet made. All are now selling at the lowest prices that have ever been known.

You know the four Pepperell sheets. But do you know you can get the same extra value in hundreds of other articles that bear the Pepperell label? Here are five necessities for women. All are extra value.

NIGHTGOWNS of Pepperell Fabric beautifully cut and finished with Porto Rican embroidery by PACIFIC UNDERGARMENT COMPANY, 520 Broadway, New York City.

PAJAMAS of Pepperell Prints, color-fast and designed in many attractive models, by HUNTINGTON UNDERWEAR COMPANY, 156 West 34th Street, New York City.

DIX-MADE UNIFORMS of Pepperell Fabric, well tailored for professional women, and women at home, by HENRY A. DIX & SONS CORP., 141 Madison Avenue, New York City.

WASH DRESSES of Pepperell Prints, so chic you need not change to go out—made by JOS. H. COHEN & SONS COMPANY, INC., 1350 Broadway, New York City.

SANITARY STEP-INS of Pepperell Fabric with rubberized insert, stand many washings. Made by CLIMAX RUBBER COMPANY, 1270 Broadway, New York City.

PEPPERELL

FREE BOOK Sarah Lee of Pepperell has just written the most useful book about fabrics you can own. It tells how to test values, saving your money and time. You can have it free. Send a post card or use this coupon today.

PEPPERELL MANUFACTURING COMPANY
165 State Street, Boston, Mass.
Send me your free book on efficient buying

Name..... *Address*.....

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Collier's
THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

THIS WEEK

January 9, 1932

Cover—Earle Kirkbride

Page 7—Damon Runyon

FOR A PAL: A Broadway friendship and a Broadway romance.

Page 9—The Short Short Story

LINE-UP: By John B. Kennedy.

Page 10—William G. Shepherd

WHAT GOOD IS MONEY IN THE SOCK? The tangled story of cash.

Page 12—Duncan Norton-Taylor

THE GIRL WHO LOVED ANOTHER: An elopement—with one too many.

Page 14—Essad Bey

THE RED CZAR, Part V: October, 1917, in Russia.

Page 16—Alan LeMay

WINTER RANGE, Part IV: The pall of mystery.

Page 18—Edward L. McKenna

MARTIN COMFREY MEETS THE BLIND GODDESS: The story of a juror.

Page 19—The Gentleman at the Keyhole

HEAD OF THE HOUSE: John Garner of Texas.

Page 20—James B. Connolly

LIKE A GLOUCESTERMAN: Why Houghton tried to swim with an axe.

Page 22—Grantland Rice

THE SPORTS-EYE VIEW: Panoramic.

Page 24—Harris Dickson

MOONSHINE ON THE MISSISSIPPI: Gray Simon, solitary rebel.

Page 25—Hugh MacNair Kahler

THE BIG PINK, Part VIII: Midsummer gayety.

Page 30—Ruth F. Wadsworth, M. D.

A MODERN MIRACLE: Things you've wanted to know about vaccination, inoculation and antitoxins.

Page 36—Milton C. Work

HOW WOULD YOU PLAY IT? The national pastime.

Page 41—Freling Foster

KEEP UP WITH THE WORLD: Statistical gems.

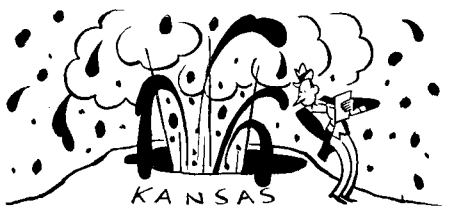
Page 50—Editorial

WE'LL ALL LIVE BETTER.

Next Week

THE possibility of wiping out the past and starting life over again has always been an alluring speculation. If we had a dollar and a half for each time we've heard someone wish to do it we would hand half the money over to Mr. Mellon and stop this talk about a tax increase.

Frederick Hazlitt Brennan's theory about a fresh start is that very likely you would make the same mistakes again, that the clever man would continue to receive an extra serving of gravy and a dub would keep on being a dub. He develops his idea in a short story, using as his subjects several young men who were reported dead erroneously in the Great War. You can follow their adventures without discomfort in "This Is How It Feels," after which you will conclude, rightly, that life as it might be hasn't anything on life as it is.



WALTER DAVENPORT, famous as a member of our itinerant staff, returned the other day from Kansas. In every part of that politically boiling commonwealth hot words fill the air. Fortunately, Mr. Davenport's job was to listen. He did no talking, did not draw a direct fire and so came away unblistered. In his report you will see that Kansas is dissatisfied and expresses its dissatisfaction with evangelical fervor. You will sympathize with Mr. Charley Curtis in his difficult decision not to run for the Senate and understand the importance of Doc Brinkley, the gland man, who without being in politics is probably the best politician in the state. "Gland Time in Kansas."

—

HOW can a rich girl tell whether a young man wants to marry her for herself alone or for her money? There have been many songs (some of them good) written on that theme and we have seen some very mean situations in fiction just because she *couldn't* tell. Althea Condon settled the question satisfactorily, but she had the involuntary help of her father, so she doesn't deserve all the credit. As usual we had our misgivings but perhaps we aren't very sophisticated. Love always baffles us. Dana Burnet wrote it. "Red and Ted."

—

THE romance of which Hollywood is proudest began, and cognoscenti tell us this is not an unusual thing, with mutual dislike. The principals are, of course, *Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., and the young* woman whose professional name was Lucille LeSueur before it became Joan Crawford. Now they exchange endearments in Hog Latin, believing that they achieve thereby a certain measure of privacy. Henry F. Pringle tells about their determinedly happy life in "Joan and Doug."

—

FRANK CONDON contributes a short story; Essad Bey continues the dramatic story of Joseph Stalin, "The Red Czar;" Hugh MacNair Kahler, Alan LeMay, Grantland Rice, Freling Foster, Milton C. Work and others continue to keep their New Year's resolutions.

Any Week

THERE are lots of people we don't know and, *to our vast regret, one of them* is Mr. R. Don Laws, whose paper, The Yellow Jacket, has just arrived. There's a man for you. On the very front page he announces that nothing is going to make him quit until he has rid America of "liars and leeches, hypocrites and humbugs, demagogs and dastards." And that, take it from this battle-scarred veteran, is ambition.

—

IF YOU will look around carefully this week you may see one or two large young men superiorly decorated. If your eyes are pretty sharp and you get around enough you may see eleven of them. You can't mistake them. They will be wearing on their magnificent chests or thereabouts the gold footballs that Collier's has just *sent them for being clever and agile enough* to make the All-America football team. The late Mr. Walter Camp, inventor of All-America teams, designed those footballs and the selecting of the wearers is an old Collier's custom. Something else we started.

"WE'RE not doing so bad down here in Carter County," reports Mr. Cobe Lukens of that part of Missouri. "We can't get folks to eat our corn but gosh how they will drink it. You city folks must be right dry considering the business we're doing."

—

MR. HARRY F. HOUERMAN of Columbia, Oregon, dropped in on his way back from Russia where he had been working for thirteen months on railroad construction. If, reports he, work is all one yearns for, there's no place like Russia.

"But," he adds, "try to get paid for it in anything you can spend."

—

MRS. FLORENCE SCHWARTZ RAYNE of Kansas City is apprehensive. In such times as these, argues Mrs. Rayne, "the mass mind becomes confused and untracked and the results are crystallized in Congress."

Alas, Mrs. Rayne, like so many of our correspondents who view with alarm, fails to tell us what to do about it.

—

PERHAPS Mr. Joseph B. Winterhalter of Lincoln, Nebraska, has the right solution. "My idea," says Mr. Winterhalter, "is that everybody east of the Alleghenies should take a jump in the ocean and not bother to holler for help."

—

OR Mrs. Elliot B. Kilday of Richmond, Virginia. "Why not," asks she, "get all these writers who are turning out books about how silly official Washington is and let them try running the government for a while?"

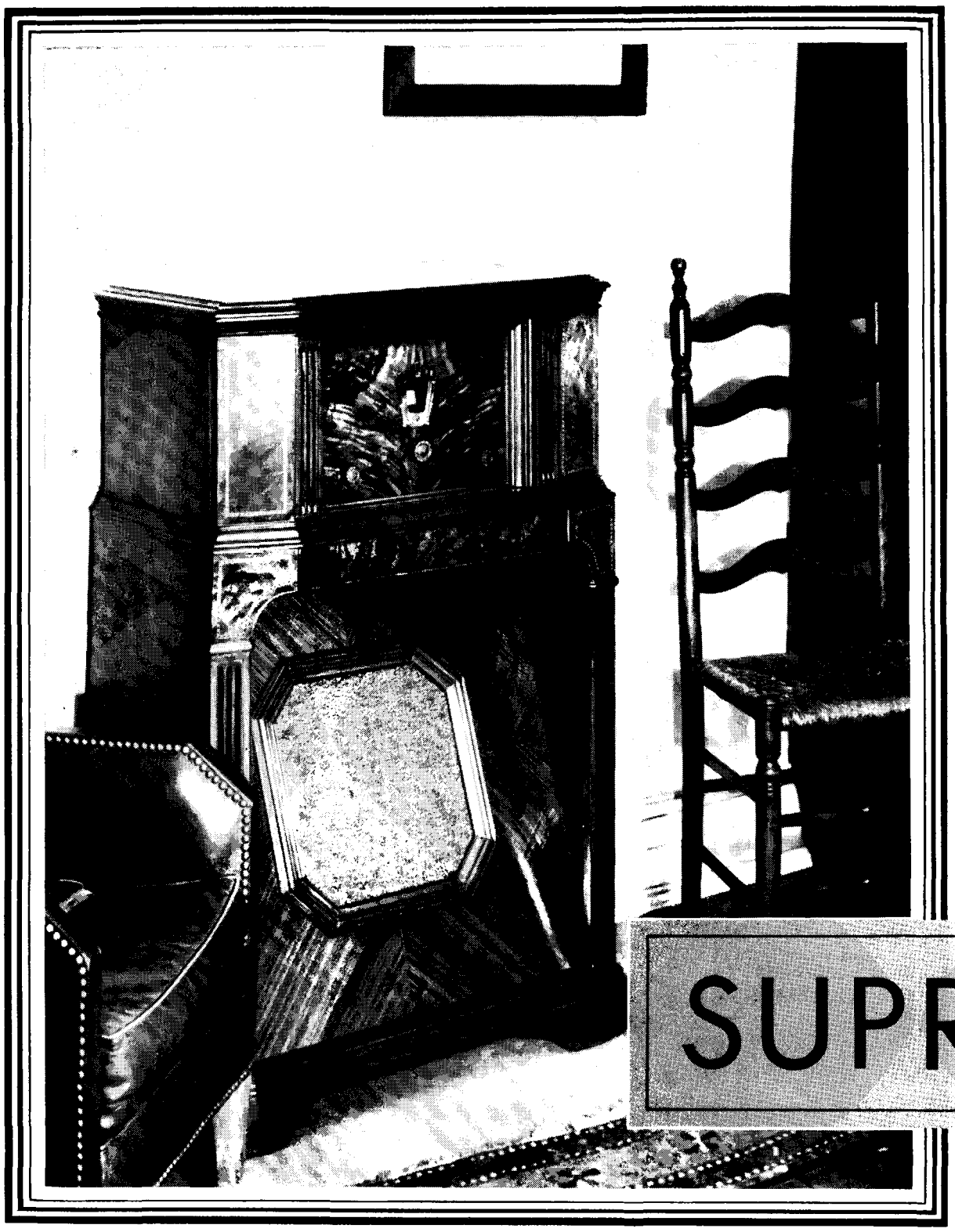
—

And give Mr. Hoover the first laugh he's had since November, 1928?

Vol. 89, No. 2. Entered as second-class matter at Post Office, Springfield, Ohio, under Act of March 3, 1879, and at Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada, by P. F. Collier & Son Company, Springfield, Ohio. Copyright, 1932, P. F. Collier & Son Company, in the United States, Canada and Great Britain. Executive and Editorial Offices: 250 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y.; 6 Henrietta Street, Covent Garden, London. Published weekly at Springfield, Ohio, U. S. A. Thomas H. Beck, President; George J. Kennedy, Vice President; William P. Larkin, Vice President; Albert E. Winger, Treasurer. Manuscripts submitted should be accompanied by return postage. The Publisher is not responsible for return of unsolicited manuscripts.

5 cents a copy in United States. $2.00 a year, $3.50 for two years, in the United States and Possessions, also Argentina, Bolivia, Brazil, Canary Islands, Chile, Colombia, Costa Rica, Cuba, Dominican Republic, Ecuador, El Salvador, Guatemala, Haiti, Isle of Pines, Labrador, Mexico, Newfoundland, Nicaragua, Panama, Paraguay, Peru, Republic of Honduras, Spain and Colonies, Uruguay and Venezuela. For Canada add $2.50 per year for Canadian duty. For countries other than above add $2.50 per year extra postage. Remit by postal or express money order or check in United States funds to Springfield, Ohio. To avoid missing issues, notice must reach us five weeks in advance of change of address. Be sure to give both old and new addresses.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



SUPREME...

IT is not price or salesmanship which makes PHILCO the most accepted Radio. It is supreme quality · · · If we built only ten sets per year, or if the price were ten times what it is, there is nothing that modern science could add to make this marvelous musical instrument more perfect in tone · · · Human voices, with all the delicate modulations which make the difference between the genuine and an imitation. Music, vocal and instrumental, with the full register, all the undertones and overtones. Your ear cannot distinguish between the voice of PHILCO and the original · · · A musical instrument of the very highest order, to become the greatest influence in your home for the entertainment, education, and up-to-date enlightenment of your family. That is PHILCO · · · See it. Hear it. Buy it. Enjoy it.

ABOVE IS MODEL 112X Balanced Superheterodyne, eleven tube, Automatic Volume Control, $150. Other Philcos from $36.50 to $295, complete with Philco Balanced Tubes, including new Pentode Power Tube, illuminated station recording dial, hand rubbed cabinets, and many other exclusive Philco features . . . Philco replacement tubes, Philco Short Wave Converter, Philco Transitone for motor cars and boats, Philco Electric Clock and Radio Regulator.

Hear the greatest musical broadcasts of all time, by Leopold Stokowski and the Philadelphia Orchestra, over the entire Columbia Network, Jan. 16, Mar. 12, Apr. 2 at 8:15 P. M. (E. S. T.)

PHILCO · PHILADELPHIA · TORONTO · LONDON

PHILCO·

A musical instrument of quality

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

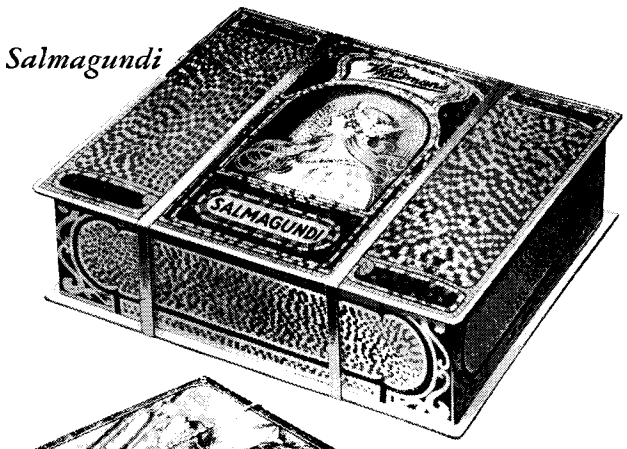
Fresh Whitman's Candies

Wherever you see this sign

Sampler

AT 22,000 SELECTED AGENCIES

Prestige

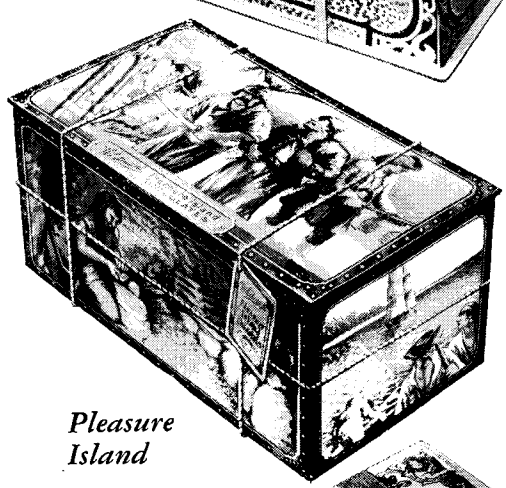


Salmagundi

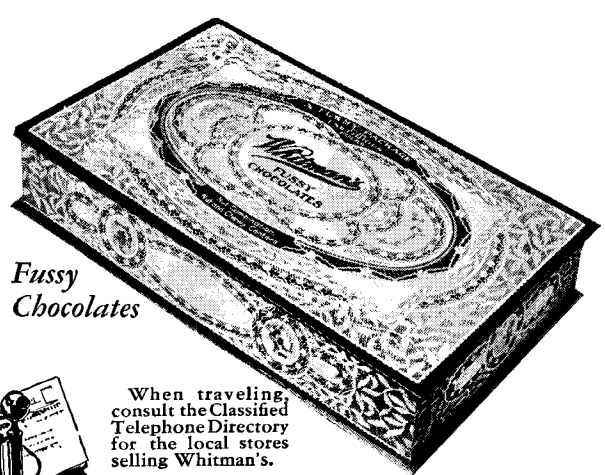
Every package of Whitman's at 22,000 selected agencies is dated. It is shipped *direct* to the retail store that serves you. We eliminate the middleman to render perfect service in delivering fresh candies. There is a guarantee of satisfaction in every package. Should heat or accident impair the chocolates you can secure replacement or refund either from the dealer or from us.

There is a nation-wide distribution of Whitman's Chocolates from four centers, New York, Philadelphia, Chicago and San Francisco. We are not content with making chocolates up to the highest ideals, but we insist that they can and shall be delivered to you perfect.

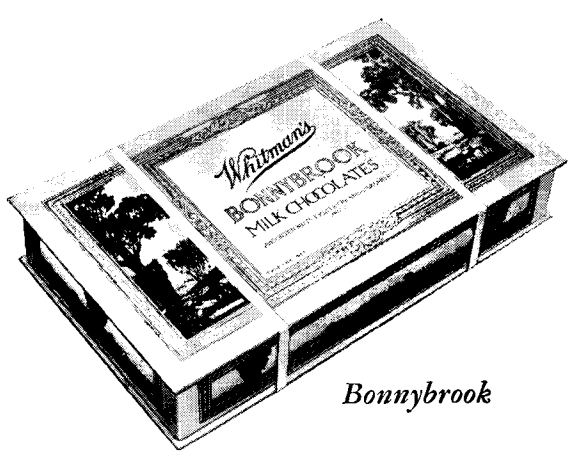
All explaining why Whitman's are preferred far and near. Look over these leading Whitman packages at the nearest Whitman Dealer. Each package is built to meet a real demand in fine chocolates. The contents of all are different.



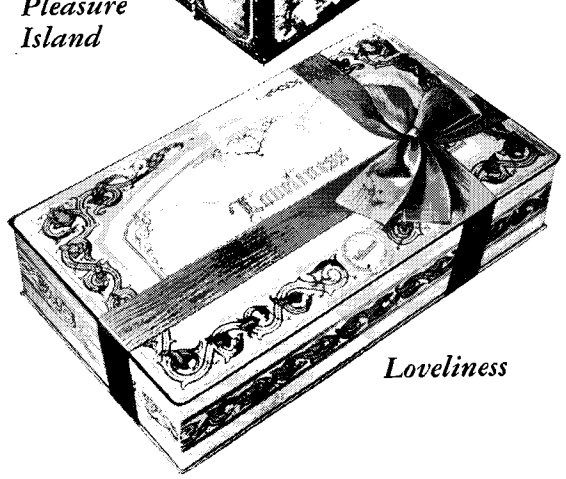
Pleasure Island



Fussy Chocolates



Bonnybrook



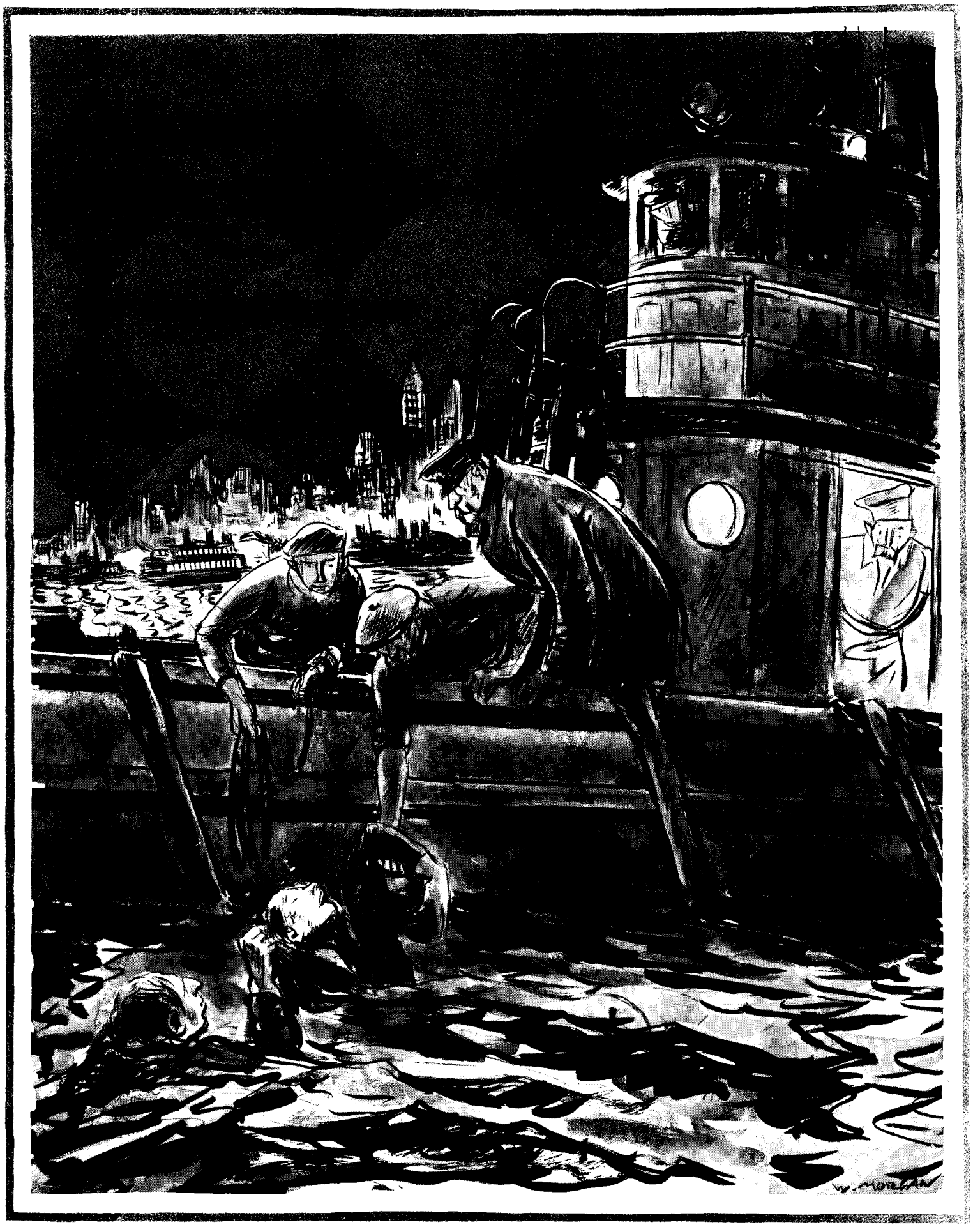
Loveliness

When traveling, consult the Classified Telephone Directory for the local stores selling Whitman's.

For quick service at a distance, you may order Whitman's sent by wire at any telegraph office.

© S. F. W. & Son,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



It's a lucky break for Little Yid and Blind Benny that a tugboat happens along

FOR a matter of maybe fifteen years or more, Little Yid and Blind Benny are pals, and this is considered a very good thing for Benny because he is as blind as a bat, and maybe blinder, while Yid can see as good as anybody and sometimes better.

So Little Yid does the seeing for Benny, explaining in his own way to Benny just what he sees, such as a horse race or a baseball game or a prize fight or a play or a moving picture or anything else, for Yid and Blind Benny are great hands for going around and about wherever anything is coming off, no matter what, and up to the time this doll Mary Marble comes into their lives they are as happy as two pups in a basket.

How Benny comes to go blind I do not know, and nobody else along Broadway seems to know either, and in fact nobody cares, although I once hear Regret, the horse player, say it is probably in sympathy with the judges at the race track, Regret being such a guy as claims all these judges are very blind indeed. But of course Regret is sore at these race-track judges because they always call the wrong horse for him in the close finishes.

Little Yid tells me that Blind Benny is once a stick man in a gambling joint in Denver, and a very good stick man, at that, and one night a fire comes off in a flop house on Larimer Street, and Blind Benny, who is not blind at this time, runs into the fire to haul out an old guy who has more smoke in him than somewhat, and a rush of flames burns Benny's eyes so bad he loses his sight.

Well, this may be the true story of how Benny comes to go blind, but I know Little Yid likes Benny so much that he is not going to give Benny the worst of any story he tells about him, and for all anybody knows maybe Benny really goes into the fire to search the old guy. Personally, I do not believe in taking too much stock in any story you hear on Broadway about anything.

BUT there is no doubt about Blind Benny being blind. His eyelids are tacked down tight over his eyes, and there is no chance that he is faking, because many guys keep close tab on him for years and never catch him peeping once. Furthermore, several guys send Benny to eye specialists at different times to see if they can do anything about his eyes, and all these specialists say he is one of the blindest guys they ever examine. Regret says maybe it is a good thing, at that, because Benny is so smart as a blind guy that the chances are if he can see he will be too smart to live.

He is especially smart when it comes to playing such games as pinochle. In fact, Benny is about as good a single-handed pinochle player as there is in this town, and there are many first-rate pinochle players in this town, if anybody asks you. Benny punches little holes in the cards so he can tell which is which by feeling of them, and the only way anybody can beat him is to cheat him, and it is considered most discourteous to cheat a blind guy, especially as Benny is always apt to catch a guy at cheating and put up an awful beef.

HE IS a tall, skinny guy with a thin face, and is by no means bad-looking, while Little Yid is about knee high to a snake, and they look like a father

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and his little boy as they go along the street with Little Yid hanging onto Blind Benny's arm and giving him the right steer.

Of course it is by no means an uncommon thing on Broadway for citizens to come upon blind guys waiting at a corner for traffic to stop, and for the citizens to steer these blind guys across the street, although if the blind guys have any sense they will keep their dukes on their tin cups while they are being steered, but it is a most unusual proposition in this town for anybody to go steering a blind guy around for fifteen years the way Little Yid steers Blind Benny, as Blind Benny is a guy who takes plenty of steering.

IN FACT, one time Yid has to be away on business for a week, and he leaves Blind Benny with a committee of guys, and every day one of these guys has to steer Benny around wherever he wishes to go, which is wherever there is anything going on, and Benny wears the whole committee plumb out before Yid gets back, as Benny is certainly a guy who likes to go around and about. Furthermore, he is so unhappy while Yid is away that he becomes a very great nuisance, because it seems that none of the committee can see things as good as Yid for him, or explain them so he can understand them.

Personally, I will not care to have Little Yid do my seeing for me, even if I am blind, because I listen to him telling what he sees to Blind Benny many times, and it seems to me Little Yid is often somewhat cockeyed in his explanations.

Furthermore, I will hate to be explaining things to Blind Benny, because he is always arguing about what is taking place, and giving you his opinions of it, even though he cannot see. In fact, although he cannot see a lick, Blind Benny is freer with his opinions than guys who can see from here to Europe.

It is a very interesting sight to watch Little Yid and Blind Benny at the race track, for they are both great hands for playing the horses and, in fact, Benny is a better handicapper than a lot of guys who have two good eyes and a pair of spectacles to do their handicapping with.

At night they get the form sheet and sit up in their room with Yid reading off the past performances and the time trials, and all this and that, and with Blind Benny doping the horses from what Yid reads, and picking the ones he figures ought to win the next day. They always have a big argument over each horse, and Yid will tell Blind Benny he is daffy to be picking whatever horse it is he picks, and Benny will tell Yid he is out of his mind to think anything else can beat this horse and they will holler and yell at each other for hours.

But they always wind up very friendly, and they always play the horse Benny picks, for Yid has much confidence in Benny's judgment, although he hollers and yells at him more than somewhat when one of the picks loses. They sit up in the grandstand during every race, and Yid will explain to Benny what is doing in the race, and generally he manages to mention that the horse they are betting on is right up there and going easy, even though it may be laying back of the nine ball, for Yid believes in making Blind Benny feel good at all times.

BUT when a horse they are betting on is really in the running, especially in the stretch, Yid starts to root him home, and Benny roots right along with him as if he can see, and rocks back and forth in his seat, and pounds with his cane, and yells, "Come on with him, jock," the same as anybody with two good eyes.

I am telling you all this about Little Yid and Benny to show you that they are very close friends, indeed. They live together and eat together and argue together, and nobody ever hears of a nicer friendship on Broadway, although naturally some citizens figure for a while that one or the other must have some angle in this friendship, as it is practically uncanny for a friendship to last all these years on Broadway.

Blind Benny has some kind of an income from his people out West who are sorry about him being blind, and Little Yid has a piece of a small factory run by a couple of his brothers over in Hoboken where they make caps such as some citizens wear on their heads, and it seems this factory does very well, and the brothers are willing to send Little Yid his piece without him being around the factory very much, as they do not seem to consider him any boost to a cap factory.

SO YID and Blind Benny have all the money they need to go along, what with making a little scratch now and then on the races, and they never seem to care for any company but their own and are very happy and contented with each other. In all the years they are together, Yid is never known to more than say hello to a doll, and of course Blind Benny cannot see dolls, anyway, which many citizens claim is a great break for Benny, so Yid and Benny are carrying no weight in this respect.

Now one night it seems that Ike Jacobs, the ticket spec, has a pair of Chinee duckets to the opening of a new play by the name of Red Hot Love, a Chinee ducket being a complimentary ducket that is punched full of holes like Chinee money, and which you do not have to pay for, and Ike gives these duckets to Little Yid and Blind Benny, which is considered very large-hearted of Ike, at that.

So when the curtain goes up on Red Hot Love, Yid and Benny are squatted right down in front among many well-known citizens who are all dressed up in evening clothes, because this Red Hot Love has a bunch of swell actors in it, and is expected to be first-class.

Naturally, when the play begins, Yid has to give Blind Benny a little information about what is doing, otherwise Benny cannot appreciate the thing. So Yid starts off in a whisper, but any time Yid starts explaining anything to Benny he always winds up getting excited, and talking so loud you can hear him down at the Battery.

Of course Blind Benny can follow a play as good as anybody if there is plenty of gab on the stage, but he likes to know what actors are doing the gabbing, and what they look like, and what the scenery looks like, and other details that he cannot see, and Little Yid is telling him in such a voice as causes some of the citizens around to say shush-shush. But Little Yid and Blind Benny are accustomed to being shushed in theaters, so they do not pay much attention.

Well, Red Hot Love is one of these problem plays, and neither Little Yid or Blind Benny can make much of it, although they are no worse off than anybody else around them, at that. But Little Yid tries to explain to Blind Benny what it is all about, and Benny speaks out loud as follows:

"It sounds to me like a rotten play."

"Well," Little Yid says, "maybe the play is not so rotten but the acting is."

There is much shushing from one and all around them, and the actors are giving them the bad eye from the stage, because the actors can hear what they say, and are very indignant, especially over this crack about the acting.

WELL, the next thing anybody knows down the aisle come a couple of big guys who put the arm on Little Yid and Blind Benny and give them the old heave-o out of the joint, as you are not supposed to speak out loud in a theater about any bad acting that is going on there, no matter how bad it is.

(Continued on page 46)

Illustrated by Wallace Morgan

"Gentlemen," she says, "I wish to compliment you on your judgment of the affair inside. It is a rotten play, and the acting is rotten"

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Line-Up

A Short Short Story complete on this page

By John B. Kennedy

Illustrated by C. C. Beall

"I don't know the boys you mean," said the woman, "or I'd tell you where they were"

FLORENCE DAWSON—sure that is your name?" the inquisitor barked.

"Florence Dawson," said the woman, speaking clear and low into the microphone. A heavy fist seized its stem—shuffled the mike to the other young woman on the dais.

"And you're Inez Varelle?" the inquisitor barked again.

"Yes," said the girl distinctly.

The inquisitor coughed to signify serious doubts of both women. He was Deputy-Inspector Ryan, and he relished this morning job of bossing examinations in the line-up gallery. Women, young women, gave piquancy to it, especially when they were good-looking and smartly dressed, as these two were.

Scores of detectives sat hearing the voices and watching the figures and faces of suspects backed against the measuring line on the rear screen. The microphone handler read a message in the inquisitor's eyes. He shuttled the mike back to the first woman.

"Florence Dawson," snapped Inspector Ryan.

The woman addressed stood at attention. She appeared older, although not much older than the other. Nor was she as arrestingly handsome. There was the quiet air of a demure or dangerous woman about her. It seemed dangerous in that setting—the lighted vault of a police gallery, arc lights aiding sunlight in pitilessly exposing faces frayed by a night in custody.

"Ever been arrested before, Miss Dawson?" the inspector asked.

"Never," said the woman.

The inquisitor glanced at two record cards. At a nod, the microphone shuffled to the other woman.

"Have you been arrested before, Miss Varelle?" asked the inspector.

"Never."

"How did Mrs. Markham's stolen jewelry happen to be in your possession?"

"It was in my apartment—not in my possession."

"How did it get there?"

"I don't know."

"You don't know how more than fifty thousand dollars' worth of jewelry got into your flat? Yet you and Florence Dawson here were fighting over it when the detectives entered?"

"We weren't fighting over it."

"The detectives say you were."

"They're liars."

The listening audience of detectives grinned. Their eyes beat relentlessly on the pair.

"Inez"—the inquisitor dropped his voice—"don't call your friend a liar. Miss Dawson told the detectives you were fighting."

The younger woman glared fiercely at the other. This was the rift the inquisitor sought to insert between companion captives in every case. He pressed the advantage.

"IF YOU weren't fighting over the jewels, what man were you fighting over?" he snapped.

"I wouldn't fight over any man," the girl snapped back.

"You knew James Markham, Inez?"

Miss Dawson glanced sharply at her companion on the dais.

"I knew him slightly," said Miss Varelle.

"Slightly enough to be known as his girl in all the night clubs," prodded the inquisitor.

"That isn't true," said Miss Varelle.

"Well," whipped the inspector, "tell us the truth. Where's Markham now?"

"I don't know," the girl flared.

"You don't know that he was kidnapped by some of your boy friends, eh, Inez?" asked the inspector, voice rasping angrily. "You don't know where he's being held?"

"I don't know where he is."

"When did he give you these jewels he stole from his wife to buy you off?"

"Are you trying to insinuate I'm a blackmailer?"

"No. I'm telling you you are, Inez. You're in with a bad bunch of boys."

He left the girl to think it over between bites at too-vivid lips. The microphone was rushed before the other woman.

"You're right about that fight between you two girls, Miss Dawson?" the inquisitor asked.

"Yes," she said.

"You realize that amounts to a confession of being an accomplice?"

"Of course."

"Well"—the inspector grew paternal—"why don't you two girls patch up your quarrel and tell us where we can get Markham and those boys who blackmailed him?"

Chairs creaked as the listening detectives bent closer.

"I don't know the boys you mean," said the woman, "or I'd tell you where they were."

Miss Varelle glared again.

"You weren't in on this game?" asked the inquisitor.

"No. I'm only a friend of Miss Varelle's."

"How long have you been friends?" pursued the inspector.

"For some time. Does it matter?"

"Not much," said the inspector. "All that matters just now is that both of you were found in possession of stolen goods—Mrs. James Markham's jewels. How did you get them?"

"You've just told us—that James Markham gave them to Inez."

The inquisitor paused. To save the lapse becoming awkward he signaled the mike to be shifted.

"Do you girls live together?" he demanded of the younger.

"There's something she hasn't told you," she sneered. "We don't, thank Heaven."

"The state may remedy that," said the inspector. "You may find yourselves under the same roof—at Auburn prison—if you don't open up and tell all you know."

"I've told all I know," said Inez.

"You mean all you're going to tell. Well, tell us just one thing more, Inez. Do you know Mrs. Markham?"

"No."

"Don't need to know her to snatch her husband, is that it?"

The girl sniffed in lovely arrogance.

"You may both wish you knew her before this is through," said the inspector. "Mrs. Markham can make a difference in the charge against you, and in the rap. Remember, they're her jewels and her husband. Stolen goods—bad. Kidnapping, worse."

"I don't know anything about kidnapping," said the girl.

"You and Florence Dawson here are just innocent girl friends not mixed up with any gang?"

The inspector saw that his sarcasm punctured her pride.

"I've only known Miss Dawson professionally."

"Oh, she worked with you in night clubs?"

"No, she's an operative for a detective agency. I'm surprised she didn't tell you flatfeet that. She told you everything else she knew."

The inquisitor sent the microphone back along the dais.

"Was it an oversight?" he asked Miss Dawson. "Did you lie when you told us you were a private secretary?"

"No."

Hostility seemed to become a living presence between the two women. Inspector Ryan leaned on his pulpit. His square red face looked happy. His voice was suddenly harsh.

"And you know nothing about the blackmailing or kidnapping of Markham? Weren't you *his* private secretary—at one time?"

"No."

"Where is he now? Where have they got him?"

"I don't know who *they* are. They're not my friends. They're hers."

The voice was acid. The Varelle girl bridled.

Inspector Ryan banged the pulpit.

"YOU can tell us now just as well as later. Where have your boy friends or hers or both got James Markham?"

"In New York, I believe. She knows."

Inspector Ryan's instinct born of experience turned swiftly, swifter than the microphone could move, on Inez Varelle.

"Where have they got him?" he shouted.

"Nobody's got him," she snapped, flashing hatred in eyes and voice. "He's hiding in Montreal. He wanted me to join him there. He can stay there forever so far as I'm concerned. I'm fed up with those damn' jewels and with him, and—"

Back went the microphone. The older woman was pale—but pretty in her pallor.

"Florence Dawson," the inquisitor leveled his voice with his eyes, "kidnapping's out. But you're still charged with grand larceny—possession of stolen goods." He halted a second, then shot: "What's you're real name?"

"I'm Mrs. James Markham."

"I thought so," said the inquisitor.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

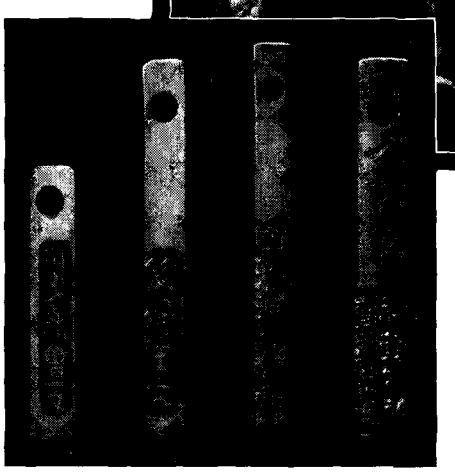
What Good is Money in the Sock?

Long before England went off the gold standard China had gone off the dagger standard and certain countries had gone off the fishhook standard. Which brings up the question: "What is money?" So Mr. Shepherd went to see Professor Kemmerer, who has helped a dozen nations solve their monetary problems

By William G. Shepherd

Keystone View

The life-blood of modern monetary systems. German gold being transferred under heavy guard from bank to bank



Bamboo money, bearing the inscription of the issuing authority, used centuries ago in China

HERE are true stories about two money hoarders:

One man went into his bank in an Eastern city and demanded cash against his check for $87,500.

The teller gave him the money. The man went down into the basement of the bank, rented a safe-deposit box, thrust his bills into it, locked it up and departed with a sigh of relief.

He, at least, of some 120,000,000 citizens, with his money in his vault, was going to be safe from a possible financial crash. Or, at least, he thought so. But was he right?

Here's how another hoarder did it:

Seventy thousand dollars was the sum he asked for.

"How'll you have it?" asked the teller.

"Gold, if you please," said the hoarder.

"Certainly," said the teller.

The money was given to the man in large, beautiful, glistening coins and the bank threw in a cloth bag, as good measure, for him to carry the money in.

This man, too, rented a safe-deposit box from his bank. He locked his gold coins in it. But still he was not at ease. He, unlike the other man, did not depart from the bank contentedly. He went back upstairs to talk to one of the vice presidents.

"Look here," he said, in effect, to the vice president. "I've put away seventy thousand dollars in gold in a strong box downstairs."

"Yes," said the vice president.

"Well, I want to insure it."

"What do you mean? We're not an insurance company," said the banker.

"Yes, I know. I'm not afraid it'll be stolen. But I'm willing to pay you a good premium if you'll insure me against gold dropping in value."

"How could that be done?" asked the somewhat amused banker.

"Well, I want to fix it so that if the value of gold goes down, you fellows will guarantee to deliver to me something else that will be equal in buying power to the shrinkage in the amount I've just put away."

The banker scratched his head.

"Well, if gold ceases to be money," asked the banker, "how'll we know how much seventy thousand dollars is?"

That was too much for the customer.

"Well, you fellows are bankers," he replied; "you ought to be able to fix up some sort of a scheme to protect a customer. If you work out some idea like that, let me know and I'll pay to get in on it."

And with that the alarmed and distracted gold owner went out, probably to rub elbows somewhere during the day with the other hoarder who felt supremely safe because he had locked up in a box not actual gold but a certain number of Uncle Sam's *promises* to pay him gold when he wanted it.

Now which of these men had been the shrewder in his effort to lay away cash against a day of storm? In fact, had either of them buried a bone that would be sure to have valuable marrow in it at the end of any certain time? Is there any certainty that either of these hoarders would succeed in what he was hoping to do?

Just What Is Money?

To answer this question we should first answer another: What is this thing you and I receive on paydays and carry about in the form of coins and bills in our pockets and upon which we so confidently rely for results? To get down to bed rock:

What is money?

I went to Professor E. W. Kemmerer, of Princeton University, to find an answer to this question. And don't let the title "professor" dismay you. He hasn't had time to do much regular professoring for several years. Nations—a full dozen of them, including Poland and Colombia and the Union of South Africa—have called him from his classroom to their capitals to help them out of financial muddles. In many of these countries the war had knocked the currencies into cocked hats, so that their equivalent for quarters, dollars and so forth didn't mean what they used to. It was one of his jobs to help establish, in these lands, new currencies, based on the value of good gold. He has participated in the christening of new money with strange names, such as the odd-sounding but very effective *zloty* of Poland. He was the currency expert for the Dawes commission.

It was to him that I took the question, "What is money?"

He began his answer by discussing the two men who had tried to hide away money bones.

"Now I am not discussing," he said, "the ethics or the utility of hoarding but only trying to explain what it was that these two men locked away.

"First, let's take the man who put away the paper money.

"There's a quality about money, sort of a life vapor, that can leak away through the pores of the strongest steel box. Consider the paper bills which the first man put away. What were they? They were not gold. They were promises to give certain sums of gold to the bearer, upon demand. I would call them money, though they were in the form of promises.

"Put one of these paper bills into a chemical solution that would eat away the printing. What would you have left? With the printing gone there would remain only a piece of paper not worth a cent.

"See what an odd thing that is: a promise of a government or of a bank in the form of bank notes is money. We all saw what happened to the British pound sterling when it was taken off the gold standard. Its gold value of approximately five dollars dropped quickly to less than four dollars. But this doesn't mean that the one-pound paper bill seemed to be any less valuable to the average Londoner when he went to the grocer or the hatter to spend it the next day. The impetus of habit causes everyone to look on the paper bill as one pound. It lives on in the minds of Englishmen as one pound. To them a pound is a pound regardless of how much or how little it will buy.

"The same thing happened to the German mark, even when it went down as low as four trillion to the dollar. The German always thought of the mark about as we Americans think of a dollar.

"What amazed him, and especially his wife, was that the groceryman or the meat man charged such ridiculous prices—way up in the millions or billions of marks for a little butter or meat.

"True enough, the husband got millions, billions or at times trillions of marks for his day's work but the storekeepers took it all away from him for food and supplies and thus prevented him from becoming a very rich man on his enormous wages.

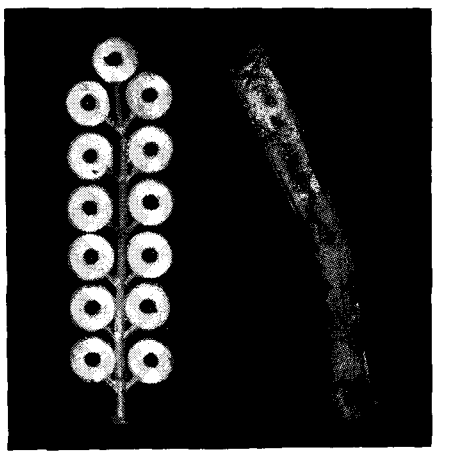
Where Insurance Fails

"'It's these profiteers that are ruining us,' said the Germans, as they took in and paid out their paper marks. They measured their paper money in terms of what it would buy at the corner store, not in terms of the world's gold values."

"Well, then," I suggested, "the man who put away the actual gold coin seems to have been the wiser of the two hoarders."

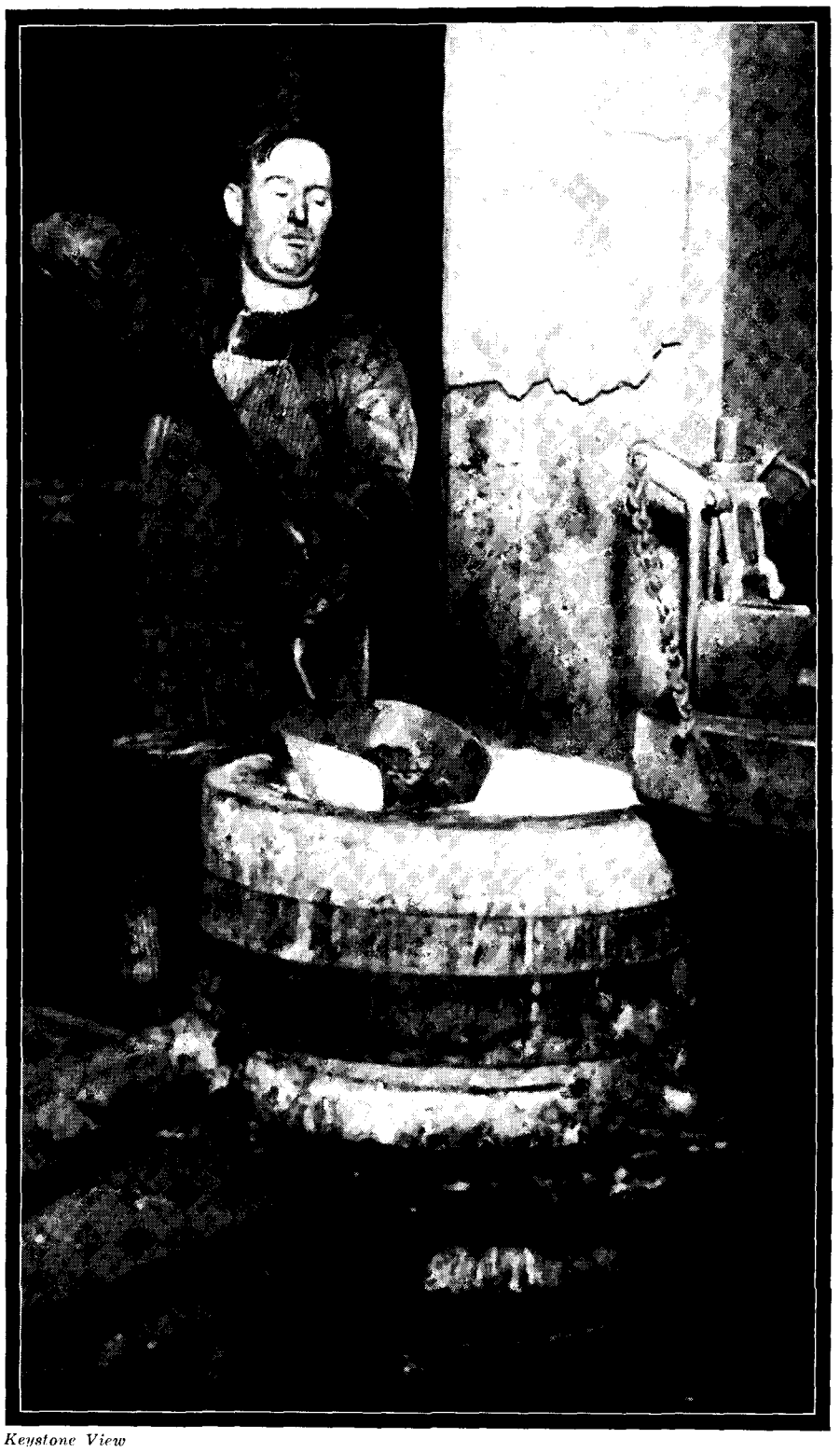
"Yes, probably he was," replied the money expert, "but not necessarily so, as we shall see. He wasn't as trusting as the paper-money hoarder and he raised a vital point when he asked that the value of his gold be insured at a *certain figure*.

"He seems to have realized a fact which many of us totally ignore, and that is that the value of gold itself may have an evaporating quality.



Malaysian tin money of 1314, to be detached from stem as needed, and a piece of Chinese "knife" money

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Keystone View

Foreign gold about to become American bullion. Melting down a shovelful of English sovereigns at the U. S. Assay Office, New York

"Now what did this man actually lock away when he turned his key on his lovely golden double eagles?

"Consider, looking at the matter in an extreme light, what might happen to his gold.

"Suppose gold were ruled out, by law, as money. That would not only paralyze the legal power of his gold, as money, but it would also tremendously reduce its value as a metal.

"Most of the world's gold today is used for monetary purposes. A minor proportion, however, is used in the arts and for hoarding purposes, particularly in India and China.

"Suppose the world should cease to use gold as money. What would happen? Well, at least one half of the world's present demand for gold would be annihilated and, as a result, there would be a tremendous fall in the value of gold; therefore there would be a tremendous fall in the value of the gold money which this man had locked in his box.

"As a matter of fact, it would all depend upon developments as to which of the two hoarders would succeed better in his efforts.

"First, the actual paper money which had been laid away might be totally destroyed in some way. In that case the bill hoarder would lose.

"Secondly, the issuing authority of the paper money, in this case the government, might issue a great excess of bills such as the hoarder had put away. That would tremendously cut down the value of his bills. In that case the gold hoarder would have the advantage.

When Gold Becomes Useless

"Thirdly, the issuing power might continue its promise to redeem the bills for gold, but the value of gold itself might go down. In such a case the bill hoarder and the gold holder would equally lose.

"There's a fourth possibility, however, by which the bill hoarder rather than the gold hoarder might win. It's this: Suppose a government should give up the gold standard and the value of gold should go down; but suppose this same government, as is possible, might, in some other way, sustain the buying power of paper money, perhaps adopt a managed paper currency with a stabilized purchasing-power standard, as some have advocated. Where would the gold hoarder then find himself?

"Measuring only the value of the metal with which his coins were made, this man who put away the gold possessed a thing which his government, if worst came to worst, might conceivably render unusable. It might indeed turn it into highly dangerous dynamite, right in his hands.

"A government that has the power to give value to gold by making it money also has the power to act in the other direction and reduce the value of gold by demonetizing it; in other words, by denying it the privilege of being used as money.

"During the war, if you remember, it was considered treason, in several countries, for a citizen to possess, to use or to trade gold."

Gold-Owning a Crime

Professor Kemmerer, in illustration of this point, recalled that once in Europe during the war, he had paid a bill at a hotel with several gold pieces.

"I saw the clerk," he told me, "secretly put the gold pieces in his own pocket and put paper bills of his own into the till."

I was able to tell of a wartime hotel keeper in Lyons, France, who had indignantly refused to accept gold from me in payment of a hotel bill. He treated me almost as a suspected German spy.

"It is against the law," he told me. "I could be arrested for possessing gold money. And you had better take it to the bank tomorrow [the day being Sunday] and change it for paper money."

"So you see," continued Mr. Kemmerer, "the future money value of what you lock up in a box depends ultimately not on some intrinsic value, which neither money nor gold nor anything else possesses, but solely upon what the money will buy when you take it out. And no one knows what that will be. The money you put away in a box one year may have an entirely different value the next; either more or less.

"You ask me what money is. Well, there are many different definitions of money, and economists differ even as to exactly what media of exchange should be included under the term 'money.'

"The most workable definition of money with which I am acquainted is that given by the American economist, Francis A. Walker. He said, most succinctly: 'Money is as money does.'

"This means that money is any medium of exchange which is commonly accepted in payment for goods without reference to the character or credit of the person who offers it. In other words, whatever serves as a commonly accepted medium of exchange *is* money. Checks aren't money, for example, because they depend upon the character or credit of persons who offer them. You want to know something about a man before you take his check. By the same token neither stocks nor bonds can be called money.

"The thing that we call money must be just as valuable coming from the hands of a stranger as coming from the hands of your best friend.

"Perhaps we can get a better understanding of what money really is, if we take a closer look at this newsboy and his copper pennies. The newsboy takes them because he knows, without the slightest doubt, that the next person who comes along will take them from him in exchange for something he wants.

"But the interesting fact in this connection is that *anything* else, besides a copper cent, that would serve that same purpose for the boy would be just as acceptable to him.

"In certain towns in the South, during the war, copper pennies became very scarce. Chain stores suffered from a penny shortage. Finally one chain-store system solved the problem by handing out, as change, little tin-edged paper tags, marked 'Good for one cent at such-and-such store.'

"The community, it developed, was generally willing to accept these tags as money because almost everyone in town knew and understood that the tags would do the full and complete job of one copper cent in the company's stores.

"Neither gold, silver nor anything else in the country is money until you and I and nearly everyone else agree, unquestioningly, that it *is* money. And whenever we change our minds—or some government changes our minds for us, by law or decree—as to what is money and what is not money, then money itself changes. That's why the thing that you may lock up as money today may not be good, effective money at some later day.

"A moneyless nation, however, is at present almost unthinkable. Although money is a comparatively modern institution in the history of the human race it has probably come to stay. It may take very different forms, however, in the future."

Professor Kemmerer reached into his desk and brought out what looked like a four-inch dagger molded out of metal. You couldn't even have opened a letter with that odd tool. All around its edges was a sort of pie-pan rim. Its handle ended in a ring, with a hole in it.

"That," said Professor Kemmerer, "was once money. See the Chinese characters pressed into the blade. That is the stamp of a Chinese ruler of that day.

"Back in those days, in China, when this crude imitation of a knife was money, gold was probably not valuable as money, at all. Neither was silver.

The Evolution of Money

"One of the most valuable things in those days, in China, was a knife. Everybody wanted a knife, as a tool for hunting and building and for self-protection.

"Let's see how this knife, far back in those distant ages, finally became money.

"Your newsboy takes your pennies, without question, because he knows that the next person who comes along will accept them as money from him. Similarly these Chinese ancients at some period began to realize that everybody wanted a knife.

"After that general idea appeared men became willing to accept knives in trade, whether they needed knives for actual personal use or not. If a man couldn't use an additional knife as a tool he was sure to find someone else almost immediately who needed one.

"Then there came a day when certain knives were made not to cut or kill or build with, but to be used as tokens of generally accepted value. A Chinese would accept one of these because he felt sure that the next man who came along would accept it from him at the same value.

"Here's a Chinese cash," said Dr. Kemmerer. "It's a copper coin with a hole in the center. That's all that's left of the Chinese knife money. They began putting a safety rim around the edge of the knife so that it would not cut the possessor. Then they began reducing the blade in size, until it disappeared. Later only the handle with the ring at the end remained. Then people got [illegible]dle. They didn't [illegible] And, at la[illegible]fe. w[illegible] r

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Girl who Loved Another

When a man loves a girl who simply won't marry him, what's to be done about it? You will find one genius' answer in this story

By Duncan Norton-Taylor

IT DIDN'T seem so long ago that Peter Simmons was showing off to June Harrison on his new bicycle, and playing kissing games at her kids' parties with a superior manner. Now he was an important business man. His father, that old pirate Timson Simmons, had died and had left him his fortune. And Peter was general manager of the Huron Traction Company, which connected Bay City with St. Joseph, and was one of the numerous outfits Timson had had his finger in.

Timson had sent Peter out there after he had graduated from Harvard, five years ago. He had put him in the yards, and had given the papers a cock-and-bull story about how his son was learning the business from the ground up. Three years later Timson had complete control of Huron, and made Peter general manager. It was out of no benevolence to his son. Peter was supposed to be a dumb kid. He was supposed to sit tight and let Huron go to seed, until Timson and John G. Harrison, who was June's father and in on all those deals with Timson, had swallowed up a lot of shares dirt cheap from discouraged stockholders.

Peter sat tight for a while. His father calmly squashed anything progressive he thought up. But, sitting tight, he learned a lot and he was about ready to revolt when Timson had died, and had left him practically everything. It made him the largest stockholder in Huron. The first thing he did was to map out some plans for expansion. He would need Mr. Harrison's voting stock for support. So he drove back East to see him.

He went into old John's office in New York with an air of determination. Peter had blue eyes and a square jaw and black hair. He was not blatantly aggressive; neither did he look averse to a fight. He carried a scar on one cheek, which had been put there by a broken bottle in a collegiate street brawl in Boston. Thereafter six policemen had had to sit on him.

He told Mr. Harrison succinctly what he had in mind. Mr. Harrison flatly refused to listen to any plans for expansion. Peter stood up and took his hat off the desk. The conference, as far as he was concerned, was over. Old John, ponderous, pink-jowled and scowling, leaned forward and slapped the desk with his large hand. He made a noise in his throat:

"IT'S idiotic—that outfit spending money."

"No, it isn't," Peter contradicted. He eyed the cold cigar that old John was ferociously chewing. "You're not kidding me. I know your system—yours and Dad's—"

"The annual meeting's in a month," Mr. Harrison yelped. "We'll see what we see!"

"Right."

Old John removed the frayed cigar and looked menacing. "Your father's name was identified with Huron. I'll send out a blast and convince 'em the only way to save their necks is to get rid of the Simmons influence. Don't expect any quarter."

"I don't," Peter replied.

He didn't. He had an advantage in that he respected his opponent while old John underes[illegible] And there was thi[illegible] common sto[illegible] that [illegible]tly [illegible]d and he was disgusted with his father's and old John's methods.

"I won't play your kind of ball," he said with finality.

Old John's face suddenly assumed a restrained and benevolent expression. Peter turned around.

June Harrison came walking across the office, quite regal in her small way, and blithely radiant. Peter recognized her, though he was surprised to see how grown-up she was.

"HELLO, dear," old John said benignly.

"Hello, Father," she replied with dignity, and held out her hand to Peter.

"June!" he said. "Why—it must be four years—"

"Three years ago, at Christmas."

"What I meant was—what a surprise. I hardly recognized you."

He beamed, taking in her very smart suit, her dark hair curling away from her turban, her brown eyes.

"I was in finishing school then. I was so callow, wasn't I?"

She had resented his superior manner three years ago.

He laughed. He recalled that three years ago she had reminded him of a little calf, all legs, a crazy piquant kid. "I'm going to be here a couple of days. Can I come over tonight?"

"No; I'm going to a party." She sat down and pushed back her fur scarf. "Well, I'll see if I can get you asked if you're only going to be here a couple of days. You can take me."

"Oh, that's great." He nodded towards Mr. Harrison. "You know, we're at war. Your father might throw me out."

Old John growled. The remark was out of order. He did not talk business in front of June.

"Take a chance," said June.

Peter laughed, and backed to the door.

She said indifferently, "I'm driving Father home. I'll take you if you're going."

"Thanks, I've got to do some things first." He grinned at old John, said, "I wish you no good luck," bowed elaborately to June, and went out.

After he had seen his broker downtown, he went out to Morristown, where his mother lived on the estate that Timson Simmons had left her.

After dinner, he drove down the road to the Harrisons' place at a maniacal speed.

He waited for her in the library. She paused precisely in the doorway with one hand on the frame. She had on a white evening gown that clung to her slender body and swept away suddenly in an elegant flare to the tip of one outthrust toe. The effect was stunning.

Peter gasped.

She swept toward him. "I'm all ready."

He did not see much more of her that night. The party they went to—over at the Bridgemans'—was one of those stamping and milling affairs, elegant and overcrowded. There was only a kind of wholesale intimacy. A lot of people were surprised and awfully glad to see Peter again. And there was a snake called Hammy who, all the girls said, danced beautifully and who shadowed June from the moment she stepped in the door.

On the way home, Peter asked brusquely, "Who's this Hammy?"

"He's Jordan Phelps' son. He's never had anything published yet but he writes books."

"For gosh sakes," said Peter, wondering why he should care who the sap was.

PETER did not go back to Bay City in a couple of days. He said his mother had persuaded him to stay a while longer.

He managed to see June every day, either played golf with her or danced with her in the evening.

There was between them, however, a barrier. June was twenty. Peter still thought of her as a little girl. He did not seem to appreciate her dignity, and she resented it.

He stayed a week.

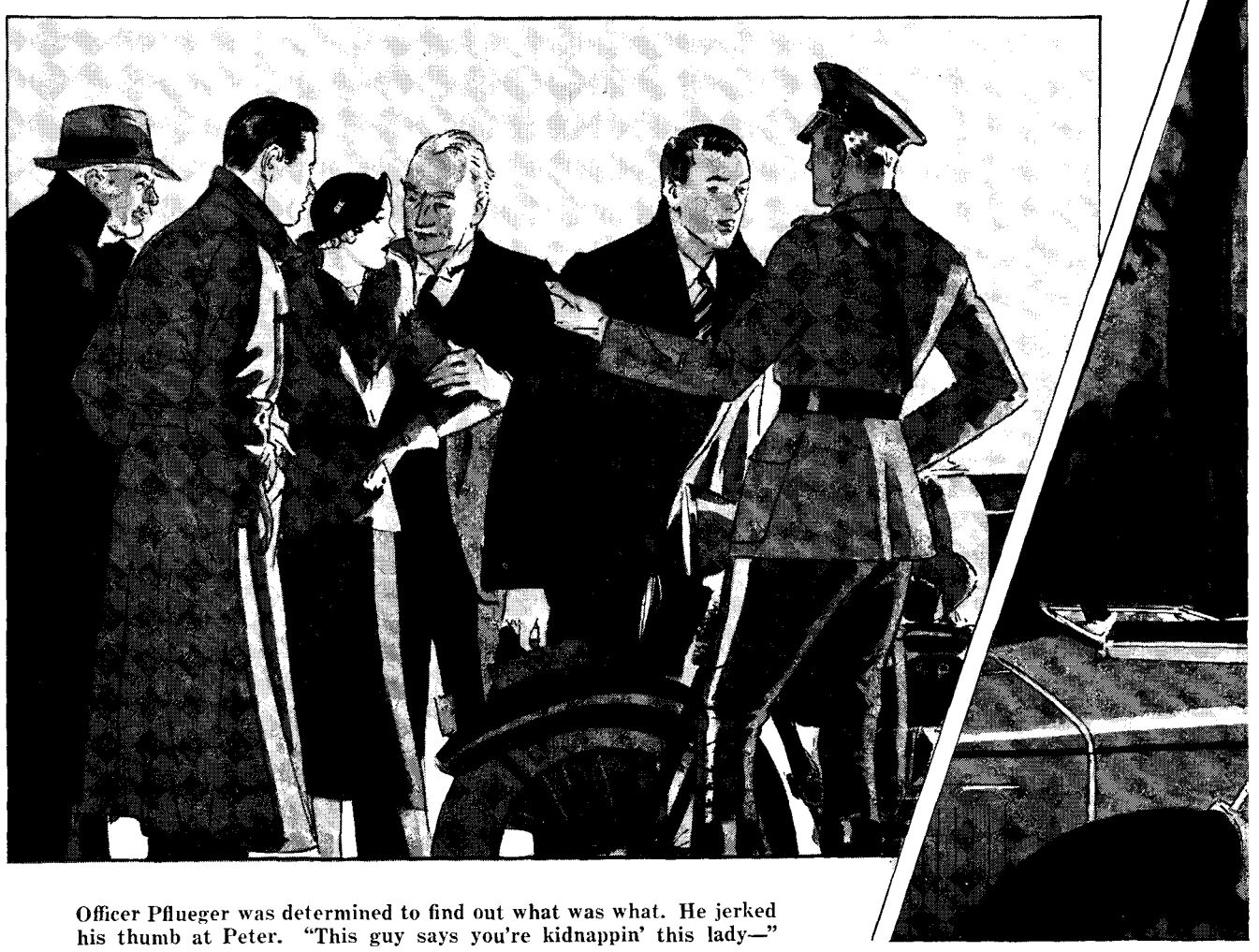
The night before he was going, definitely, back to Bay City, when he called at the Harrisons' to take June out, the butler, Seymour, escorted him into old John's study. Mr. Harrison sat at a desk fingering a number of pieces of jade, which he collected.

"Sit down," he directed.

Peter sat down and eyed his enemy casually.

Mr. Harrison began without preface.

"I object to you, Peter!" He exploded the words in a cloud of cigar smoke. "For two reasons. You're a young ass."



Officer Pflueger was determined to find out what was what. He jerked his thumb at Peter. "This guy says you're kidnappin' this lady—"

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Illustrated by Irving Nurick

He could just grasp the window sill when the roadster began to move. He felt the ladder shift sickeningly

Peter slowly lit a cigarette. Mr. Harrison sniffed and picked up a piece of jade. He scrutinized it, his jowls sinking into his collar and his cigar sticking straight up from his under lip.

"That's pretty," observed Peter. "Part of the loot of Nadir Shah."

Old John gloated over it. "It came from Persia. It's practically priceless. . . . Huron is through. We were doing people a favor hanging on to our stock at all."

Peter snorted.

Old John scowled. "You're too cocksure," he said, and added a little wistfully, "your father and I got along fine. Leave this Huron Traction alone for a little while. Money's tight—"

"You said you had two objections to me," Peter interrupted. "What's the other?"

Old John flushed, and exploded another salvo of cigar smoke. "June!"

"You think I might want to marry her?"

"Everybody else seems to. And she's too young for marriage."

"I've known her since she was a child," said Peter feelingly. "She's a splendid little girl. And—"

"Well, I don't fancy you as a son-in-law. So don't propose to her."

There was a silence. Then June appeared. She kissed old John good night. He held her hand a moment, let it go reluctantly. "Don't be late," he muttered.

"Don't worry," Peter said.

Outside, June settled herself in Peter's roadster.

"Where shall we go?" he asked.

The night breeze was aromatic. There was a full moon. She thought a moment. "Let's dance."

Peter agreed.

"We can go to The Oaks," she suggested.

Peter steered onto the state highway, drove a while in silence. He asked seriously, "How—how old are you now, June?"

"Twenty," she replied, with a touch of defiance. She crossed her silken legs and swung one foot back and forth under the cowl.

PETER, regarding the foot out of the corner of his eye, was aware that it was a smart foot in a high-heeled Grecian sandal. He was amazed at the idea of June being old enough to marry.

"I've always liked you, June."

"Oh, I see."

He smelled the fragrance of the autumn night. He glanced at her. Her brown hair was blown back by the rush of the wind. He recalled suddenly that he was going back to Bay City tomorrow. He began to feel solemn, gazing down the moon-white road ahead.

It was not because old John had forbidden him to get in this frame of mind and he was growing tender out of sheer perversity. He thought of old John, and thought, to blazes with old John, who had nothing to do with it. It wasn't defiance; it was love.

He had always been in love with June, ever since he had played post office at her kids' parties and had kissed her with a big-brotherly air.

He looked at her ecstatically. For some time he refrained from speaking about it; he was so carried away. Finally, he began:

"Do you know what your father told me tonight?" Young persons, notoriously, are most casual when they are most impressed. Peter's tone was flippant.

"No."

He said lightly, "He said that you were old enough to get married."

"Oh, did he?"

"Yes." Peter chuckled. "He also forbade me to propose."

"So now you are going to, because you are one of these men who get violent when they're crossed!"

Peter was nonplussed. There was a long silence. "I don't know," he said finally. "It's a fact I don't like old John telling me what I can't do."

HER foot swung more vigorously, in a shorter arc.

"Turn in here by that light," she said.

Peter felt temporarily checked. The subject had better be dropped for the moment. But his spirit by no means had been put out. And when they were in the parking space back of The Oaks and he was helping her out of the car, he was deeply stirred. He slipped his hand under her arm. Her head only came up to his shoulder. She was so small and lovely. He felt grandly protective. . . .

It was unfortunate that the very first person Peter noticed in The Oaks was Hamilton Phelps. Peter was waiting near the dance floor for June to come back from the ladies' room when he saw him. Hammy was sitting at a table with another party. He seemed to be without a girl, and looked glum, drooping over a chicken sandwich. It was unfortunate that Peter saw Hammy because he felt at once combative. June had known that Hammy was going to be here, he decided. He glowered.

JUNE was coming towards him. Two tipsy, glowering, middle-aged men stepped up to her. Peter saw Hammy rise from his table. He was not going to have Hammy butting in. He was not going to have June insulted. He did not notice that she was withering the two with magnificent disdain.

He jerked one man back by his collar. The other, at this indignity, put his fist in Peter's face. Peter's arm shot out, and the man sprawled over.

It developed, thereupon, that a number of others were in the party with the pair. They were all sitting hard by. They rose as a man. Peter was overwhelmed. Six, all told, were against him. Peter struggled up from the bottom of the heap, emerged heroically, went down again under their superior numbers. Then two New Jersey state troopers appeared in the awed crowd at the doorway and swooped down upon the battle. There was peace.

Peter stood peering around through one eye. A pudgy little man—Mr. Albani—hopped out from behind the advancing police, and pointed at him.

"That—that's the guy," he spluttered.

"You better come down to the station," said a trooper.

Peter looked bewildered.

"Take him in," shrilled Mr. Albani. "What's the idea of him trying to take a high-class place like this apart—"

"Are you gonna make a charge, Mr. Albani?"

"Certainly."

Peter saw June with Hamilton Phelps. He decided bitterly that she had deserted him. He went along.

June was sticking, however. Though she was pale with anger, considering the whole thing a humiliation, she made Hamilton drive her down to Morristown police headquarters. Peter went in his roadster, with a trooper sitting beside him.

IT WAS after eleven-thirty that John G. Harrison received a phone call.

"Is this Mr. Harrison?"

"Yes—what's the matter?"

"Sergeant Hogan, of Morristown police headquarters, Mr. Harrison. There's a young lady here what says she's your daughter. If you would now—uh—identify her, Mr. Harrison—"

"What's she at police headquarters for the love of heaven for?"

"This young man, Mr. Harrison . . . You see, Mr. Albani, of The Oaks, is making a disorderly conduct charge against this young man she was with. This Mr. Simmons, Mr. Albani alleges, started some rough stuff at Mr. Albani's Oaks—"

"Let me speak to her."

June came on the wire. "I don't see why they had to call you—"

"It *is* you, eh? I wanted to be sure. What's Mr. Albani's Oaks?"

"A roadhouse."

"Give me that cop again."

"Father, please don't get impressive. I'm perfectly capable—"

"Give me that cop!"

June sniffed. Sergeant Hogan came on again.

"Tell this Albani," Mr. Harrison instructed, "I say if he makes any charge it'll be the last thing he does in the state of New Jersey. And hold that whole bunch down there, including my daughter, until you hear from me again."

A minute later, old John had his

(Continued on page 42)

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Red Czar

Here's what happened in Russia in October, 1917. It's the story of a man who avoided the limelight and contented himself with holding the strings from which dangled the puppets who received the crowd's applause. But when a puppet stood in Stalin's way—as Trotsky did—he found himself swept aside by an implacable and impersonal force

By Essad Bey

THE autumn of 1917 was very rainy in St. Petersburg. A thick fog hung over the sodden streets. The white nights, in all their fantastic weirdness, had an oppressive effect upon the people, the soldiers, the government and the hydra-headed St. Petersburg soviet. After General Kornilov's insurrection, which had followed the unsuccessful July uprising of the Bolsheviks, the city was like a city of the dead; the bourgeoisie, the officials, in fact all the inhabitants, crept into their houses, anxiously locked their doors and pricked their ears in terror when they heard shots fired from time to time in the streets. Peter's cold, white, gleaming city, built on the bones of peasants, was quivering as if in its death agony.

With the help of the government troops, the Bolshevized bluejackets, workers and soldiers, Kerensky had succeeded in suppressing the Kornilov insurrection. But the Provisional government had to pay with its life for the help of the Bolshevik soldiers and workers. Kornilov's insurrection inadvertently saved Bolshevism and led the mass of the people of St. Petersburg to it. Immediately after the suppression of the insurrection, public opinion began to veer. At the election of the new president of the St. Petersburg soviet, the Bolsheviks won by an overwhelming majority, and Zeretelli, Menshevik leader of the St. Petersburg soviet, or council, had to retire.

As far as the general public at the time was aware, the October Revolution was the work of Lenin, Zinoviev, Kameniev and Trotsky. Stalin was quite unknown outside his own circle. He seldom came to the fore, and was held by most people to be of much less importance than the men just mentioned. Even as a fighter he did not play a conspicuous part in the October Revolution.

It was only in the inner circles of the party, at the Central Committee, in Lenin's tent and in the offices of the conspirators that his value and his capacities were appreciated and turned to account. As a matter of fact, from June to October he was one of those chiefly concerned in making the practical preparations for the October Revolution.

At the time of the July insurrection, when many hesitated and were opposed to open conflict, Stalin became a member of the committee which undertook to direct this first outbreak.

Whenever a lightning decision, a sudden effort, or a speedy effect was called for, there always looked out of the background the shadowy outlines of that somber, pock-marked, half-Oriental face with drooping mustache.

Dread of the masses, of the surging, murderous St. Petersburg mob, in which soldiers and workers marched side by side with bandits and criminals of both sexes, may have been felt by many a prominent theorist of the party, but it was unknown to Stalin.

An Inevitable Conflict

As that fateful autumn came on, the political situation gradually cleared. There were now only two parties. First, the Government Party, consisting of the bourgeoisie, or middle class, and all the Socialists, supported by the conservative sections of the army which had remained loyal to the government. Second, the Bolsheviks, backed by the working masses of St. Petersburg, the garrison and the bluejackets of Kronstadt. Between these two parties a conflict was inevitable.

The bourgeois parties began to prepare, openly if somewhat clumsily, for their last decisive conflict with the Bolsheviks. They resolved to replace the disorganized garrison troops of St. Petersburg by other regiments, to transfer the seat of government from the capital, which had been Bolshevized, to Moscow, which was still loyal, and, if the worst came to the worst, to allow St. Petersburg, together with the Soviet and the Bolshevik headquarters, to fall into the hands of the advancing German army.

Those were dark days for St. Petersburg. The firing in the streets, unorganized demonstrations, famine and a premonition of impending doom defeated all attempts to restore order. The city was convulsive with apprehension. Distressing reports were coming in both from the front and from the provinces. As had happened in 1905, the peasants were burning down the houses of the landowners and seizing the land; at the front the soldiers were quite openly fraternizing with the German troops, while the Bolsheviks, in their secret lairs, were preparing their final blow against the government.

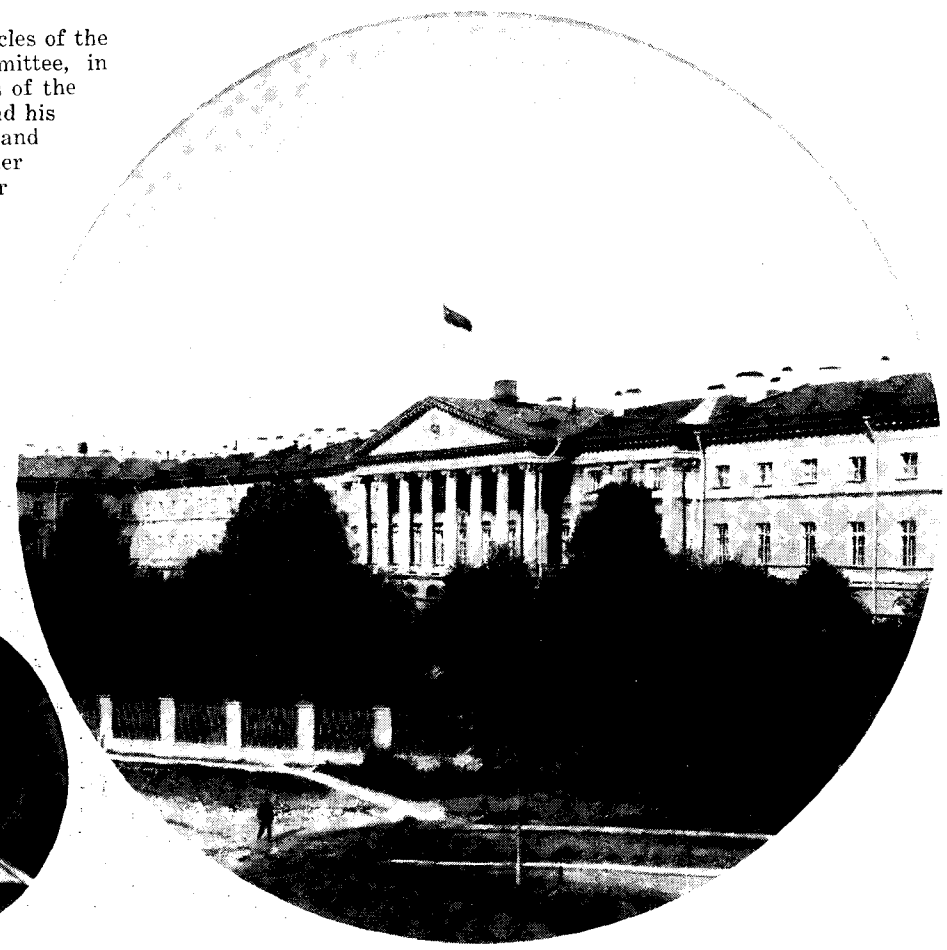
The government knew and saw it all, yet it was powerless! The opportunity which had occurred after the July insurrection, when the Bolsheviks, deprived of their newspapers, their money and their leaders, might have been dealt a death blow but had been spared by the democratic government in order to make a show of democratic virtue, was gone forever.

The Revolt of the Bolsheviks

The inhabitants of the capital, accustomed to the daily round of shooting, shouting and alarms, at first knew nothing about the October revolt of the Bolsheviks. For instance, twenty-four hours after the government had been overthrown, a magistrate's delegate actually came to Trotsky and asked him whether it was a fact that the Bolsheviks were planning mass demonstrations. Even the press, which for days had been declaring that the Bolshevik rising was imminent, forgot to say anything about it when it was an accomplished fact. The newspapers of the 26th of October do not even mention the overthrow of the government.

Keystone

Gen. Kornilov, leader of loyal Cossacks against Kerensky



Press Cliche, Moscow

The Smolny Institute in St. Petersburg, Bolshevik headquarters from which Lenin and Trotsky directed the October Revolution

Nikolai Lenin, Bolshevism's greatest individual leader, whose death paved the way for Stalin's rise to power

Keystone

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"The newspapers," wrote Trotsky later on, "had been so obsessed by the idea of a rising of armed troops, deeds of plunder, inevitable streams of blood and revolts of all kinds, and had written so much about it that they actually failed to notice the Revolution when it really came!"

How then did the October Revolution break out? According to some accounts the October Revolution was engineered by the German general staff, or organized by the English, who wished to weaken the Russians. One popular version had it that the success of October was entirely due to the iron determination of Trotsky who, in the absence of Lenin, directed his hesitating followers and personally led them to victory. This is maintained even to this day by the Trotskyites.

Most of these and similar legends are of course entirely devoid of foundation. But it is contrary to Stalin's principles to be constantly refuting tales emanating from the bourgeois camp. This indifference to public opinion is characteristic of him. Herein again he differs from Trotsky, who eagerly collects all the comments he can about himself, even the most trifling, and proceeds to refute them.

The leaders of the Bolsheviks gathered together in Zukhanov's rooms on October 16, 1917. There were present Lenin, Zinoviev, Kameniev, Stalin, Trotsky and others. Lenin, who had just returned from his tent, was in the chair. He looked tired and careworn. He knew that the members of the Central Committee were not united and he brought his speech to a close with a stirring declaration that the hour for an armed rising was at hand.

Kameniev and Zinoviev were afraid of an armed rising and regarded it as safer and more profitable for the party to remain in opposition. But they were opposed by the rest of those present.

Stalin Casts the Die

The historic meeting in Zukhanov's rooms on the 16th was followed by a second secret and prolonged conference of the party in Lesnoye, a small suburb of St. Petersburg. Practical problems connected with the rising were considered. And here again Zinoviev and Kameniev tried to gain supporters for their point of view, and addressed a last appeal to those present to postpone the rising.

Stalin then sprang to his feet. Up to that point he had apparently been listening quite dispassionately and had merely nodded dutifully to all Lenin's proposals. But the lack of discipline on the part of the intellectual exiles, who, precisely at a moment of such historic importance for which Stalin had been waiting all his life, were unable to keep their independent views in the background, infuriated the Caucasian, who was accustomed to unquestioning obedience.

Trembling with excitement and, as always happened in such circumstances, speaking with a horrible Georgian accent, he began his speech. "The suggestion of Kameniev and Zinoviev," he exclaimed sardonically, "will make smooth the path for the counter-revolution. Are we to wait until we are attacked? But what if we are never attacked? The rising which we are proposing to organize has indeed practically begun, for the army and the fleet no longer obey Kerensky!"

The resolute tone of the fanatical Georgian produced its effect and Lenin's proposal was carried by a majority of twenty to two. Five leaders were elected to arrange all practical details: Zverdlov, Stalin, Dzershinski, Bubnov and Iritski. Neither Lenin, against whom a warrant for arrest was still out, nor Trotsky, who as president of the St. Petersburg soviet was subordinate to the five, was elected to this committee.

Trotsky appeared to be the real leader of the rising in the eyes of the public and wore the usual laurels. The initiative for the rising also seemed to proceed from Trotsky.

But the fact that, as a member of the Communist Party, he merely had to carry out the resolutions passed by the Committee of Five named above, and was subject to disavowal and correction by the party, was not generally known. Thus Trotsky, who in this affair was really a man of straw for the party, came to be regarded by the public as the real hero of the October Revolution.

At critical moments and in dangerous situations during the Revolution Stalin showed inspiring determination and energy. During the fighting for the Winter Palace, for instance, he went out among the troops that had remained loyal to the Provisional Government and, paying no heed to the conflict in the streets, tried to win them over to the side of the proletariat.

The Bolshevik leaders spent the fateful days of October in the Smolny Institute, which had become their place of residence. Its maze of gloomy passages and corridors was guarded by soldiers, workers and Bolsheviks. The last of the Mensheviks, who had timidly dared to make their presence felt, had been ejected. The endless passages and corridors were badly lighted in those days, and the large, uncomfortable classrooms were cold and dirty. The Smolny Institute, a magnificent building, had once been the most aristocratic girls' school in Russia. Only the daughters of the noblest families in the Czar's empire were allowed to be educated there; the Czarina's ladies-in-waiting, the most beautiful women in Russia, were recruited from its ranks.

It was from Smolny that Trotsky directed the rising, and in Smolny that he received the telephone message informing him of the fall of the government. After the strain he had undergone for some days past he fainted away. When he recovered he drove to the Soviet and proclaimed the historic news: "In the name of the militant revolutionary committee I declare that the Provisional Government has ceased to exist."

Stalin did not faint away, nor did he make proclamations. All he did was to sit in the Smolny Institute and freeze. But when the news of the fall of the Winter Palace arrived, several days later, he sat down and wrote the most passionate lines he has ever written in his life:

The First Bolshevik Government

"It has come to pass! The power is in the hands of the workers, the soldiers and the peasants! At one blow from the heroic advance guard of St. Petersburg workers and soldiers, the sham anti-popular government has been overthrown, and the red flag now flies over the semi-monarchical Winter Palace!"

On that same day, the 7th of November, in accordance with a resolution passed by the Council of Workers and Soldiers, the first Bolshevik Soviet Government of Russia was formed.

In the general scramble for office, which began among the members of the party after the triumph, Stalin took no part. To him government appointments appeared immaterial, but he clung all the more tenaciously to posts within the party, though his prominent colleagues had ceased to take any interest in them.

Since then thirteen long years have passed, and out of the long list of Commissars of the People, Stalin alone, the last and most retiring of them all, has survived! He has risen to the heights, growing ever more and more powerful, until at last his shadow is cast over the whole of the Czar's old empire. Stalin, who never strove after position or fame, whom no one knew and for whom second- and third-rate posts were regarded as good enough by men like Trotsky, alone survived and overcame all his political enemies, all those leaders who on that dull and cloudy day gathered in the marble hall of the Smolny Institute to form the first Communist Government in the world.

If during the first days of the Revolution

(Cont'd on page 32)

Underwood & Underwood

A recent photograph of Stalin, the outstanding figure in Russia today

Keystone View

Trotsky, as Soviet War Minister, reviewing the troops of the Red Army under his command in Moscow in 1920

© Press Cliche, Moscow

Gen. Bodjonyi, commander of the first, or Soviet Mounted, army

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Winter Range

By Alan LeMay

The Story Thus Far:

WITH the evidence pointing strongly to suicide, the body of John Mason, the banker of the Wolf Bench region, has been found on the Bar Hook ranch—within fifty yards of the home of the owner, Campo Ragland. Kentucky Jones, a young livestock trader, attends the coroner's inquest. Among those who testify is Ragland's pretty daughter, Jean, who amazes Kentucky by secretly handing him a bullet—the bullet which had killed Mason!

Was Mason murdered? Determined to learn the truth, Kentucky gets a job—as a cowboy—at the Bar Hook. Reporting at the ranch-house, he finds Jean strangely agitated by the disappearance of a rifle and a picture, which someone had taken from its frame. . . .

A cattle war—between Ragland and Bob Elliot, owner of the 88—is brewing. With Lee Bishop, foreman of the Bar Hook, Kentucky goes to the Bake Pan flats, open range which Ragland regards as his range. Bill McCord, 88 foreman, is there—with a bunch of Elliot's cattle!

Apprised of the situation, Ragland shows no desire to fight. Kentucky is surprised. Bishop is not. "Jean's been talking to him," he says. "She wants to avoid trouble. You go to her, Jones, and tell her to clear out—and leave this business to her old man." . . . Kentucky obeys orders, has a talk with the girl, tells her the truth: that Elliot had seen her steal that bullet; and that, resenting the rancher's slurs on her, he had knocked the ruffian down. Jean is furious. "That," she exclaims, "is the worst thing you could possibly have done!" . . .

Zack Sanders, Bar Hook cook, has been missing for five days. His body is found near the spot where Mason met his death. He had been shot twice—murdered. Completely mystified, Kentucky watches everyone—especially Joe St. Marie, a quarter-blood Indian cowboy. Late one night, he sees two riders approach the ranch-house. One he recognizes: Bob Elliot. The other is—Jean Ragland!

Shocked, Kentucky asks the girl for an explanation. Jean, nervous, overwrought, gazes at him. Then—"I know what I'm doing," she says. "But I can't possibly tell you!"

IV

ALL day long the Bar Hook had tried to reach Sheriff Floyd Hopper without success; he had lost himself somewhere among the ranchers who had no phones. Campo Ragland was unwilling to take up the death of Sanders—with its definite implication that Mason had been murdered—with any of the deputies. And the case hung fire, awaiting Hopper's return to Waterman.

But when word reached the sheriff at last, two hours after dark, he lost no time in getting on the job. That day Campo Ragland had put all hands except Jones and Bishop on the road to Waterman with his five carloads of long twos; and since the beeves had trampled the road open as they went, the sheriff was able to drive steaming into the Bar Hook within an hour of his first notice.

Floyd Hopper came into the kitchen briskly, his flat, loose-skinned jowls reddish-purple from the wind; and though he grinned at them ruefully as he tried to rub the frost out of his mustache, his eyes were wary and did not smile at all.

"So poor Zack has turned up at last," he said, warming his hands over the stove. "How come you to find him, Lee?"

"My horse kept shying one particular place," Lee Bishop said. "Soon as Kentucky called it to my notice I begun to wonder if there wasn't a dead coyote or something under the snow. So Kentucky and me looked, and there he was."

"'Soon as Kentucky called it to your notice,'" the sheriff repeated. "So it was really Kentucky Jones who thought of looking in this place—is that right?"

"Well, yes, though he only said—"

"All right. Could you make out how he died?"

"Fighting," said Bishop. "He was lying in a kind of heap, face down, but partly on his side. He'd been shot twice, once in the left side, and once in the back. His gun was under him in his right hand, and it was fired three times."

"His gun belt—" began the sheriff.

"He didn't wear a gun belt—didn't own one, far's I know—just carried his gun in his pocket, I guess."

The sheriff nodded. "Let's see his gun, then." As Lee Bishop went out, the sheriff turned to Kentucky Jones. "Could you tell which way Zack was firing when he went down?"

KENTUCKY exhaled smoke and shook his head. "A man's liable to spin and fall most any way, when he's hit."

"Zack was lying beside a rock, wasn't he? Now, the trail from down-canyon comes past that stone pump house. Did it look to you like he might have took cover behind that rock, to fire down the trail?"

"That could hardly be," Kentucky answered.

"Why?"

"Because he lay on the down-trail side."

"Which way—" The sheriff broke off abruptly as Lee Bishop returned to the room with Zack Sanders' six-gun. He took a quick stride forward and took the gun in his hand.

"What's the matter?" Campo Ragland demanded instantly.

The sheriff drew a deep breath and blew it out through puffed cheeks. The eager intensity of inquiry had gone out of him. "I never have any luck," he grunted. "This damn' thing has sure worked out to make a fool of everybody!"

"What's wrong with that gun?" said Ragland again.

"Nothing, except the caliber," said the sheriff. "It's a forty-five, that's what's the matter with it. How much snow was there under Zack Sanders?"

"None," said Bishop.

"LEE," said the sheriff, "you found Mason too: could you judge which was killed first? Sanders or Mason?"

"I wouldn't be able to draw any difference."

"Uh-huh," said Sheriff Hopper. "This here is the devil."

"It was sure a striking accident," Kentucky agreed. "More like a whole committee of accidents."

"When I first heard of this," the sheriff admitted, "I was hopeful we were out of the woods. Naturally the first thing that came to mind was that Mason and Sanders shot it out, and both dropped. But the caliber of Zack's gun—it throws that theory out."

"Shucks—right back on the double suicide theory," said Kentucky. "But wait a minute!"

"What's the matter?"

"The gun Mason carried was the same caliber as this gun of Sanders' here," Kentucky pointed out. "It passed at the inquest that Mason was killed by the accidental discharge of his own gun. How is it we're so certain now that Mason was not killed by that caliber?"

The sheriff disgustedly pulled a pipe from his pocket and rammed tobacco into it with a thumb. "Because," he said, "Mason was not killed by the discharge of his own gun. John Mason was murdered."

They stared at him, and Kentucky Jones heard the breath catch in Jean Ragland's throat.

"How long have you known this?" Campo Ragland demanded at last.

"I've known it," said the sheriff, "since the day of Mason's death."

"Then you knew at the inquest that Mason—"

Sheriff Floyd Hopper did not avoid the challenging stare of the cattleman. "Yes," he said, "I knew it at the inquest."

There was a fragile and puzzled silence, presently broken by Campo. "Then the coroner's jury wasn't given all the facts?"

"No," said the sheriff.

"I'm damned if I see your idea, Floyd!" said Campo.

Floyd Hopper's temper seemed to flare again. "I had good reasons for steering in a bum verdict at the inquest. But those reasons have gone to hell in a snowstorm, now!"

"What I want to know," said Campo Ragland, "is how much more you didn't tell the jury!"

"NOT much, Campo. John Mason was killed by two shots—not one—from a gun of lighter caliber than forty-five. Tomorrow the whole country will know that—and our chances of getting the killer are cut in two." He extended his hands over the stove, but promptly withdrew them again.

"Naturally," Kentucky put in equably, "it's easier to catch a criminal who thinks he's safe."

"And easier yet," said Campo irritably, "to explain away a killing as an accident!"

"Yes," said the sheriff without heat. He returned Ragland's stare through the smoke cloud from his pipe. "But I also had one or two other reasons. For one thing, this is some worse than just a one-man killing, Campo. It's kicked the whole of Wolf Bench onto the edge of a general smash."

"We all have reason to know that," Ragland growled.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Illustrated by Matt Clark

"I'm no fool, even if I am the duly elected sheriff," he said. "You could do a whole lot worse than play a straight game with me"

"All right. Suppose now somebody that don't know much about it picks himself out a first-class suspect. Suppose, for instance, somebody goes around Wolf Bench pointing out that Lee Bishop just happens to be the man that found both Mason and Sanders—both deep hidden under the snow. There's been many a blow-up on less evidence than that—and with less feeling back of it than this is going to raise up here!"

Lee Bishop said nothing. Campo was eying Sheriff Hopper narrowly. "Somehow, Floyd," he said, "it seems like to me you haven't come to your real reason yet."

"No?" said Sheriff Hopper. He took a deep drag on his pipe. "Then I'll give you just one reason more. Maybe you've forgot, Campo, that John Mason was shot down within a dozen horse-jumps of your own house here; and—by singular coincidence—that neither you, nor your daughter, nor a single one of your hands, was even within earshot of the guns."

After a moment Campo said in a low voice, "Floyd, what do you mean by that?"

"Campo, I know that John Mason was your close friend. I know that you and your brand are as bad hurt as anybody is, almost. And with my experience, I can reason that the thing couldn't have happened if any of you *had* been here. But most people hate coincidences, Campo."

Ragland stood up, his face blank. "Floyd, if you're saying you smothered that inquest as a favor to me—"

"Maybe," said the sheriff, "I should just have let you explain all that to the rimrock in your own way."

Campo Ragland sat down, his combativeness abruptly deflated. "Floyd," he said, "you shouldn't have done it."

"Of course to hell I shouldn't have done it!" said the sheriff, his irritability coming to the surface again. "A fine box I'm in, now that Zack Sanders is found!"

"Well, anyway, Floyd," Campo mumbled, "I appreciate what you tried to do."

"ALL right!" the sheriff accepted, "see that you do! Seems to me, Campo, that after this you'd be justified if you'd stop holding information back."

"What do you mean by that?"

"Tonight over the phone I asked you if anything else peculiar had happened. You told me 'No.' But I happen to know that you got home here Tuesday to find that this house had been searched."

Kentucky Jones had never seen Sheriff Floyd Hopper show to as good advantage as he did tonight. Basically the sheriff's mood was disgruntled and ugly; it was not easy for him to face the exposure of his subterfuges. Yet he was the man in the saddle here. He sat now sprawled behind his smoke, his eyes surly and red, like the eyes of a bear. And he had the tough, planted look of gnarled tree roots.

"What house?" said Campo Ragland at last.

"This house," said the sheriff. "What are you trying to do, Campo? It doesn't get you anything to stall with me. This house was searched and something was taken from it."

"If you know that something was taken from this house," Campo Ragland said, "it's because you had it taken yourself."

Hopper shook his head. "All I know is that something is gone from here—and never mind how I know that. It'll have to satisfy you that I do know it."

"It seems," said Campo Ragland, "that you know a lot of things that nobody thought you knew. I'm thinking that maybe you know a lot of things more."

"What you'd better be finding out is this, Campo," said Sheriff Hopper: "I'm no fool, even if I am the duly elected sheriff of Waterman county. You could do a whole lot worse than play a straight game with me."

Campo's retort was mildly explosive. "Straight game? Of course I'm playing a straight game! I'm willing to turn face up what cards I hold—they're always face up. It's not my fault when I hold very damn' few cards."

"What I'm saying is—"

The sheriff was interrupted by the opening of the outer door. The strong golden lamp flame wavered slightly with the pressure of the cool draft; and to their nostrils came the peculiarly exhilarating smell of the clear cold air from the snow. In the doorway appeared Joe St. Marie. For a moment he hesitated, hand on the latch, obviously startled by the presence of the sheriff.

"Shut that door," said Campo; and Joe St. Marie came in and closed the door slowly behind him.

"What are you doing here?"

Joe St. Marie swung off his hat and stood staring bleakly from Ragland to Hopper and back again. "I lamed my horse," he said. "I had to leave the other boys to take the beef on to Waterman. It would have spoiled the cayuse to go on."

NOW Campo Ragland seemed to notice what Kentucky Jones had perceived at once: that Joe St. Marie's face was the color of half-cured hay; and the bronc rider's explanation of his presence, if not altogether satisfactory in itself, had served to draw attention to the quickness of his breath. Campo said sharply, "You hurt, Joe?"

"No, sir; no, sir, Mr. Ragland."

"What's the matter with you? Are you sick?"

"No, sir. I'm all right. Well—I don't feel so good, at that."

"You never feel so good," Lee Bishop grunted.

Campo Ragland hesitated, puzzled. "You want to speak to me, Joe?" he asked at last.

"Who? Me? No, sir."

"Well, see what you can find yourself to eat. Wait a minute—what have you given your horse?"

"Nothing yet, Mr. Ragland, sir. I—"

"How many times do I have to tell you fellers—" Ragland began. "Well, let it pass. Go feed your horse."

"Now?"

"Now!"

Joe St. Marie had already thrown aside his sheepskin coat and hung his gun belt on a wooden peg beside the door. He moved reluctantly at Ragland's command, and at the door he stopped, hesitating. Though he seemed unable to speak, it was as plain as if he had spoken that there was in his mind a protest which he could not—or did not dare—put into words. He swayed indeterminately upon his long horse-bowed legs, making the polished steel studs on his five-inch belt glint in the slant of the light.

In spite of the gray-green pallor of St. Marie's face, Kentucky Jones thought he had never seen the Indian blood of the man stand out so strongly. The breadth of face at the cheek-bones and the surface lights in St. Marie's eyes suggested the Indian always; but the blunt strength of his features ordinarily offset this impression. Just now, though, a great part of that strength seemed to be gone, as if the appearance of strength had been no better than a mask.

"Well?" said Campo softly.

ST. MARIE glanced quickly from Campo to the sheriff, wavering a moment in indecision; then hurriedly took his gun belt from its peg. So, at last, he opened the door and went out, shoulders hunched as if against the great unseen pressure of a non-existent wind.

When St. Marie had left the room there was a moment or two of silence. "It's funny we didn't hear his horse come up," the sheriff said.

"You often don't," said Ragland, "when you've got loose stock in the corrals."

Without raising his voice the sheriff asked, "What's he afraid of, Campo?"

Campo met his eye grimly. "I was about to ask you."

"You mean you don't know?"

"Floyd, I haven't got the slightest

(*Continued on page 44*)

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"Comfrey, listen. Do you think it's a good idea to let a murderer off with a light sentence just because he had a few drinks?"

Martin Comfrey meets the Blind Goddess

The story of a man who wanted to do what was right. Maybe you think that's an easy program

By Edward L. McKenna

Illustrated by James Montgomery Flagg

THE talesman is incapable of making the distinction," said Justice Ahearn, with his customary bluntness. "Excused. Step down. Call the next talesman." And the talesman stepped down and tried to suppress a happy smile.

"Martin L. Comfrey," said the clerk.

Thump, thump, thump, went Comfrey's feet down the aisle, and he took his seat in the box and was sworn. Bulky, bullet-headed, red-faced, expensively dressed and sweating like a charging rhinoceros. He gave his answers in a loud voice. Martin L. Comfrey, aged forty-one; occupation, plasterer; married; residence, St. John's Place. No objection to the enforcement of the maximum penalties of the law. No preconceived opinion concerning the case in hand. Willing to accept the law as interpreted for him by Justice Ahearn.

The defense attorney asked him whether he would infer the guilt of his client from the fact that they did not put him on the stand.

"I'd consider it, yes," said Comfrey. "I might be wondering why you wouldn't put him on the stand, to see what he had to say for himself. But I wouldn't make up my mind he did it, uh, that he was guilty, just for that."

The speech took some little time to deliver, and at its conclusion the talesman mopped his face with a handkerchief. Judge Ahearn nodded. It was like a convention of mandarins.

"Just one more question, Mr. Comfrey. What does the L in your name stand for?"

"Luther," said Comfrey, and his mouth set itself.

The defendant's name was Patrick Joseph Brady. His attorneys looked at each other.

"MR. COMFREY," boomed out Judge Ahearn, "I'll ask you a question. You were born here?"

"Yes, sir."

"Your people—where were they from—do you know?"

"Of course I know. County Antrim." County Antrim, where the children learn The Boyne Water before they learn God Save the King.

"Ah, now, Comfrey, will you give this man a fair trial if you sit on this jury? Or will you let religious—or racial—prejudices influence you? Tell me that."

That was Ahearn, all over. Not "Tell the Court that." "Tell *me* that." Put the short sword of battle in a man's hand—tact was for old women.

Comfrey moistened his lips and hesitated.

"Speak up, man. Don't be afraid."

"Afraid!" said Comfrey, with something like a grunt. "It's—maybe this would tell you. I'm a boss plasterer. The man that learned me my trade was John J. Maloney."

"Yes?"

"After what Maloney done for me—I'll—I'll give the prisoner an even break. There's no doubt of that. I ain't saying I got no prejudice."

"Very well," said Ahearn. "The talesman is qualified, in my opinion."

But the lawyers for the defense were whispering together. "They'll challenge," said the hangers-on in the courtroom, also whispering. "Sure. They're gonna challenge. Look, O'Malley's gettin' up. That'll make three they've challenged. They're usin' up the challenges. Look, look. Brady's got O'Malley by the arm. He's shakin' his head, no. See him shakin' his head, no. Brady wants him. O'Malley's still arguin' with him. I'd take him if it was me; it might be good enough for a mistrial, an' Brady might do worse. Look, they're takin' him. What did I tell you?"

So Martin L. Comfrey sat on the jury impaneled to try former Patrolman Patrick Joseph Brady for murder.

THE main facts in People vs. Brady were clear. He had shot another policeman and killed him. The quarrel had been of long standing. It began when Brady was a rookie, a "boot." Halligan had put his big foot on Brady's shoe and spoiled his shine, and they had fought and Brady was licked. They'd fought over a handball game and Brady was licked. Then they fought over a pinochle game and Brady was licked, only this time he went out and had a few drinks, nobody knows how many, and he came back just as Halligan was going on tour.

Halligan had stood there, looking at him and grinning, and Brady walked over to him and shot him three times. Then he threw his gun on the floor and tore his shield from his coat and hurled

(Continued on page 38)

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Head of the House

By the Gentleman at the Keyhole

JOHN GARNER will be boss of the House of Representatives for the next two years and in all probability for several years thereafter. The authority is his by right of experience and ability. Among the Democrats there is only one member of longer service than his. In all-around ability, native intelligence, skill in handling people, he is without an equal in Congress.

He has been Democratic floor leader for the past two years. More than that, for several years he has been the ranking Democrat on the all-powerful Ways and Means Committee, and as such the most powerful man in his party in the House. If he had not become Speaker, he would still be the boss of the House as chairman of the Ways and Means Committee with the Democrats in the majority.

It is not necessary to be Speaker to be the boss of the House. Champ Clark was Speaker and Claude Kitchen was boss of the House. Frederick Gillett was Speaker and Jim Mann was boss of the House. Kitchen and Jim Mann were floor leaders. But a man might even be less than a floor leader and still be boss of the House.

The Ways and Means Committee, when the Democrats are in power, is the committee on committees. That is to say, it decides who shall get the committee places; and if the chairman of it is a strong man, he decides who shall get the places on committees. The chairman of that committee, if he is a strong man, exercises such authority over the fate of members of Congress that unless he permitted him to do so a member would hardly dare to go and eat lunch in the House restaurant.

The chairman of the Rules Committee is also a powerful man who might be the boss, for he has the power to put legislation in his pocket and keep it there. The Speaker has the power to recognize or refuse to recognize a member who desires the floor. Thus, especially as the session draws toward a close, he has the power of life or death over a legislative career. The chairman of the Ways and Means Committee may keep a member from appointment to the committee he desires and so ruin his legislative career. The chairman of the Rules Committee may smother legislation if he chooses to do so. These three men and a few others acting together may make or unmake a legislator of their party. Their disciplinary power is thus very great. The strongest among them, who will dominate the others, will when his party is in power be the boss of the House.

It takes peculiar gifts to be a great House member. A man may be a power in the House who would make a quite unremarkable member of the Senate. The House calls for teamwork; the Senate is the field for individual action.

Borah would hardly count at all in the House. Garner would be out of place in the Senate. Oratory hardly amounts to anything in the House, though a man must be quick and resourceful in debate. To rise to a place of importance in the House a man must be a greater master of legislation than one has to be to become an outstanding senator.

And Garner has all the gifts that make a powerful House member in a superlative degree. He knows his own mind instantly and he has the habit of being right. When he says anything you feel that it is the last word to be said on the subject. His decisions are instantaneous, with no "perhaps." He is a keen politician and an industrious legislator who never gets lost in details.

A One-Man Organization

Much as he loves politics, Garner puts the public interest, as he sees it, above partisanship. He is friendly and likeable, but he always tells you exactly what he thinks, whether you will like it or not. He never lies to anyone. He never makes any promises that he does not carry out. And I have no doubt that he can be ruthless when it is necessary.

His natural lieutenants are, by reason of their positions, Henry T. Rainey of Illinois, the Democratic floor leader, who owes his position chiefly to the fact of geography and long service—he was about the only northern member available for floor leader; Edward W. Pou of North Carolina, chairman of the Rules Committee; James W. Collier of Mississippi, chairman of the Ways and Means Committee; and Joseph W. Byrns, chairman of the Appropriations Committee.

Rainey is seventy-one years old. Pou is sixty-eight years old. Byrns' health was such that he had to drop out of the race for senator from Tennessee last year. Collier has the chairmanship of the Ways and Means Committee merely by seniority. He is not a strong man. John McDuffie of Alabama, less than fifty years old, who was Garner's whip when Garner was floor leader, will probably be the Speaker's real chief lieutenant.

So it is plain that the Democratic party in the House will be pretty largely John Garner. It will not be so much a combination of men that will control the House—and this often happens—as one man. And as the House is Democratic while the Senate is not, the Democratic party will be judged considerably by what the House does this winter.

A lot of foolishness has been written about the disadvantage to the Democratic party of having to assume responsibility in the House this year. In the first place I don't think John Garner is going to make mistakes. That isn't his habit. And in the next place Presidential elections are neither won nor lost on what Congress does or fails to do. The voters practically ignore Congress in electing Presidents.

There will be three great questions before Congress this winter: taxation, the tariff and unemployment. With the President Republican, the Senate Republican and the House Democratic, nothing but absolutely essential legislation will pass. And it is upon what the Democratic House does on these subjects that the party will be judged.

Garner is conservative, a man of means, a banker and a business man. He is a shrewd judge of popular sentiment. He will write the tax bill himself and he will get it through the House. On taxation his views are well known—higher rates on incomes above $100,000, probably an increase somewhat smaller on all incomes, higher estate taxes. Even the administration will have to recommend increases in income taxes, especially on larger incomes. It will also urge a sales tax, but with little support from the Republicans in Congress and none from the Democrats in the House. No very sharp issue can arise over providing additional money to meet the deficit.

With regard to the tariff, not very much will be done by the Democrats, for the very good reason that it takes months to frame and pass a general revision of the tariff and it will be futile to spend four or five months on tariff revision only to have the bill vetoed by the President. The Democrats will reserve the tariff until they control both houses of Congress.

The Shadow of Coming Events

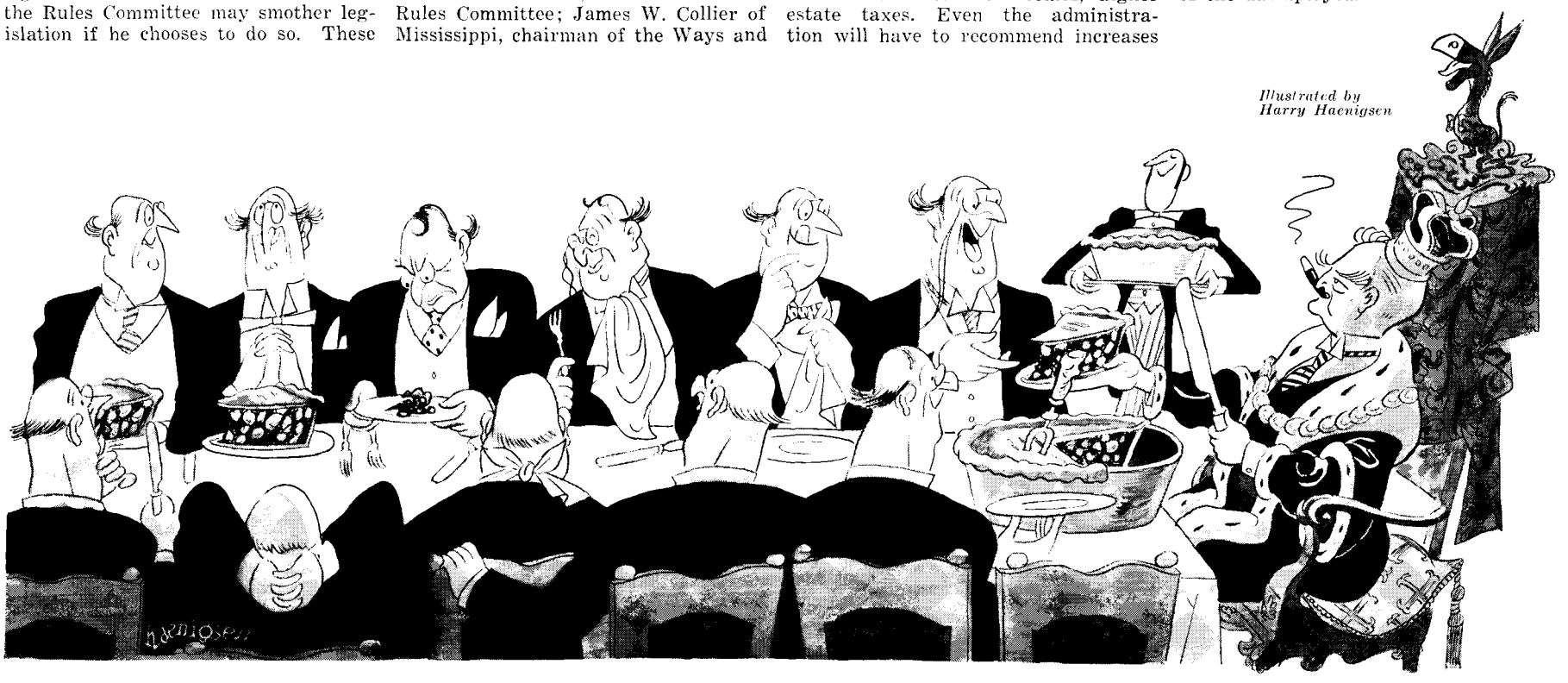
As an earnest of what they intend to do when the country goes their way, they will probably pass a bill reorganizing the United States Tariff Commission. They will take the provisions passed by the Senate when the present tariff law was before that body, making the Tariff Commission more independent of the President, making it report to Congress instead of to the Executive.

The President will probably veto this bill. But no time will be wasted as the bill will require no preparation.

Unemployment relief is a more difficult problem. If the depression lasts there will be a disposition greatly to increase appropriations for public works. The trouble with such appropriations is that they do not provide employment at all quickly. Months are consumed in making engineering plans, taking title to property, letting contracts. Appropriations made in the winter result in work six months or so later. And unless the public works are actually needed it is just as economical and much quicker to make appropriations directly to charity.

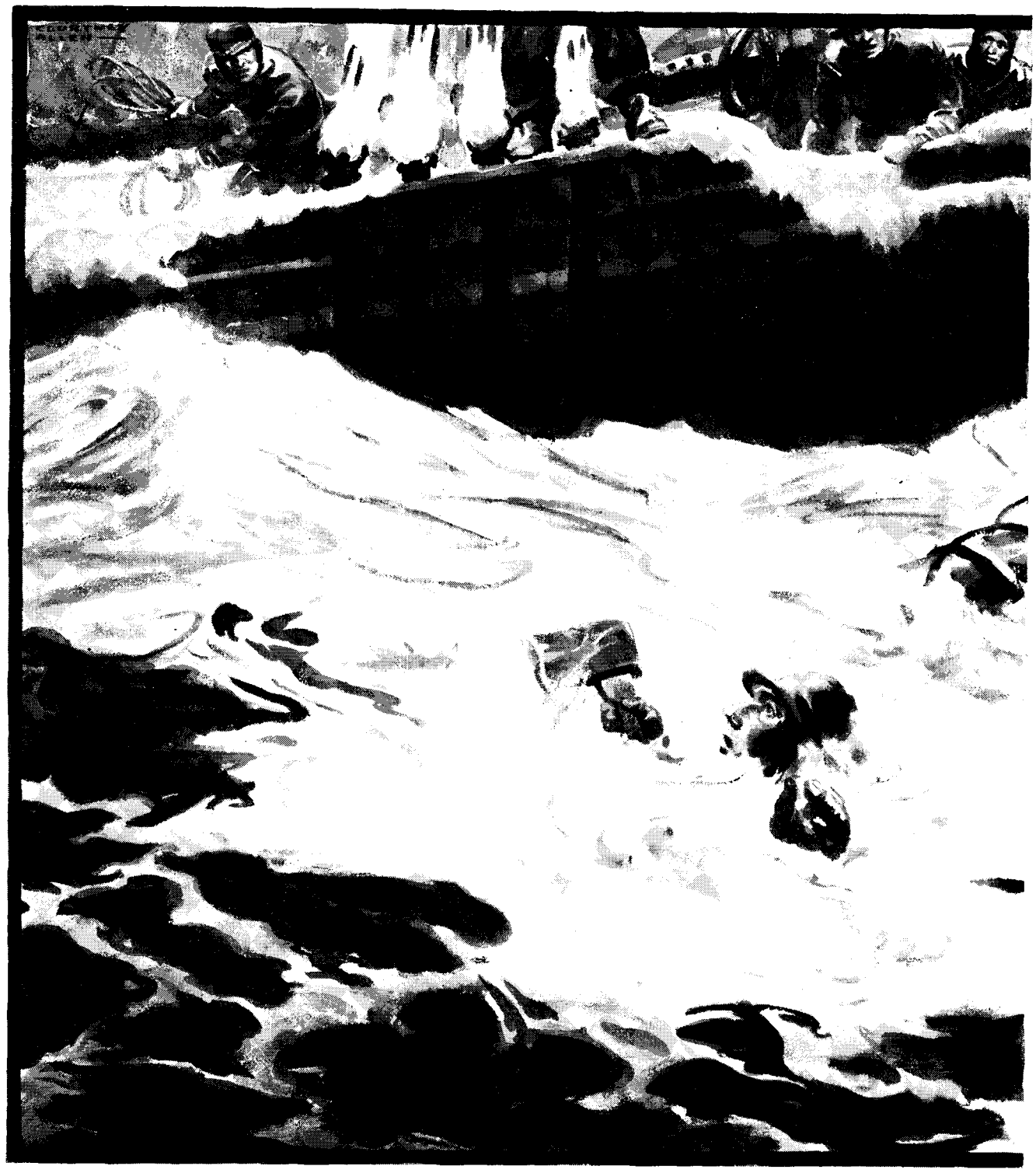
If the emergency is acute, if state, city and private relief fail, it is probable that direct appropriations of money to be distributed by existing charitable organizations will be made. These, if made, will be emergency appropriations, not a dole in the sense that the Federal government will assume responsibility for the systematic relief of the unemployed.

Illustrated by Harry Haenigsen



The Strangers at the Feast

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Before a man of the crew could make a move he was half the length

Like a Gloucesterman

By James B. Connolly

ALWAYS before putting out to sea the cook of the Alathea would step into the little circulating library and change his old book for a new one. On this morning, with his new book under his arm, he overhauled John Houghton, who was waiting down the street, and proceeded with him to the vessel.

"That book man is the greatest one for askin' questions," said the cook. "He must think there's somethin' strange about fishin' life. Just now he said he wished he'd been brought up to fishin'. Can y' imagine that?—the soft shore billet he's got, readin' all the books he wants to an' not havin' to pay a cent rent for 'em."

To which John, a young man, said sagely, "There's always men who think somebody else has picked the best fishin' spot. What kind you got this time?"

"The same kind—about great heroes. An' romance. Look!" It was a thick volume with a dark blue cover; and across the cover was printed Romantic Tales in letters of gold.

"A pretty color," observed John. "Like the sea offshore on a fine day."

"An' some tonnage to it. Heft it. Six hundred pages, enough to last a man a few days out to sea. An' you c'n have it after me, John. If we meet with enough bad weather to make a slow trip of it, you'll maybe get a chance to read it afore the vessel gets back to Gloucester; though not too much bad weather, I hope, like the trip afore last, when the dories got caught out in that snowstorm. What a night the skipper an' me put in aboard the vessel! We thought all the dories was lost! An' most of you did come most bein'."

"Most," admitted John. "But it's all part o' fishin' life."

"O' course. An' the galley bein' washed out by them two seas that time I went on deck tryin' to see could I see the dories, an' forgot to haul the hatch cover behind me."

"Oh well," said John, soothingly, "a busy cook can't think of everything."

"You said it then, boy. A tough job, a cook's, him eighteen or twenty hours a day on his feet in the galley gettin' grub ready for a crew o' ravenous trawlers. How'd you like to be a cook?"

"Of a trawler? Not me," said John firmly. "The deck an' dory part o' fishin'll do for me."

THE Alathea had a fairly fast runoff to the fishing grounds; and good weather followed—that is, good weather for winter—for a week thereafter. They had to heave to for two days; but they managed to get in five days of good fishing and then, with a load of mixed fish below decks, it was swing her off and drive her for the market.

The Alathea's crew were great ones for corned-beef hash, with plenty of onions. The cook was at the frying pan, tossing the hash upside down and then downside up in the frying pan with one hand, holding his Romantic Tales in the other, taking flying glimpses of the open page when he could. So it was that a busy trawler's cook had to manage to get on with his reading out to sea. He turned the last of the frying hash and the last page of the Tales together. He read the last line of the Tales, closed the book with a deep-drawn breath: "What men, what men!" he murmured.

"What men where?" demanded Ben Proctor.

"What men where? Here, right here." The cook tapped the cover of the Tales reverently. "No men like 'em nowadays."

"Why ain't they?" demanded Ben.

"Why? Where's the what people call the backgrounds to make 'em these days?"

"WHAT backgrounds?"

"Why, the castles an' kings an' palaces an' princesses an'—"

"And—?"

"Oh, hush, Ben, hush. Stop barkin' for a minute an' I'll have your supper on the table. Here, John, here is your book. Wonderful stories there, John. Stories to curl your hair with fright, an' stories to make your heart leap with joy. Stories to give you the chills—yes, an' maybe the fevers. Great stories of great heroes, John. Take care of it till we're safe back in Gloucester again."

"I'll take good care," said the grateful John; and stretching himself out in his bunk he set himself to his reading.

Ordinarily John was no laggard sitting in to eat, but supper was half over before he even knew that the grub was on the table. And then Ben Proctor had to half haul him out of his bunk and yell into his ear. "Come and eat," shouted Ben, "and then roll back into your bunk and get some sleep against our watch tonight."

John ate and rolled into his bunk; but not to sleep.

Ben rolled into his own bunk. When he rolled out eight hours later there was John still at his reading.

"Come on, boy—our watch," said Ben. He had to repeat it, to shout it into John's ear to make him hear.

"What?" said John. "Oh, it's you, Ben? Our watch, is it? So soon?" He stowed the Tales in the bottom of his bunk, slid down onto the locker, got into his oilskins, sea boots and woolen head covering, followed Ben up the fo'c's'le ladder to the deck.

A COLD wind was blowing. Ben went aft to take the wheel. John relieved the forward watch, who was tucked in the lee of a piece of tarpaulin lashed to the weather forerigging.

"Been gettin' colder, ain't it?" observed John.

"Colder and rougher," was the response, "and goin' to be more so."

Midway of their watch John relieved Ben at the wheel.

By and by the cover of the cabin companionway was slid back. The skipper's head was thrust up. He took a look

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

of the vessel to leeward

above and around for himself, curved his neck around the corner of the companionway and into the light of the binnacle box. "How's she pointin'? No'theast b' no'th? Not so bad. Wind been makin' in your watch, John?"

"Wind and sea both been makin'. It's goin' to be lively around here by daylight," commented John; and drew his woolen skullcap down to his chin, so making a mask for his face. In the mask were little holes to look and breathe through.

"That's right, cover up," said the skipper, "afore you have your nose froze off maybe. Keep her as she is, an' call me if the wind hauls to the no'west. We'll have to tack her then."

"As she is, an' call you if the wind hauls no'west," repeated John.

A hogshead or two of water broke over the cabin house, whereat the skipper ducked hastily, hauled the slide over the companion. He slid the cover part way back again to say: "There's ten or twelve fathom o' stout line coiled around the weather bitt, John. Somebody'll maybe want to lash himself to the wheel later."

John looked toward the bitt, waved his hand that he saw it. "Somebody'll be lashin' himself before a great while."

The skipper drew the slide all the way over his head.

The wind was like a loud-speaker in the rigging; the seas began to break more frequently across the deck.

THE cabin companion cover was once more slid back; this time to let out Dan Magee, Big Dan.

Dan stepped onto the deck, dexterously hauled the companion cover into place. "Brrr—but it's cold! And breezin' up. Cold and blowy—a proper winter night. What's the word, boy?"

"By the wind. No'theast by no'th she's pointin' now. An' call the skipper if the wind hauls to the no'west."

"By the wind, an' a no'west wind, call the skipper."

"An' there's a life line at the weather bitt if anybody has to lash himself to the wheel."

"I see it, boy. And a handy thing before long, maybe."

John went forward and below. Ben Proctor was already below and shaking the cook by the shoulder. "Four o'clock!" said Ben.

The cook came promptly awake. "No!" said he. "She's bouncin' around, hah? How is it outside, Ben?"

"Breezin' up. It'll be a livin' gale soon, boy. You take my advice an' you'll begin lashin' your pots an' kettles to that galley stove."

"I will in a minute," said the cook.

Ben hauled off his boots and outer clothing and turned into his bunk.

STOPPING to haul off only his woolen cap, John reached into his bunk, got out his Tales from under his mattress and settled himself on a lee locker. Two hours later, his watch being over, Dan Magee dropped into the fo'c's'le.

"Oh, the Althy's homeward bound
An' she's leapin' like a hound,
With fifteen hund'ed kentles in her fore an' after holds,"

chanted Dan. He spied John, who was still at his reading. "What you got there, John?" The absorbed John did not even look up.

"Dead to the world around him. What's he readin'?" asked Dan of the cook.

"Stories of great heroes, of knights in armor and castles with turrets an' princesses an'—"

"An' dead a thousand years, I s'pose. They're prob'ly all right, but how long you're dead an' how far away you live prob'ly makes a lot o' difference, too, in how big a hero you are. An'—whoa, boy!"

Dan meant the vessel, which had taken a wild leap under him. There was a sound like an express train roaring across the deck over his head. The vessel rolled low; the fo'c's'le floor stood almost upright. The vessel righted; but had hardly done so when there was another roar above. A report like loud thunder followed the roar. There was a crashing of something heavy in the wake of the thunder burst.

Even the enchanted John took notice when from the windward berths sleeping men came falling down the steep floor. He worked himself clear of a man who had fallen atop of him, stowed the Tales in his bunk, hauled on his headgear, followed Dan to the deck. All the sleeping men were now awake, automatically reaching for their sea boots and demanding to know, some gently and some profanely, what had happened. The cook, gathering up his scattered galley properties, was too vexed to answer their rapid queries.

When Dan and John reached the deck they learned that the first big sea had filled the foresail and burst it. The second sea had broken the foremast short off and sent it over the side. The end of the big spar was banging against the side of the vessel. It was hardly past six o'clock; not yet quite light, and the big spar, like some dim terror, was riding high and low in the half dark.

A tangle of hemp and wire rigging and bits of broken dories were cluttering the vessel's deck. Not a dory was left whole.

The forward watch had taken to the main weather rigging. He descended, saying: "Lucky it wasn't the main riggin' it took to."

They looked for the man at the wheel then. They found him spitting out salt water, talking into the wind and trying to haul himself back over the lee quarter rail by his life line—all three things at once. "The longest lashin' ever, I'll bet, was put to a man at a wheel. I must've been carried half a cable's length to loo'ard before I fetched up," he was shouting while John and Dan were helping him back aboard.

The helmsman had put the wheel hard up, as any good helmsman would, the last thing before the big sea boarded her; so now the vessel lay head to wind. Seas were breaking over her bow; but there she lay, head to it, safe enough for a while.

THE cook, a practical man in several ways despite his habit of reading romances, came on deck to view the scene. "Nothing much to be done afore daylight that I c'n see. Might's well come below an' have breakfast. It's all cooked, an' so long's the vessel stays hove to I c'n maybe set the table."

The skipper took it for good advice, so they went below and ate; after which, daylight being then on them, they turned to their job of clearing away the wreckage.

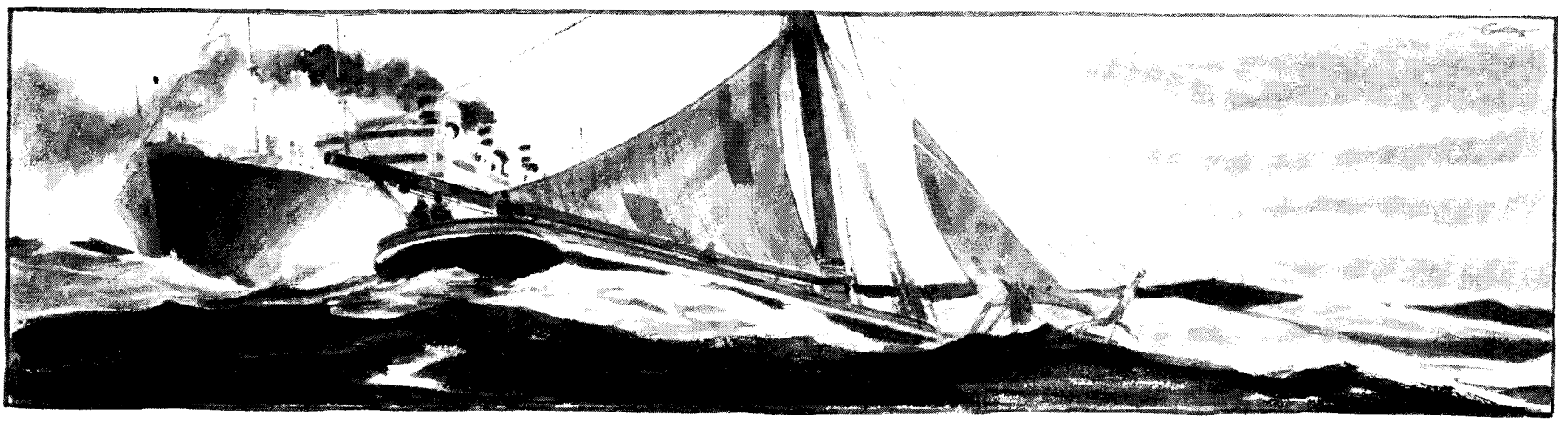
The wind had been steadily hauling and was now blowing a tearing gale out of the northwest—a cold wind that quickly made ice of the loose water on her deck. "That man who walked Niagara Falls on a tight rope got nothin' on us walkin' this iced-up deck," observed Dan Magee. "A slip for him and a slip for us—the same thing, into a roar o' white water we go."

The broken foremast was their first task. Away from the vessel it would ride before a fast rolling sea; then back toward the vessel it would come, usually end first into the vessel's side. Riding low it would smash into the vessel's lower planking, riding high it would smash into the deck, and neither way of riding was doing the vessel any good.

The skipper brought up two axes from below. He took one himself and passed the other to John Houghton, saying: "Come on, boy, let's cut that

(Continued on page 36)

Many a man is far greater, far stronger, far more courageous than he suspects. You will find evidence in this superb story to support the statement



"Go your way!" shouted the skipper. "We got a trip o' fish we got to get to market"

Illustrated by Courtney Allen

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Sports'-Eye View

By Grantland Rice

INSIDE my warm and untrapped den,
I take a practice swing again,
And never get an 8 or 10.
I see the white pill rise and soar
A good three hundred yards or more,
While I collect a 3 or 4.
With practice swings I murder par
Where each shot travels straight and far,
And not a hook or slice to mar
The perfect form that seems to flow
From turning hip to tilting toe,
That even Jones could never know.
No heel prints wait, no bunkers glare,
No cuppy lies bring woe and care,
No muttered curses fill the air.
No scornful caddie stands about;
No putts roll in, and then hop out;
No lost balls fill the soul with gout.
How simple golf is, green or pit,
How mind and muscle blend and fit,
When no one has a ball to hit!

A few fight promoters are still talking about a $1,000,000 gate and no one seems to have the heart to wake them up.

Blocking a Star End

Harry Mehre, the Georgia football coach, tells one on Catfish Smith, his star end.

"Smith was playing against a rival," Mehre said, "who kept side-stepping and lurching out of the way each time the Catfish charged. Finally Smith got sore and asked—'What kind of football is this? Why don't you come on and play the game?' 'Just a minute, Mr. Smith,' his opponent replied. 'I am doing the best I can. But please remember that you are Mr. Catfish Smith, the great All-America star, and you couldn't expect the rest of us to play like you.'" Which, according to Harry Mehre, closed out Smith's rebuttal for the remainder of the game.

When the race isn't to the swift it is about time to look behind the scenes and start checking up.

"What could Jack Dempsey do to Carnera?" asks H. L. S. The odds are that one of those mauling left hooks wouldn't add more than twenty or thirty per cent to Carnera's general health.

A Two-Sided Problem

A group of well-known football players and football officials were discussing the practice of alumni or outsiders sending good football players through college.

"This is one of the worst and weakest parts of football as a game," someone said. "You know and I know that any number of scouting systems are busy all over the country, looking over the best prep-school and high-school talent and offering scholarships and expenses or good working jobs to those who might make the team. This puts college football, or a good part of it, on a semi-pro basis and is sure to give many youngsters a false idea of their value and importance."

"In a way, that is all true," a leading official remarked. "But look at this side of the argument: Undoubtedly hundreds of boys are helped through college because they are good football players. But if they did not get this help they would never receive a college education. If a college education is a good thing for most young fellows, as we have been told so often, won't the good that is accomplished more than offset any harm that might be done? Few receive more in the way of help than tuition and a job that pays expenses. What crime is there in this to offset the chance for a college education?"

F. G. Cooper

The meeting almost broke up in a row when someone suggested that a lot of the boys would be better off without the sort of college education many of them get.

How many know that Babe Ruth is facing his nineteenth season, Burleigh Grimes his twentieth and Dazzy Vance his twenty-first? And then think of Jack Quinn facing his thirtieth season with an arm that is still doing duty.

Base-Running

No one was more pleased than Max Carey, the new Brooklyn manager, that old-fashioned base-running proved a big factor in the Cardinals' world series victory. Carey must be rated as one of the best base-runners that ever played the game.

"It is a fine thing for baseball in general," he said recently, "that Chapman of the Yankees received so much publicity for his base-running speed and ability, and that Pepper Martin and other Cardinals proved its value again in the world series. In each case big crowds showed how much they liked a player's speed and smartness in getting around without hitting a home run. Base-running is one of the fine arts of baseball. Speed helps, of course, but speed is only a part of base-running skill. The idea is to know just when to take a lead and when to start and get the jump. It calls for the finest mental timing in the game."

In reply to several queries on the subject: A good college football team would have the same chance of beating the Green Bay Packers as a good college baseball team would have of beating the Cardinals or the Athletics.

A year ago on this January day the leading hero of baseball was Hack Wilson of the Cubs and few had ever heard of Pepper Martin of the Cardinals. Which shows again how far one can drop and how fast one can climb in this modern era. But the dropping usually takes less time.

Good Judgment

There isn't any doubt that Jack Dempsey expects to take one more good shot at some outstanding heavyweight who will draw in a lot of important money. It may be Carnera or it may be Schmeling, or it may be both. In the meantime he has been using sound judgment in working his way back through short, sharp sessions lasting three or four rounds against a variety of opponents. He opened his flurry against set-ups, which was well enough. Then he gradually increased the class of the men he was meeting until lately he has been belting away at talent just a shade under the best. The Old Mauler can still throw that left and it won't help you much to meet a swing of his right. He is likely to pulverize some of these big targets, just as he did thirteen or fourteen years ago when the Carl Morrises, the Fultons and the Willards tried to block his road.

Some Assistance

Down at his East Lake club Bobby Jones called one of the colored locker-room boys to get out his bag of clubs.

The boy came up yawning and stretching.

"What you need," said Bobby, "is a cup of coffee."

"Coffee, Mr. Bob!" replied the locker-room attendant. "I drinks about fifty cups of coffee a day."

"Fifty cups!" said the astonished golfer. "And that doesn't keep you awake?"

"Well, it helps," the attendant answered as he walked away.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

keep Regular
FOR HEALTH!
MOTHER: Mummie's so glad to see the roses back in her little girl's cheeks.
MARY JANE: I guess Aunt Sue was right about Post's Bran Flakes.

IRREGULARITY, due to lack of sufficient bulk in the diet, makes one feel run down and out of sorts. In fact it is the cause, physicians say, of a high percentage of bodily ills.

To keep regular, eat Post's Bran Flakes every day. As a breakfast cereal these golden, toasted flakes are delicious with milk or cream. They contain such beneficial elements of whole wheat as: iron, phosphorus and vitamin B, together with the outer coating of the grain, a gentle regulator.

Start regulating yourself with Post's Bran Flakes tomorrow. Eat them regularly for two weeks and see how easy it is to acquire this healthful habit. You'll feel better for it.

Cases of constipation, due to too little bulk in the diet, should yield to Post's Bran Flakes if eaten regularly each day. If your case is abnormal, consult a competent physician at once and follow his advice

● DOCTORS ATTRIBUTE A HIGH PERCENTAGE OF SICKNESS TO IRREGULARITY

© 1932, G. F. Corp.

POST'S BRAN FLAKES

A Product of General Foods Corporation

WITH OTHER PARTS OF WHEAT

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Moonshine on the Mississippi

Mass production of liquor hasn't hit the Mississippi yet. Along that river moonshining is still a one-man proposition—a single-handed defiance of the Federal government. Mr. Dickson has won the confidence of some of these solitary rebels and here presents the story of their wiles and their adventures

By Harris Dickson

EVERY vigilant hideaway who tended his "cooker" in willow thickets along the Mississippi always kept one eye upon the river, and knew that the Minnetonka was not what she pretended to be—a craft of the U. S. Engineer Corps engaged in levee construction. By day Minnie flew a white flag bearing the red castle, a masquerade that deceived nobody, for by night the castle was hauled down and a blue pennon with white stars fluttered from her masthead. Whether Minnie was actually a "revenuer" or prohibition enforcement boat made scant difference. If either service nabbed a moonshiner, it meant Federal prison and destruction of his still.

On seemingly idle cruises Minnie bore the appearance of a gentleman's pleasure yacht; nevertheless her camouflaged "lookouts," with powerful glasses, searched every inch of shore line for paths that led to water. A still requires water. Men must get water from the river, and the feet of men leave tracks. On their part, wary moonshiners are just as clever at concealing footprints.

Even before nation-wide prohibition broke upon us, the moonshiner of retiring tastes had his troubles. And those worries would now seem to be worse when two sets of officers are sniffing at his heels. Additional hundreds of enforcement agents might make his seclusion far more difficult, if it were not for the fact that additional thousands of violators have sprung up to distract the chase. So when hundreds of new hounds joined the pack, they found thousands of fresh hares leaping and dodging before them. He that chaseth two hares catcheth neither.

Hide and Seek in the Chute

The experiences here told by permission of the writer's friend are practically what is happening today, as is well known to every bootlegger and every officer along our great river.

Crawfish Island began life modestly as an humble "towhead"; which means that Father Mississippi had brought down a drift log and lodged it here, which caused an obstructed current to drop its sediment. A mud bank formed, the consistency of mush, growing bigger and more solid into a considerable island, now covered by young willows, cottonwood trees, dewberry vines, all sorts of jungle vegetation. On its western side flowed the main channel. On the east a narrow "chute," not wider than a hundred yards, separated Crawfish Island from the state of Mississippi. At flood stages the seven-mile-long chute was navigable; but as the river fell, steamers followed its safer channel.

In Crawfish Chute near the southern end, Gray Simon had tied up his shantyboat. The wee, sun-blistered craft nestled against a caving bank whose cliff-like walls rose twenty feet above its cabin roof. A thicket on shore concealed the flimsy shack where Simon distilled excellent whisky. His oil stove was draped to hide the light and sent up no tattling smoke; yet Simon knew that Uncle Sam had spotted his still.

It was nearing dusk one autumn afternoon when Simon and his helper, a nineteen-year-old boy named Abel, raw from the farm, went across to the island's western side and saw Minnie coming upstream. Far below the mouth of Crawfish Chute she hove in sight around a bend—white, brassy, two hundred feet long and gleaming in the last red glow of day. On came Minnie, graceful as a giant swan, her decks showing their naval spick-and-spanness.

"Purty thing," the boy grinned.

"Ain't so purty ef she comes after us. Lie down. Don't let them fellers spot you with their spyglasses."

"Reckin they're tryin' to ketch us?"

"Thar's a long chance agin it. But in our business we don't take nary chance. Lie down."

Slowly Minnie moved toward them, her crew idling about and paying no attention. When she passed the mouth of Crawfish Chute, Abel drew a deeper breath, "Them skunks ain't studyin' us. We kin make our run tonight."

"Possible so. But that's one o' their regular tricks, to pass by, same as a cat passes the canary bird. Then turn around an' sneak back."

The fact that Simon had no means of guessing was that Minnie carried that night a picked detail of U. S. sleuths, under orders to capture him in *actual operation of his still.* Darkness found them well upstream where she came to a stop. How the transformation was accomplished Simon did not know, but in mid-river Minnie's whiteness changed to black, perhaps by a draping of cloth which concealed the great boat as she turned and stole silently toward the south.

The Phantom of the River

To navigate our treacherous Mississippi in darkness, showing no lights, requires that a pilot be familiar with every foot of river, that he know every sandbar, every snag and eddy, just as a man knows the location of furniture in his bedroom. Guided by the treetops, Minnie's steersmen veered right or left with an instinct that did not err as he entered the mouth of Crawfish Chute. The huge black bulk moved noiselessly as a shadow. Powerful

(Continued on page 31)

Illustrated by Wallace Morgan

Simon knew that one man, only one, was advancing

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

his countenance here, where at any moment Wilhelmina Borden might behold him. He must bide his time in patience, but his time would come. Not out forever! Not even, at the moment, completely off!

His exploring fingers gave him now an unreasonable grievance. The advertisement in Simcoe's window, emphatic and unqualified, had proved to be nothing but—he had recourse again to plagiarism—nothing but a lot of birdseed! The remarkable pungency of the vulgar tongue appealed to him. Deliberately he chose it once more: Stung! Stung again!

Harboring this sense of injury and fraud, he climbed out over the fender in the blinking radiance of Nevada Sullivan's electric signature.

He rubbed his chin. Absurdly he preferred that Miss Sullivan should not see him wearing the foreshadow of that recrudescent stubble. Besides, during the journey the necessity of desperate deeds had perceptibly diminished. Unless Beechy informed her, Wilhelmina Borden would not even know that her cruelty had sent him headlong to the devil. Or as far, at least, as Nevada Sullivan's.

"Perhaps we'd better not go in," he suggested. "After all, it is rather late and—"

"Not go in?" It was Arthur Maybury who spoke. His voice was warm with protest. "Not go in?"

"Well—"

"Oh, we might as well, now we're here, Doc," Eddie said.

Winship surrendered. After all, what did it matter? What did anything matter? He shrugged his shoulders and went in.

Miss Sullivan, seated informally on the top of an upright piano, interrupted a husky, mournful ballad about blues to wave a welcoming hand. In answer Winship glumly waved his own. Arthur Maybury clutched his sleeve.

"Do you *know* her, Professor?"

Professor! It came home to Winship that except in ignorance or flattery no one hereafter would ever thus address him.

"Do you, Professor?"

Winship nodded. Maybury inhaled deeply and moved, with a dim suggestion of somnambulism, toward the table at which Eddie and Miss Gwynn were already seated. Winship followed. Sitting, he found Maybury regarding him with wide, fixed eyes. For some reason the gaze affected Winship pleasantly. He could not remember having encountered such a look before, but he liked it.

"Say—" Arthur leaned close to him while Eddie and Beechy bickered acidly above the menu card. "Could you fix it up for me to—to meet her?"

"Who? Miss Sullivan?" Winship glanced toward the piano. "Why not? Come with me."

THE song was over. The applause subsided. Miss Sullivan accomplished once more the peculiar change of identity that Winship had previously observed, ceasing, in an instant, to be the performer and becoming, in the same instant, the woman, the hostess, the friend.

"Hello, Pink!" She offered a cordial hand. "What's the good word?"

Winship found it easy to smile.

"Hello is a very good word, when you say it," he declared, astonishing himself by the happily turned phrase. Nevada chuckled.

"That's a fast one for a heavyweight. Dance?"

"I—" Winship found himself averse to confessing that he couldn't dance. He saw a better course. "I've promised my young friend here to help him persuade you to dance with him," he said. "Allow me to present Mr. Maybury."

"Hello," Nevada said. Arthur moved his lips without audible result. His feet, too, moved uneasily. Nevada's casual regard became slightly more attentive. She slid down from the piano.

"Any relation to Breck Maybury?"

Arthur appeared to swallow some large, irregular object.

"He—he's my father."

"Oh." Nevada studied him briefly. Then, lifting her arms, she insinuated herself so compellingly into Arthur's that these, in spite of a slight suggestion of paralysis, enfolded her. They danced away, Nevada twiddling, in farewell, the fingers of the hand that lay, rather possessively, on Arthur's shoulder.

Winship went back to the table, dimly pleased with himself and singularly unwarned, by any intuitive premonition, of the far-reaching consequences of the forces he had so lightly set in motion.

One of these consequences, however, revealed itself almost immediately. After partaking of light nourishment Beechy and Eddie were in favor of going home and Winship concurred. Young Mr. Maybury alone dissented.

"But look, Art, the Doc and I've got to get some sleep," Eddie urged.

"I haven't." Arthur spoke with grimness. "You three go whenever you like. I'll stick around awhile."

"How you going to get home?" Eddie insisted.

"I'll get there all right." Mr. Maybury rose abruptly and made haste to obey a summoning gesture on the part of Miss Sullivan. They danced.

An ocular consultation took place between Beechy and Eddie.

"I told you we could do something," Eddie said complacently.

"Well, I guess we've done it," Beechy admitted. She rose. Once more, glancing in the direction of the dancers, she mentioned the widely advertised insecticide. "I still think it would have been better. Come on."

In meditative, slightly drowsy silence, they drove home.

As she breakfasted at four-thirty in the afternoon Miss Nevada Sullivan gave audience to Mr. Irving Solomon.

Mr. Solomon was small and neat; he wore shell-rimmed spectacles; he carried a green agate fountain pen and pencil in his waistcoat pocket and the gold emblem of a fraternal order in his lapel. To the uninformed eye he would have seemed a person of negligible importance. Such an eye would have done him less than justice.

He was, in fact, Miss Sullivan's business manager and second in command. His powers and duties ranged from the task of searching the checkroom girls at closing time each morning to make sure that they did not retain their tips, to arranging for broad-minded tolerance on the part of those charged with the enforcement of inconvenient laws.

IT WAS Mr. Solomon who hired and fired, who did business with butcher, baker and bootlegger and who dealt, for Miss Sullivan's interest, with the gentlemen of the press.

Also and incidentally he was, in spite of the slight difference in the spelling of their surnames, Miss Sullivan's elder brother.

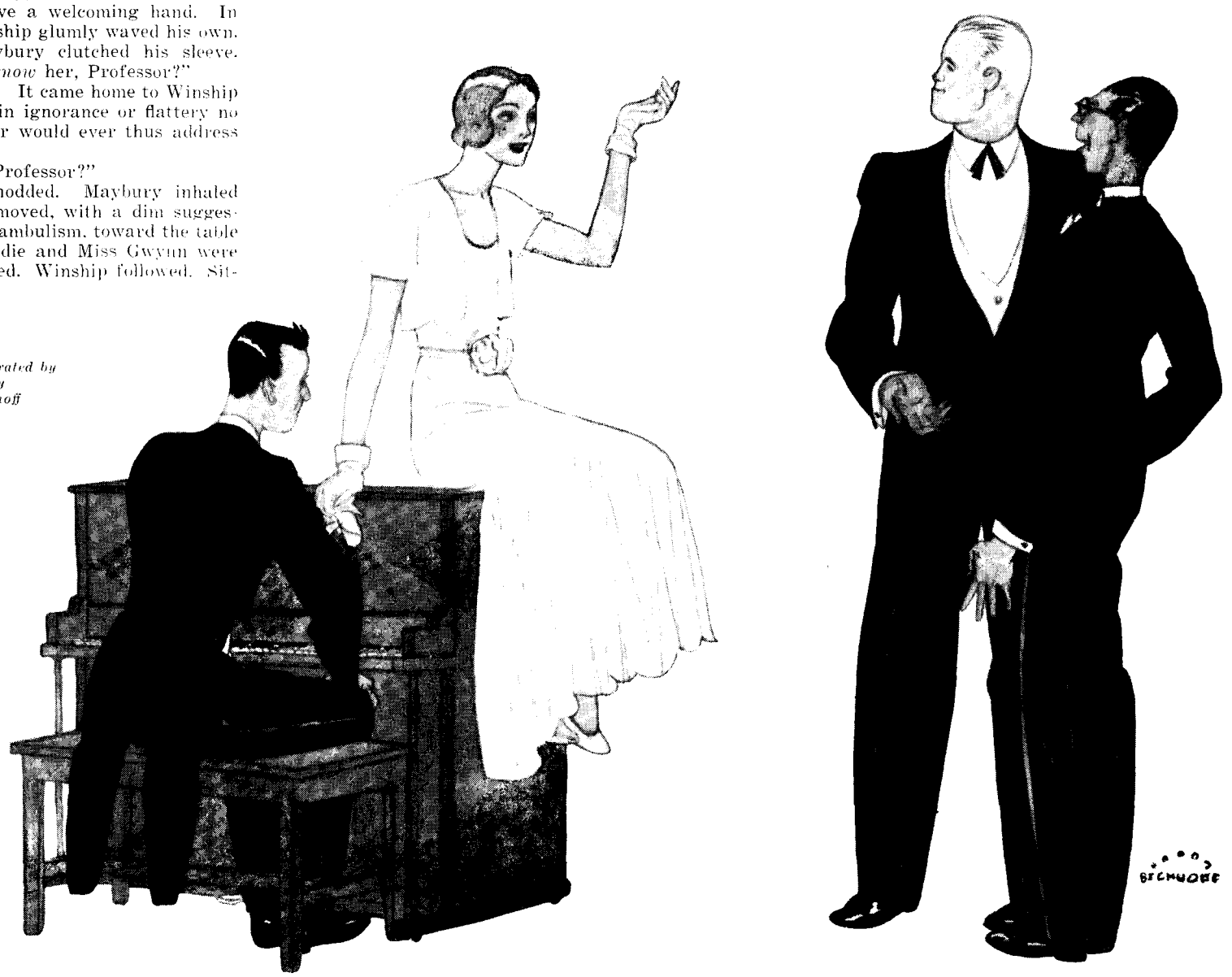
As he entered, Miss Sullivan eyed him with sisterly superiority.

"Well, Irv, you were all wet when you tried to tell me we couldn't get headlines out of this Big Pink baby."

Mr. Solomon nodded.

"I know. But that was when we both thought he was just another palooka trying to muscle in on the fight racket. What's a prize fight to read about when every morning there's anyhow a couple of good snappy love-nest murders or maybe a nice gang massacree? How would I know that the cops are after this Big Pink? Even now I don't know what they got on him, but—"

(Continued on page 48)

Illustrated by Harry Beckhoff

"Allow me to present Mr. Maybury." "Hello," Nevada said

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

CAMELS introduced the smokers of America for the first time to the joys of a fine cigarette in prime smoking condition.

Almost overnight, *freshness* became the mark of cigarette quality and satisfaction.

What makes Camels fresh—so smooth, cool-burning, mild?

It is the *natural* moisture in the fine Turkish and mild Domestic tobaccos of which Camels are blended—carefully safeguarded through every step of their making and then finally air-sealed to you in the Camel Humidor Pack.

There is no mystery, no magic in Camel manufacture; but there is long experience and great skill.

And the proof is in the prime *freshness*, the rare fragrance and the delightful flavor of Camels, which, so far at least, no other cigarette has seemed able to attain.

R. J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO COMPANY, *Winston-Salem, N. C.*

R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company's Coast-to-Coast Radio Programs—See radio page of local newspaper for time

CAMEL QUARTER HOUR, Morton Downey, Tony Wons, and Camel Orchestra, direction Jacques Renard, every night except Sunday, Columbia Broadcasting System

PRINCE ALBERT QUARTER HOUR, Alice Joy, "Old Hunch," and Prince Albert Orchestra, direction Paul Van Loan, every night except Sunday, N.B.C. Red Network

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Don't remove the moisture-proof wrapping from your package of Camels after you open it. The Camel Humidor Pack is protection against perfume and powder odors, dust and germs. In offices and homes, even in the dry atmosphere of artificial heat, the Camel Humidor Pack delivers fresh Camels and keeps them right until the last one has been smoked

CAMELS

***Made* FRESH — *Kept* FRESH**

© 1932, R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Eddie laid a forefinger against his lips, moved it in swift, furtive beckoning

The Big Pink

By Hugh MacNair Kahler

The Story Thus Far:

EDWIN BLEECKER JEWETT III is in a dilemma. He wishes to devote his time and energy to the winning of Beechy Gwynn, whom he loves; he cannot do so, due to the presence of a tutor, Doctor Beekman Winship.

The learned doctor is a large, but timid, gentleman with a pink beard. En route to Narrow Harbor (where Eddie and Winship are to be the guests of Eddie's Aunt Julie and her husband, Ronald Bedloe,) Mr. Jewett succeeds in convincing the doctor, a *credulous soul: (1) that the police are on* his trail; (2) that, in order to avoid recognition by the cops, he must part with his whiskers. Off comes the facial foliage, following a liberal application of permanent hair-remover. After which, the excitement begins. . . . Following a secret interview with Eddie, Dan McGurk, a trainer of pugilists, meets Winship, professes to be much impressed by his fighting possibilities, offers to make him world's champion. The doctor, shocked, declines the kind offer. "Okay," says McGurk, "if you don't let me train you, I'll hand you over to the cops!" Whereupon, Winship surrenders—agrees to become a prize fighter.

The world's-champion-to-be (henceforth referred to by Mr. McGurk as "The Big Pink") has a sentimental interest in Beechy Gwynn's aunt, Miss Wilhelmina Borden. Miss Borden is, apparently, not impressed with the doctor *sans* whiskers. She seems to prefer one Frisbee—Dr. Rufus Frisbee—proprietor of a near-by sanitarium. Three charming females, however, give ample evidence of being much impressed: Julie Bedloe, Nevada Sullivan, a night-club queen, and the fair Nellie, a maid at the Bedloe home.

Escorted by Eddie, Winship calls on Miss Borden. Frisbee is ahead of him. Winship, much peeved, departs. Beechy and Eddie suggest that he accompany them to a night-club. Wilhelmina Borden, he suspects, will never be his. He is in a reckless mood, desperate. "All right!" he exclaims. "How about Nevada Sullivan's? *Let's go!*"

VIII

"NEVADA SULLIVAN'S?" Eddie's echo seemed to express a doubt. "I don't know about that, Doc. You're in training. You can't keep up this night-club stuff. You got to get a little sleep every now and then."

"We can just drop in for a minute," Beechy argued. "We don't have to stay long. All I want is to be away long enough to be sure that old Dr. Frisbee'll be among the missing when I come back."

She giggled. "I know what's the matter with you, Eddie. You've got a neurosis or a nucleus or something. That's what makes you act so sort of simple. Dr. Frisbee says—"

"Look, Beechy." Mr. Jewett chose to ignore the diagnosis. "Couldn't we do something about Art Maybury? The Doc and I—"

Beechy mentioned a well-advertised insecticide. "It's too late to try killing the nerve," she explained.

"No, honestly. Art used to be a middling good egg. Why, he got fired from St. Vitus' the same day I did. All that's really the matter with him is this Mellish disease."

"Yes. Just a *lee-eetle* touch of leprosy, that's all."

"Well, we could try to do something about it," Eddie insisted. He indicated the lighted windows of the Mellish house. "The poor bird's in there listening to a fellow named Fish recite poems in arithmetic." He stopped the car. "I don't feel right about—"

Beechy showed signs of belated pity.

"Well, we can try to get him out. Come on."

It seemed wholly meet and proper to Winship to join in the rescue. Catfooted, he accompanied his young companions across the lawn; warily he wormed his way through covering shrubbery and stood at last below a window. Words, uttered in a slightly soapy voice for which he conceived an instant antipathy, issued from this window.

> ". . . . *Impossibility's*
> *Bleak Symbol*
> *—i!*"

A spatting chatter of handclappings applauded this—Winship borrowed an epithet from Eddie—this hooey. He straightened cautiously, to peep above the sill. Luck was with him. Only one face was turned in his direction and this was Arthur Maybury's.

It made Winship think of the Ballad of Reading Gaol, and of the man who "looked with such a wistful eye upon that little tent of blue which prisoners call the sky."

THUS Maybury seemed to look upon the window. Eddie laid a forefinger against his lips, moved it in swift, furtive beckoning. Hope dawned in the bleak, stony stare. Almost invisibly Maybury nodded, glanced warily about him. Behind him there were French windows. He edged his chair a little nearer to these. Then, with a hint of black necromancy, just as the handclapping dwindled, he vanished. A moment later he came, shadow-like, to Winship's side.

"What's doing?" he whispered eagerly.

"Going places," Eddie said. "Thought you might've heard enough about Pie Eye the Brute and feel like trailing along."

Maybury breathed deeply.

"And they give the hero medals," he said bitterly, "to Antarctic explorers! It's your lead, Ed."

In swift soundlessness the retreat to the car was effected. Here a problem in short division presented itself. Beechy solved it.

"Beekie and I'll ride in the rumble."

She sprang up lightly and Winship followed her. Eddie and Arthur took their places in the front seat and the car achieved one of Eddie's sprinting starts.

There was a brief interval of silence in the rumble. As the excitement of the rescue faded bitterness again engulfed Winship's spirit, bitterness and anger.

He was angry at Wilhelmina Borden, hotly angry. He could forgive her for turning away from Beekman Winship, his gross bulk exaggerated by prize-fighter's clothes, his face unmasked, but he could not forgive her for turning to—

"That mouthy little twit!"

He was startled to discover that he had spoken aloud. Beechy giggled.

"Go on from there," she said. "And don't feel you have to say it with flowers."

"I'm sorry. I didn't realize that I—"

"And she asked him to come, too," Beechy interrupted. "She did it in cold blood. The minute I said I'd be stepping out tonight with you and Eddie she went straight to the telephone and rang him up."

Winship gasped. So Wilhelmina had actually wanted him to find her in the company of—

"That little, runty quack!"

Again he realized, too late, that he had voiced his thought. Again Beechy giggled approvingly.

"That's better, but I don't believe you can do full justice to the topic unless you curse a little. Don't mind me. I had to listen to him for half an hour."

WINSHIP'S heart went out to this innocent, mistreated child. His anger against Wilhelmina now included a generous resentment in behalf of Beechy, compelled to give ear, for thirty minutes, to—

"That whiskery little twerp!"

For the third time strong emotion betrayed him to involuntary speech, put on his lips expressions borrowed from young Mr. Jewett. This time, however, Beechy did not giggle.

"That reminds me," she said. "You better shave in the morning, Beekie, or you'll be looking sort of whiskery yourself."

Winship's hand rose swiftly to his chin. Indubitable bristles pricked gloriously against his fingers. A savage joy upsurged in him; the sun seemed to stream through a sudden rift in pit-black skies. Not forever, after all! *Off, but not out!*

He perceived that for the present he must remain clean-shaven. There was no help for this. He could not refledge

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

He made it possible for *everyone* to be well read

The best acquisition of a cultivated man is a liberal frame of mind or way of thinking; but there must be added to that possession acquaintance with the prodigious store of recorded discoveries, experiences and reflections which humanity has acquired and laid up.

Charles W. Eliot

DR. CHARLES W. ELIOT, America's greatest scholar and the compiler of the famous Five-Foot Shelf of Books, made this interesting and significant remark:

"I have been surprised," he said, "to see how often I myself turn to The Harvard Classics to enjoy pieces of permanent literature, in contrast with the mass of ephemeral reading matter which I am obliged to go through."

Everybody knows that good reading is an essential part of every complete human life.

But how can a busy man or woman know what is the *best literature?* How can you single out the books that will entertain and benefit you most, when the smallest public library contains enough volumes to keep you reading for fifty lifetimes?

It was this very question that prompted America's greatest scholar to assemble in one set the books that are "the essentials of a liberal education." Dr. Eliot, for forty years president of Harvard University, wonderfully solved your reading problem.

SPECIAL FEATURES *of the* HARVARD CLASSICS

In addition to the priceless writings themselves, the Five-Foot Shelf contains special features of great importance. These are:

Easy Reading Courses

In the fiftieth volume Dr. Eliot, out of his wide experience as a teacher, prescribes eleven reading courses. In these, he explains the purpose and plan of each course, and gives you an exact list of the titles, with the order in which you should read them, and just where you will find them in the set.

Lectures and Footnotes

When you turn to the set to read, you will find that every selection is preceded by a lecture in which your attention is called in a most illuminating way to the important facts about the author and his life, how he came to write that particular book, and why you should read it. This is really having university instruction at home, and more than that, by the greatest teacher of one of the greatest universities. Every one of the 22,407 pages has been carefully edited, and wherever passages involve interesting sidelights, explanations appear at the bottom of the same page.

Daily Reading Guide

365 reading selections from The Harvard Classics are here appropriately assigned, one for every day in the year. Each selection can be read by the average person in about 15 minutes with leisurely enjoyment. The Guide is attractively illustrated and each assignment is introduced by interesting comments on the author, the subjects or the chief characters.

Index to 76,000 Subjects

Here is an absolutely unique feature, the Index Volume of the Five-Foot Shelf. It is the only volume of its kind in existence. It gives instant access to the most worthwhile things that have been written on practically any subject. To the busy man or woman this index renders a service that cannot be computed in terms of dollars and cents. Long days of search would not bring to hand the wealth of material that can be obtained in a few minutes through this source.

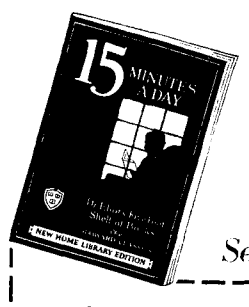
DR. ELIOT'S Five-Foot Shelf of Books

(The Harvard Classics)

This great library contains 418 complete masterpieces of literature, the best thought of the past twenty centuries. And to-day thousands of cultured families in whose private libraries these fifty volumes have a place of honor are ready to testify to the value of Dr. Eliot's expert guidance.

THIS FAMOUS LITTLE BOOK IS YOURS FOR THE ASKING!

FIFTEEN MINUTES A DAY always finds a cordial welcome on library tables. Thousands of modern people have read it from cover to cover with absorbing interest. It gives Dr. Eliot's own plan of reading. It is packed with helpful, practical information. Among its priceless features is the story of how Dr. Eliot came to compile the greatest library of all time. You really can't afford to miss this little gem of literature, especially in these times when good taste and culture are at such a premium. The book is FREE! You'll receive it at once after you fill out and mail this coupon.



Send for the famous FREE book.

P. F. Collier & Son Dist. Corp., 250 Park Ave., New York City

Since 1875 COLLIER Good Books

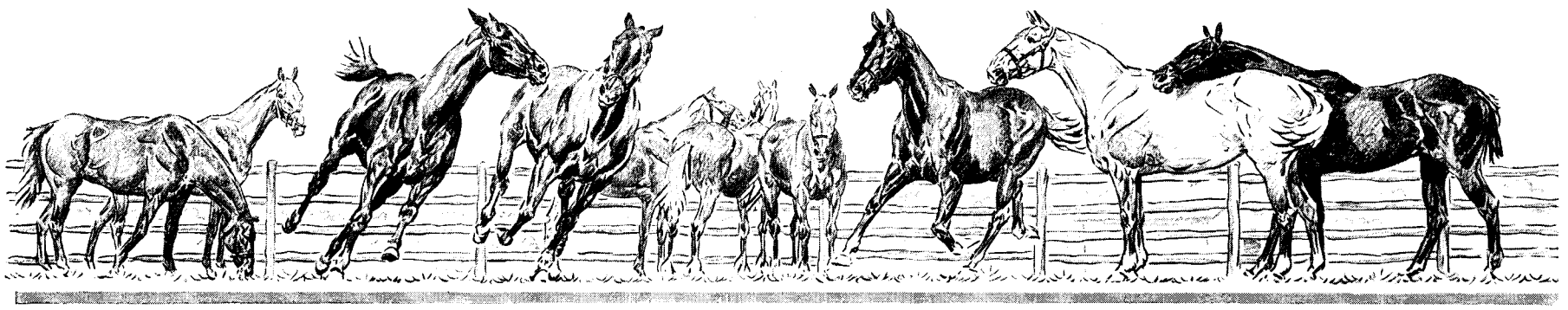
By mail, free, send me the booklet that tells all about the most famous library in the world, describing Dr. Eliot's Five-Foot Shelf of Books (The Harvard Classics), and contains Dr. Eliot's own story of how he came to select the greatest library of all time.

Name { Mr. / Mrs. / Miss } .....

Address .....

112-HCX-L

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Illustrated by Paul Brown

Bacteriological-farm horses are much better off than their workaday brothers

A Modern Miracle

Vaccination doesn't get a square deal. We all admit it works wonders, yet too many people would rather take a chance without it. They say vaccines are nasty things and that the way cows and horses are used to produce them is plain cruelty to animals. Well, here's the story

By Ruth F. Wadsworth, M.D.

I WENT, one morning, to start immunizing one of my prize babies against diphtheria. His mother received me with a good deal of uneasiness in her manner.

"You're not nervous about this performance, are you?" I asked her. "You know we almost never get a reaction, and the baby hardly feels the needle."

"No," she said, "it isn't that. But my sister-in-law is here. The baby is the apple of her eye and she thinks all this sort of thing is just criminal. She disbelieves in it on principle, you know."

"Then you'd like me to work quickly and silently and disappear," I suggested. And I tried to, but the sister-in-law caught me in the act. She was about to wither me with a glance, when she recognized me as a college classmate. That made it easier for her to tell me just how dreadful she thought I was. And the fact that her college nickname was "Bumpy," or something very much like it, made it easier for me to retaliate.

"When did you become senile?" I asked her. "Nobody in our generation has any business being so old-fashioned, Bumpy."

"Senile, nothing," she replied. "Use your common sense. Is it sensible to put nasty, dirty material into anything so full of health and beauty as that baby?"

Now I can stand the arguments of the people who think inoculation and all its relatives are immoral because they mean the sacrifice of animal freedom, but when they begin talking about vaccines and serums and antitoxins as nasty, dirty material I see red. So I asked Bumpy to lunch and, after the meal was safely over, I made her listen to what I meant to be an interesting dissertation on the evolution and manufacture of vaccines and the like. She listened very politely, but when I had quite finished she remarked:

"Well, if I ever have any children I'm going to take a chance on their getting diphtheria and smallpox, without putting them through all this business of inoculation."

You Needn't Be Converted

And in spite of that I like her still, and am going to tell you what I told her on the chance that it will interest you, even if it doesn't convince or convert you—with the hope that you don't need to be either convinced or converted. Incidentally I reminded Bumpy that her nieces and nephews were protected from the likelihood of smallpox because most of the people in the community believe in and submit to vaccination; and I warned her that if one of them should contract diphtheria she would be the first to call loudly for antitoxin treatment. She just sniffed at me.

Not long ago I visited a farm devoted to the production of smallpox vaccine, tetanus antitoxin, diphtheria antitoxin, toxoids and the numerous other products which are used for the prevention and cure of disease in animals and man. I got a great kick out of it, not only because I am a doctor, but because I like animals and I love efficiency and order and cleanliness. The farm has the atmosphere of a racing stable, of a dairy for certified milk and of a "gentleman's farm" combined. On the inside it has the atmosphere of a first-class chemical and bacteriological laboratory.

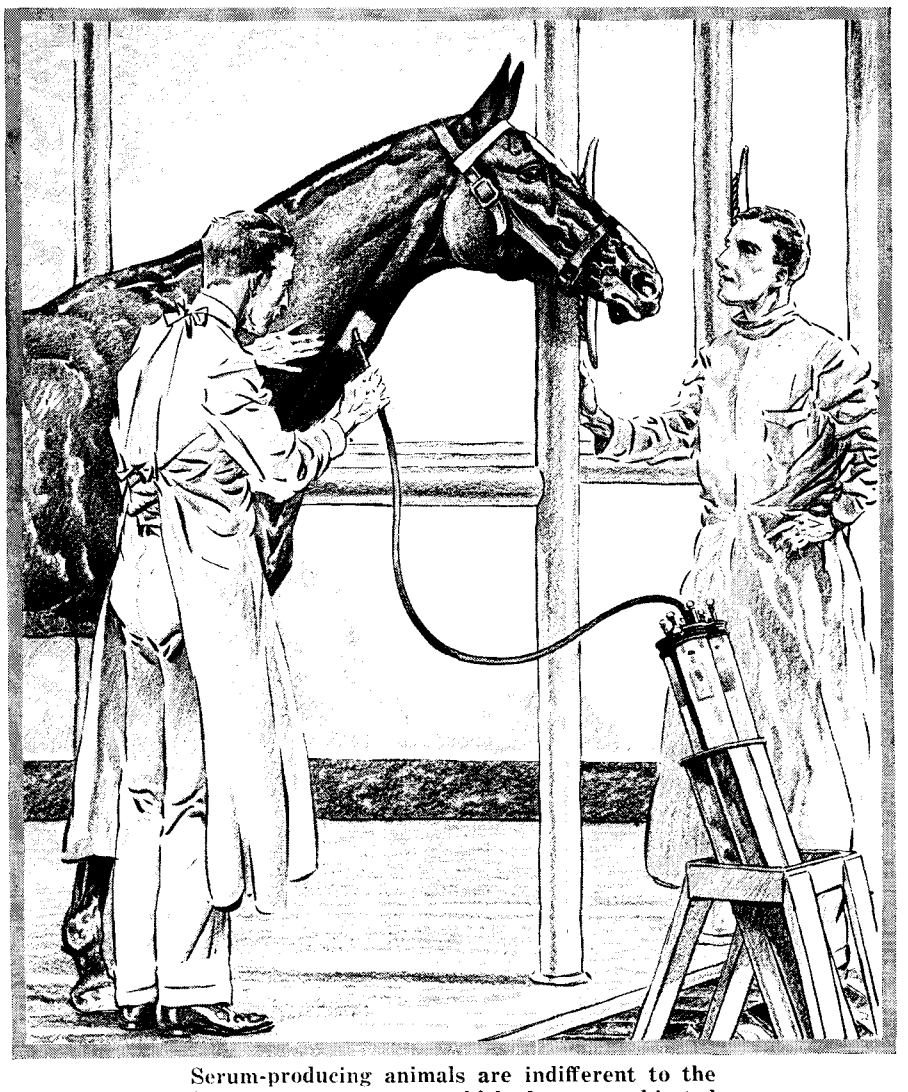
After showing me stable after stable of fine-looking horses, the superintendent led me to a big box stall.

"Here is the pet of the farm," he said, and showed me a beautiful horse, rather different from the other horses, most of which are sturdy animals of the work-horse type. This one had been the mount of a policeman in one of our big cities. He had the lines of a race horse and the gentle manner of a child's pet.

"He is our prize horse, not only because we all love him and because he has the disposition of a saint," went on the superintendent, "but because he gives more units of antitoxin per cubic centimeter of serum than any other horse we have ever had."

The horse came up to us and nuzzled his head under the superintendent's arm.

We went through many stables, and I failed to see a horse that showed the slightest indication of fear or nervousness. All of them were indifferent to the frequent inoculations and drawing of blood to which they are subjected, I suppose because they are treated with the same consideration doctors give their patients when they are going through the same procedures.



Serum-producing animals are indifferent to the frequent treatments to which they are subjected

For Humanity's Sake

The horses are selected from carloads, generally of Western stock, and are picked not only for huskiness of build, but for general healthfulness and evidences of previous good care. They are kept away from the farm proper, on a quarantine farm, until they have been proved free from disease. They are tested for all diseases known to us at present which might influence the character of the serum they produce. When they have a clean bill of health, they are transferred to the farm proper, first being put through a disinfectant bath. Once in the farm household, they are treated with the same care given to cows that produce certified milk. Each stable has its own exercise yard, and the horses are exercised in groups every fine day and in a covered ring in bad weather. They are groomed and washed as carefully as if they were to appear in a horse show at any moment.

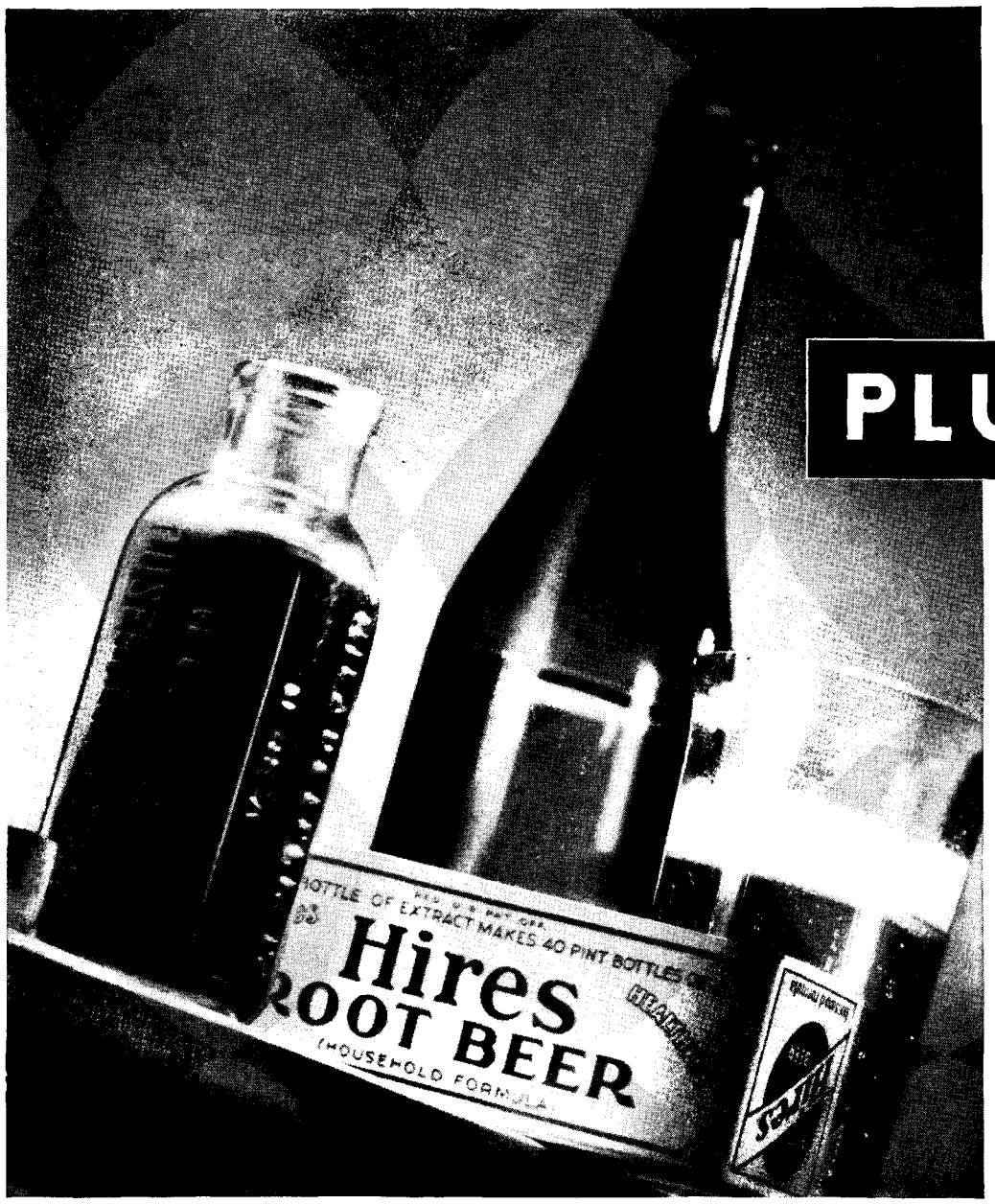
To anyone who understands what tetanus antitoxin has done to reduce mortality among the farm population and among Fourth of July enthusiasts, and what diphtheria antitoxin has done to reduce the deaths from diphtheria, and the toxin-antitoxin to reduce the occurrence of diphtheria, these horses seem like soldiers who are giving up their liberty and shortening their lives for the sake of humanity. But they are also defending the health and lives of their own kind, because they produce serums which combat diseases peculiar to horses. And to anyone with an open mind the idea occurs that these horses may be better off than they would be if they were engaged in some other occupation, pulling a milk-wagon, for instance, or a plow, or even running in races or hunting. They are consistently well fed, well cared for, exercised, and their health is looked after as carefully as we look after that of our children.

Cows on this farm produce smallpox vaccine, or, more exactly, cowpox vaccine to be used for the prevention of smallpox, and also protective serums for diseases peculiar to cows.

The cows bought to produce vaccine are selected with the greatest care. They are picked from carloads of yearlings. Only those with white or

(Continued on page 49)

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



PLUSSAGE

✚ Plus Value for the Rural Advertising Dollar

MORE Inquiries Per Dollar✚

Six leading rural magazines carried Hires Root Beer advertising in 1930. The Country Home scored the lowest average inquiry cost of all—and now leads in 1931.

Lowest cost per inquiry—another way of saying more value for the advertising dollar.

THE Country Home GETS RESULTS

THE CROWELL PUBLISHING COMPANY, 250 PARK AVENUE, NEW YORK

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Red Czar

Continued from page 15

St. Petersburg and the whole of Russia was a madhouse, after the October Revolution the city itself became like a huge padded-cell full of dangerous lunatics.

It was only fear of Lenin and the conviction that without him everything would collapse rapidly, and the hope that perhaps after all he would be able to give a logical explanation of everything, that preserved some semblance of discipline in the Bolshevik Party. But for the moment it was impossible to reason with Lenin. If, for instance, it was pointed out to him that Russia would perish through his experiment, he would reply: "It is not Russia that is important. I don't care a rap for Russia! Russia is only a stepping-stone to World Revolution." Observations of this kind must have struck even professed revolutionaries, who were not yet entirely hypnotized by their new parts, as sheer madness.

There were only one or two who did not worry their heads about what was happening, either because they agreed with Lenin or because they were not concerned with thinking at all. Among these few were Trotsky and Stalin, the former because he was at last playing a part on a stage on which the eyes of the whole world were fixed, and on which he could let himself go as he liked; and the latter because in circumstances which were novel to his colleagues he felt in his element.

Stalin's Way

The sinister cloud that hung over Russia was as familiar to him, if he were conscious of it at all, as the atmosphere to which he had long been accustomed in his Communist retreats, and the beginning of Bolshevism, which Russia regarded as the most fantastic absurdity, constituted for Stalin the one hour for which he had been waiting all his life.

The Communist fraternity whose chief concern hitherto had been with such momentous questions as the best way of distributing forbidden literature were now claiming the right to change the whole face of the globe.

To Stalin this did not seem anything extraordinary. Just as Genghis Khan had thought fit to apply the laws and customs of a little body of Mongolian nomads to the whole world, so did Stalin regard his small world of obscure conspirators as the acme of human achievement in politics, intellect and culture. He had never felt any theoretical doubts, and he did not do so now, and was unaccountable and self-willed only in the practical conclusions he drew from his theoretical beliefs. But for the time being theory played but little part in this government of workers and peasants. The party of sedition in Russia, which the overthrow of the government had placed at the head of affairs in the new State, began slowly and uncertainly at first to grope its way to clarity in the gloomy passages and classrooms of the Smolny Institute.

Day after day Stalin went complacently to his ministry or to attend a cabinet meeting in one of the neglected and deserted classrooms of the Institute. The room allotted to the Ministry for National Minorities, the insignificant job which had been allotted to Stalin in the Bolshevik cabinet, was quite empty. No business was done there and it was entirely innocent of pens, paper, official forms or clerks. All it contained was a comfortable leather armchair which had once belonged to a former venerable lady teacher. In it the new Bolshevik Minister smoked his morning pipe as he pondered over the problem of protecting national minorities.

Now and again a neighbor, one of the newly hatched ministers, would, in response to repeated applications, lend him a rusty old pen and a scrap of paper, on which he would write down the result of his cogitations, in the form of orders to the oppressed minorities. The fact that these orders were never executed and perhaps not even read did not trouble him in the least.

Even Lenin, in the early days of his power, did not much care whether his orders were carried out or not. He was content to see them published in the press and create consternation throughout Russia.

The Council of People's Commissars met daily under the presidency of Lenin, and Stalin attended regularly. These gatherings, at which the old exiles, theorists, conspirators and local leaders could give full vent to their passions, were as strange as they proved historic.

"I've got two more years before my subscription runs out!"

Walter Schmidt

In the early days Stalin could not indulge his predilection in favor of centralization, but even during that period of general hysteria he kept a clear head and sober judgment. At the meetings of the People's Commissars he even dared to cross swords with Lenin on matters of vital concern, and tried to adapt problems of state to the mind of the average Communist.

Inside the Smolny Institute, at the party committees and meetings, an extraordinary state of affairs prevailed. Numerically the party was still surprisingly small and, within the group, the traditions and exorbitant notions of the old days of exile and conspiracy were matters of far deeper concern than the great tasks which now daily confronted it. The tense excitement of October was over, and all the hatred, envy and malice, in fact all the evils of the old days of exile, once more came to life among the new masters of the State, who lived shut up together in the Smolny Institute with their wives and children.

This state of affairs tended to favor the further development of the exile attitude and the creation of an atmosphere peculiar to small, exclusive cliques. Gradually the first alarm following upon victory abated, and extraordinary scenes took place. At times, in the anteroom to the Council Chamber where the People's Commissars met, old Bolsheviks could be seen not only hurling insults at each other but actually engaging in hand-to-hand fights. Whereupon Lenin, at last disturbed by the appalling uproar, would come out of the adjoining room, draw up a report of what had happened, and immediately convene the Council of the People's Commissars.

The chatter of women and children, yells, scandal-mongering, ancient party feuds, murderous hatred, women's quarrels, family scandals, wild reproaches, suspicions and mad fighting filled the building under the roof of which the men belonging to these families debated and passed resolutions upon questions of historic importance, on which the lives and fates of millions of people depended.

Revolution or no revolution, Russia was still officially engaged in the war with Germany, a hateful legacy from the deposed Czar. The war hung over the country like a black pall, complicating and shadowing the Bolshevik attempts to set up a stable government.

Every day the German Army advanced deeper into Russia. The prime business of the People's Commissars, therefore, was to negotiate peace with the Germans, so as to be free to set their house in order.

It was from these peace negotiations that Stalin's road to power began. It was then he began to take Comrade Trotsky's measure.

Trotsky, who had stepped so enthusiastically into the limelight, was afraid of the German generals; he was afraid of peace, of responsibility and, above all, of the gallows with which every Bolshevik was menaced. Stalin could read his hysterical terror in every gesture and every word. He looked on, shook his head, and was silent.

Only old Bolsheviks like himself, bomb-throwers and terrorists, could infallibly distinguish between courage and cowardice in men.

"Comrade Trotsky," he wrote many years later, "who fought so well when everybody was enthusiastic, was terror-stricken at the time of the Brest-Litovsk negotiations."

But Stalin knew no fear. Just before the conclusion of peace, when the German army was advancing on St. Petersburg and all the pillars of the party were making more or less hysterical speeches and were obviously anxious to shift the responsibility for the peace on to somebody else's shoulders, Stalin never opened his mouth and took no share in the discussions, but behaved as though the matter had nothing whatever to do with him. Most of the time he sat by himself, waiting and planning and watching.

The treaty of peace between Bolshevik Russia and Germany was signed on the 3d of March, 1918, at Brest-Litovsk. The danger of a German invasion was over. The Soviet government had been in existence for five months, whereas irresponsible enemies had estimated that their rule would last only a few weeks! Gradually the new rulers began to settle down to their duties; swiftly Stalin and Trotsky approached their historic fight, in which even the master, Lenin, on his deathbed, was to be but a pawn.

The Birth of the Red Army

A swarm of millions of armed men poured over Russia after the conclusion of peace. Hordes of soldiers returning home pushed their way into the overcrowded trains. They were starving and took whatever they could find to eat. They plundered right and left, searching chiefly for alcohol, which they drank whenever they could lay hands on it. In the country districts these hordes, thinking themselves the last representatives of State authority, collected into regular armies to fight the Soviets.

At the same time, in the south, in the land of the Cossacks who were loyal to the Czar, the remains of the imperial Russian army, who recognized neither the Soviets nor the Peace of Brest-Litovsk, collected round Kornilov, Kaledin and Denikin. In the confines of Russia, in the Ukraine, in the Caucasus, and in Turkestan a spirit of separatism came into being, while in the east and on the snow-covered wastes of Siberia Admiral Kolchak was forming his White Army out of prisoners of war and old officers. Close to St. Petersburg was General Yudenich with his old-régime troops. In short, the Soviet government

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

was surrounded by a solid ring of enemies.

Almost overnight, so to speak, the Soviets raised a ragged, hungry and badly organized Red Army which was opposed on all fronts by an enemy no less hungry and ragged. And the fight was a fight to the death. The opponents, who could hardly be distinguished from each other in appearance, fought heroically. The war was waged in mud and filth, along endless highways, in wastes of snow and sandy deserts, in primitive trenches, and it was characterized by the most terrible brutality.

The Red Army and the history of its triumphs and defeats is most closely connected in the eyes of the world with the name of the Red Field Marshal who organized and led it—Trotsky.

During the civil war Stalin's official position was President of the Workmen's and Peasants' Inspection Office, which at that time was the supreme control board of the Communists. This obscure post was given to him a few months after the overthrow of the Provisional Government.

Stalin vs. Trotsky

But incidentally Stalin, like a number of other Bolshevik leaders, was a member of the Supreme War Council, which gave him an opportunity of devoting himself entirely to military duties.

In the creation of the Red Army, Stalin, as member of the War Council, played his part. With his help and under the leadership of the Czarist sergeant-major Bodjonyi and his old friend Voroshilov, the legendary first mounted army, known as Bodjonyi's Mounted Army, came into being and developed into one of the ornaments of Bolshevik power.

Stalin and Trotsky represented the two extremes of the Communist Party. As men, as politicians, as Communists, they hailed from two entirely different spheres. Trotsky, the brilliant European, the trained egotistical author; and Stalin, the typical Asiatic, a man devoid of vanity and exacting needs, with the sober, sinister mind of an Oriental conspirator—these two men were bound to hate each other and oppose each other to the death. The giant Stalin could not endure a weakling like Trotsky, just as the mere sight of Stalin's pock-marked face must always have made Trotsky feel wretched. From a military point of view Stalin was Trotsky's subordinate during the course of the civil war and this proved the latter's undoing.

Stalin's headquarters were at Zarizyn, an important center on the Volga, where he was in command of the Tenth Army, surrounded by men like Voroshilov and Bodjonyi who sympathized with his views and carried on his guerrilla warfare.

All around him the White generals were advancing menacingly on Zarizyn. Stalin calmly dictated his orders. With the eye of a Caucasian, requiring no actual experience of war, he grasped the situation in a flash. Voroshilov's Mounted Army was fighting along the extended serrated front near Zarizyn. The official Commander-in-Chief directed operations and it was only in moments of serious crisis that Stalin intervened. But wherever he appeared nocturnal raids on the enemy were immediately organized and daring robberies and plundering of the enemy camp, all of which were characteristic of the guerrilla warfare in which Stalin, revolver in hand, played an active part. Meanwhile at the headquarters of the Tenth Army the Field Marshal was demanding Stalin's complete subordination to the central command. Stalin would read his senior officer's reports, grin sardonically and write over them in red pencil, "To be disregarded!"

The conflict between Stalin and Trotsky threatened to become serious, more particularly as Stalin's guerilla warfare was meeting with considerable success. It was only owing to the intervention of Lenin, who sent a trusted emissary to effect a reconciliation between Stalin and Trotsky, that it was possible for the two to work together in apparent harmony for a while.

Stalin bowed to Lenin's ruling, and presented himself humbly in Trotsky's camp, pleaded eloquently on behalf of his faithful supporters to whom he referred as his "brave boys," and silently ignored Trotsky's rudeness. He left Zarizyn, but he never forgot this incident and his public humiliation. His bitterest loathing of Trotsky dated from that day. As soon as he came into power he rechristened Zarizyn, the city of his fame and of his humiliation, calling it Stalingrad.

After the recall of Stalin, Zarizyn fell into the hands of Wrangel. Everybody thought that the Bolsheviks' days were numbered. The Commissars were as usual seized with panic. Trotsky's speeches, orders and strategical plans were shown to be quite inadequate and Stalin, who unhesitatingly declared that he could restore order along the front, suddenly acquired enormous prestige in the War Council. The independent command he demanded was now to be given him at the most threatened point along the Red front in the south, and even Trotsky acquiesced.

Despite the subsequent effort of the Trotskyites to minimize Stalin's work on this southern front, it is an undeniable fact that Denikin suffered his decisive defeats only after the recall of Trotsky, and that the southern army under the unofficial leadership of Stalin drove back the White troops from the neighborhood of Moscow to the Black Sea.

And thus the ultimate victory of the Red Army was secured. But as usual Stalin was content to work behind the scenes, virtually unknown to the rank and file of his party.

When the Laurels Were Bestowed

By way of reward for his military achievements Stalin was given the Order of the Red Flag, the highest military distinction of Soviet Russia, and by the irony of fate the same resolution of the Political Bureau bestowed the same honor on Trotsky. Thus Stalin and Trotsky are recorded as having received the highest military distinction at the same moment.

The investment of prominent leaders with the Order of the Red Flag was at that time a solemn ceremony, carried out in the Grand Theater in the presence of all the Soviet leaders and attended by all the pomp that could possibly be displayed. Trotsky was then at the height of his fame, and he received an ovation when he appeared proudly on the stage, where he made an impassioned speech and received the Order amid aloud cheers.

Stalin, who should also have received the Order on the stage, did not even consider it necessary to put in an appearance at the theater. Apparently he had more important duties to perform than appearing in company with the official hero to receive laurels which meant nothing to him. But his name was read out and the only man in the whole hall who began to applaud enthusiastically was Comrade Trotsky, the hero of the day.

This is the fifth article of a series. The sixth will appear in next week's *Collier's*.

THE 2 INGRAM BARBERS • TERRY TUBE OR JERRY JAR

IF the grand old Greek who lived in a tub ever tried Ingram's he'd have founded the Getta Betta Shave Society and acknowledged that here was the one best shaving cream!

For Ingram's is honey to the cheek and death to the whiskers. It's

cool! Cool!! COOL!!!

—as the snows of Olympus!

Ingram's is packaged in the handy-squeezing tube and the economical old blue jar. From the outside they're far apart as the Poles, but both are crammed to the cap with the coolest shaving soap that ever soothed a cheek and softened a whisker!

For Ingram's Shaving Cream has a formula that's secret, different and utterly exclusive. It's based on three special ingredients, three elements that give the soothing effect of a shaving cream, a lotion, and a skin tonic in one! You banish smarts and burns when you turn the cheek to Ingram's. You put an end to those nasty little razor nicks that often make shaving a painful chore. You give your chin the treat of a lifetime with Ingram's frigid freshness!

Hoist the cool blue-and-white colors of Ingram's on your bathroom shelf today. Buy the jar or buy the tube—it doesn't matter which. For both have hundreds of thousands of supporters and both have the same chilly insides.

Or, if you want to be convinced before you buy, try ten cool Ingram shaves FREE! Clip the coupon for the shaves that cheer! They're absolutely at our expense!

INGRAM'S
Shaving Cream
IN TUBES OR JARS!

BRISTOL-MYERS CO., DEPT. C-12
110 Washington St.
New York, N. Y.
I'd like to try ten cool Ingram shaves.
Name
Street
City
State

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Moonshine on the Mississippi

Continued from page 24

Diesel engines with their exhaust under water made no warning sound.

In denser darkness at the base of an overhanging bank, Simon's Lilliputian craft was moored, with Mammy Elsa lying on her cot, wide awake and watching the chute. Alertly the woman listened, yet, within fifty feet of her, Minnie's phantom glided by without raising a ripple to beat against the shores, or a wave-wash to rock Gray Simon's shantyboat. Although Abel came at brief intervals with his shotgun and gazed along the chute, the unseen Minnie passed so near that he might have tossed a pebble upon her decks.

What happened seems incredible. Abel stood guard at the still under a canopy of boughs that shut out the sky, while Simon went to a clearing where he kept his water.

Yet three pairs of sharpened eyes and ears got no hint that fifty feet away Minnie was then lowering her yawl and filling it with resolute men. In profound silence, with muffled oars, the yawl pulled toward them, steering for a cottonwood log that afforded the only landing place. There's a limit, however, to human efficiency, a point beyond which our finite senses cannot go. The oarsmen could not see their landing place, so a small jet of light from Minnie, accurate as a flying arrow, struck the log and illuminated the yawl loaded with officers. Directly above their heads Abel smothered an exclamation of surprise, while Simon tightened his fighting jaw, for in that yawl's prow he recognized the Big Swede. This raid meant business. He was trapped. Seven officers now came inching their way along the log that sloped upward to the crest of the bluff. Abel clutched his shotgun and whispered:

"Lemme git 'em! I kin pot the whole bunch."

First Blood for Simon

An enfilading fire would have done it. Two barrels loaded with blue whistlers would have cleared the log.

"Stop, fool. Quit prankin' with that trigger. You'll bring down the ontire United States on us." Simon wrested the gun from Abel and told him what to do.

Five steps at their rear a sandy path ran parallel with the chute, a padded stretch on which their feet would make no noise. As the Indian-file of raiders silently climbed their log, Abel and Simon separated, darting in opposite directions, pushing through screens of brushwood to the edge of the bluff and flashing their cheap electric flashlights. Here, there, from a dozen different points, sparks winked so swiftly as to convince the officers that at least twenty outlaws must be crouching in ambush. Yet the undaunted expedition did not retreat, for withered leaves began to rustle, and snapping twigs soon told Simon that the enemy had gained a foothold on level ground. There the skirmishers seemed to squat and huddle together for consultation.

For more than a half hour none of them seemed to stir, then from a movement across the leaves Simon knew that one man, only one, was advancing.

"The Big Swede," he thought. Anybody else would have more sense than to tackle a shotgun ambuscade.

On came the Swede, setting one tentative foot before the other. Nearer. Closer. Suddenly a crash, a rattling shower of crisp leaves and an oath as the Swede blundered into a barrier of grapevines that brought him to a halt. Heedless of caution he used his lamp, fortunately casting a light at his feet instead of straight ahead, for he and Simon then stood almost at arm's length, and a glare would have revealed the moonshiner.

But the Swede did not lift his light, and blackness enveloped them again, during which Simon felt easier to hear a retreating rustle. Lesser and lesser the noise became as man after man got off the leaves and reached the log. Now their expedition was reëmbarking. A dip of oars and the yawl pulled back to Minnie.

Scattering the Evidence

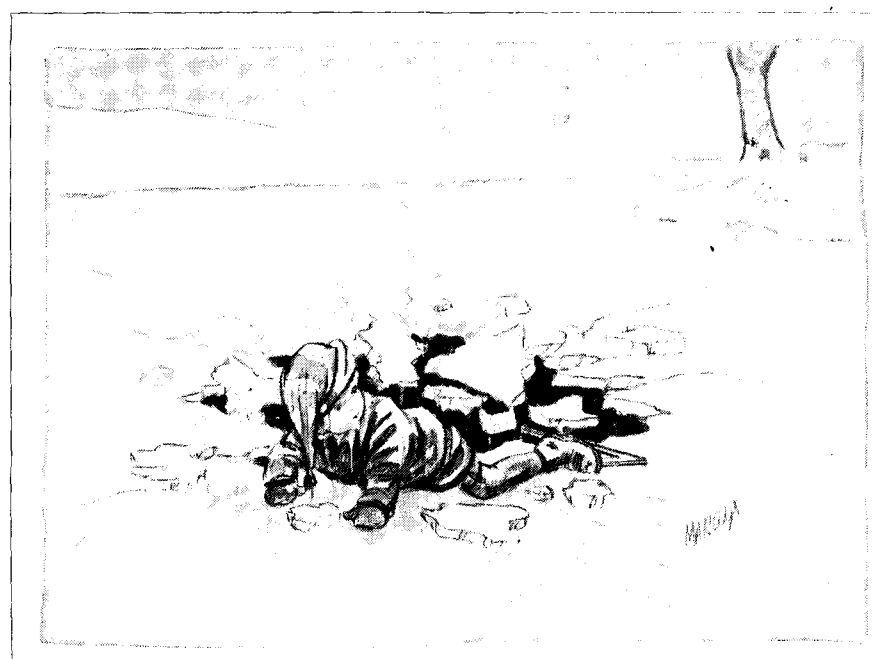
Well did Simon realize that Uncle Sam never lets up. His men would surely return, and the still must be saved. First his coil, his precious coil. Correct copper tubing may now be purchased—no questions asked—at almost any hardware store. It was then a ticklish article to acquire, for when a man of shantyboat appearance asked for copper pipe in small river towns, he brought more than suspicion upon himself. Therefore Simon hurried his coil to the far side of the island and secreted it in dewberry vines where nothing except a moccasin could wriggle.

Three gallons of whisky, all that he had unsold, were temporarily stowed out of sight. Two hundred gallons of fermented mash, called "beer," were harder to transport. He did not attempt to move his beer but with Abel's help cached his barrels beneath the sandy path, where dozens of sleuths might tramp over them and never find a drop. The still disappeared. His cooker vanished. The oil stove rested cozily in a grave of leaves. When daylight dawned nothing remained except the undisguisable smell.

As yet the revenuers could prove nothing definite. Parts of his paraphernalia lay in widely scattered hidings, and the Swede planned to pick up Simon with sufficient evidence to convict. Of which the gray campaigner was aware; but he'd been in tight squeezes before, and enjoyed the sport of squirming out.

Through a day of waiting, keen eyes spied upon him from behind half a dozen trees, operatives paid by the year with whom time was no object. That night Abel was sent away, while sending was good. All alone old Simon rolled an empty barrel over fallen logs and through brier patches to the other side of the island, where backwater from the Mississippi was rising rapidly. Then he toted, bucket by bucket, the beer out of a buried barrel to fill the empty. That gave him another empty which he rolled over and filled, until Simon had successfully transferred nearly one ton of mash. The heavens were still dark when he brought round his "John boat" and loaded it with barrels. "John" is a flat-bottomed bateau of very light draft, resembling the angler's punt, which Simon drew through shallow water amongst the willows and tied in a snug harbor. No deep-hulled craft could navigate in that skim of backwater, and officers on foot were certain not to go prowling there. His beer seemed safe.

So far so good. But at daylight the sleuths returned and stationed pickets around the spot where Simon had concealed his still. No use trying to reclaim it now. He must leave that still until the last, feeling sure that they planned to let him make a run, then arrest him in the act. By way of playing their game, as if he didn't suspect that the watchers saw everything, Simon collected his cooker, oil stove and jugs, to park them much nearer his John boat. Of course the sleuths had already found that trail across the island where several barrels had been rolled, but it only led to water and beyond that they were puzzled as to where the beer had gone. They had the still, Simon had his beer; as matters stood it was a dog-fall, a stalemate.



"Gee! I hope me skates don't get rusty!" *George Marcoux*

Too Wet for Dry Agents

Simon now got out a pair of field glasses, climbed a gum tree and for hours reconnoitered. But city men cannot stand motionless for hours, without slapping at mosquitoes or the wood ticks that crawl up their legs. One by one they stirred uneasily and Simon got them located: a head thrust out, a foot that shuffled in a clump of swamp vines. Somebody lighted a cigarette, strictly against orders, but that was the high sheriff himself, and Simon recognized him. Others, four of them, he identified as deputies, which gave the information that the Federal expedition had been reënforced by state troops, and their cordon of snipers surrounded his still. No use. He climbed down from his lofty perch and trudged back home, back to the shantyboat.

"Dinner's ready, Simon," his wife called out.

"All right." Then Simon whispered, "Got to git my still away from them skunks. I'm prayin' for rain."

"Nary preacher on 'arth kin fetch rain in dry weather. Here. Chaw yo' rations."

Supplications of the righteous availeth much, and Simon hadn't finished his meal when ominous thunders went muttering across the sky. A cloudburst in that swamp is swift and complete. Deluges, sheets and blinding torrents fell, which sent the deputies scurrying over Crawfish Chute to the shelter of an abandoned cabin. Dry agents must keep dry.

Simon was a wet, and put on his slicker. During the brief but lucky downpour he raked everything together—still, cooker, oil stove, coil—loaded everything and shifted his John boat to a brand-new haven. The old man was sitting pretty, at a diplomatic distance, when draggled deputies returned to get the surprise of their official lives. The still was gone, but on a dry patch that marked its previous position they discovered an empty tobacco sack with the smoldering butt of a cigarette, as proof that Simon had recently been there.

Gray Simon had done exactly what the officers wanted him to do by coalescing the component items of a distillery. If caught he would now be in possession of property which was legal tender for a suit of stripes. Still the officers were not happy. Both sides had their troubles. The bulls couldn't imagine where Simon had gone; and Simon couldn't go far because a John boat has no motive power. Against his stationary helplessness, Uncle Sam, allied with the peace and dignity of the state of Mississippi, possessed gasoline crafts to circumnavigate the island and grab Simon when he poked out his nose from the willows. Standing waist deep in muddy water, concealed by foliage ten feet higher, the old moonshiner held his boat and considered.

Business as Usual

Like a defensive general Simon figured first on the enemy's tactics. If their scouts should adopt squirrel tactics and climb trees as he had done, their glasses would certainly detect a commotion of willows when he moved his John boat. However, they would not figure on his leaving the island, abandoning the still that he had taken such risks to recover. And the very last thing to foresee was that he might carry that still down to the town, Scarsdale, under their very noses. So that's what artful Simon resolved to do.

It was early in the evening, but very dark, when Simon waded ahead, drawing his gasoline and John boat to their anchorage among the greenery in front of Scarsdale. Above the massive levee, which like a giant fortification defended the town, he could see a glow of street lamps as he warily went forward to crawl up the levee's sloping side.

By accident Simon had come ashore directly opposite the police station. Fifty feet away from where he sat, a sergeant and three off-duty bulls lounged on a bench at the door, talking over their day's work. Evidently they were discussing the fiasco at Crawfish Chute, for soon Simon heard his own name mentioned. The moonshiner's lips contorted in a smile; it tickled him to think that these bulls were searching for him everywhere—everywhere except in front of their own station. So it was exactly there, within a hundred feet, that Simon put his still to work, making a run of reverend old corn.

Bulls can't take a joke. The Scarsdale bunch were sore as pups and Simon dared not approach his regular customers. Had to hustle out of there.

Next night it was easy to hide the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

John boat in an Arkansas slough, then run forty miles south and sell his joyful juice amongst a congregation of thirsters at River City.

Most stubbornly the human mind links certain external manifestations with certain orthodox ideas. Along our Mississippi River, a sliced Irish potato, used as a stopper, denotes kerosene, nothing but kerosene. Any vessel exhibiting such a stopper can only contain coal oil for burning in the small stoves that shantyboat people use. When a fisherman hits town to peddle his catch, he brings a five-gallon glass jar, with a coffeepot spout, buys kerosene, and sticks a bit of Irish potato on the spout. That's kerosene.

The Oil of Conviviality

Two miles above River City, Simon stopped long enough to borrow some catfish from a friend, to fill his five-gallon glass container with hooch which was precisely the color of coal oil and stick a fresh-cut potato on the spout.

Boldly carrying a catfish alibi in one hand, and five gallons of visible hooch in the other, the moonshiner paraded through town delivering his essence of conviviality. Wide open. And every policeman passed him without a challenge.

Hagger's Island was a barren waste of sand that grew up from the bottom, almost in mid-channel, nearly a mile long and two hundred yards wide; a forbidding desert that human creatures avoided. During the great flood of 1927 our frolicsome river took a notion to dump driftwood upon the island's upper end. Enormous logs, thousands of cords, were floated there and jumbled in a crazy heap, as if some freakish genie had flung down a pile of jackstraws three or four acres in extent. The oldest pilot had never seen such an *embarras*, which was a landmark in sight for miles.

Gray Simon had no flair for scenic beauty; but after the Swede drove him out of Crawfish Chute he turned a practical eye upon that mountain of driftwood for his new hideout. At a nonincriminating distance Mammy Elsa and the shantyboat were settled, while Simon ran back and forth by night to burrow beneath the woodpile. In its deepest middle he set up a still, drove a well through the sand, which supplied clear water without leaving a path. His oil stove sent out no smoke, and for three secure seasons Simon distilled under cover of the colossal woodpile.

His outfit occupied a most prominent position where thousands of people on barges and boats marveled at the phenomenon. Time and again from Minnie's deck the Big Swede scrutinized it through his glass without a suspicion that Simon himself lay chuckling underneath the bottom log.

The river giveth and the river taketh away. In the restless shifting and twisting of currents, Hagger's Island began to erode. Soft sandy banks caved off, dead trees toppled with a splash into the stream, and Simon's massive fortress fell apart.

No trace now remains of that island, for a main channel ninety feet deep flows above the space that once was Hagger's Hideout.

As in the case of Hagger's Hideout, where an ostensible shantyboatman displays his fishing tackle for respectability while secretly making whisky for profit at a distance from home, sweet home, it would seem impossible to trace him. Yet Uncle Sam does that very thing, step by step, with dogged pertinacity. Ultimately agents discover where the fellow goes. And why.

If our inquisitive Uncle receives the tip that a still is located in the neighborhood of an isolated swamp lake, and the "getting" of that shiner becomes important, an agent who knows his job need only follow the shore line and search for tracks. Footprints are sure to be found, and the path will not be long. To manufacture one gallon of whisky consumes fifty gallons of water, and the shiner detests the toting of it, two buckets at a trip. Trips are short, for he invariably locates near a creek or lake or river.

Rather than sing the police praises, most of our moonshiners would prefer to send flowers—Gates Ajar or something like that; nevertheless, after many nimble years of distilling, selling and dodging, while Simon narrates instances of "dirty work," on the whole he believes the officers to be a pretty decent lot. Two, whom he names, have several times broken up his stills. But that's the fortunes of war, and he bears them no personal grudge. During his active lifetime, only one officer has ever suggested a "fix." That one man, a local sheriff, made overtures that if Simon "coughed up the cash" he might continue to operate without molestation.

"No, sirree." As a virtuous bootlegger he refused. "I'm goin' to operate anyhow. It's agin the law, but be danged ef I'll pay a crook to let me break it."

The sheriff drove him out of business and Simon had to emigrate, but he does not consider that there's anything like a wide-spread system of bribery. Big city fellows with big money may buy protection, but not the small fry on our shantyboats.

The type of enforcement officer has changed. Years ago most of their men were big, the Texas ranger brand, and "good, all right," as Simon freely admits. A modern job on the Mississippi River now demands more brains than brawn, less of the strong arm, with more generalship and finesse.

A Score for Law and Order

The enforcement squad goes to a town openly; they want everybody to know who they are so that tips may be volunteered. Much information is supplied, as Simon says, from patriotic motives, from a desire of law-loving citizens to enforce the law. Other "turn-ups" are for reasons of hate and jealousy. One moonshiner may give the "low-down" on a competitor so as to get his trade. Not much of this is done, however, because before any shantyboat jury it amounts to a verdict of "justifiable suicide."

After accumulating sufficient dope, the squad pulls a half-successful round-up; then at the railroad station holds a farewell reception, bidding friends a vociferous farewell.

"Fine," thinks the bootlegger who wasn't caught. "Them birds is gone, an' I'll open up—wide."

But a second squad, a secret squad, has slipped in behind the first with all tips, data, and information to complete a beautiful clean-up.

Statements in this story are not the writer's, but come from a veteran moonshiner and are colored by his viewpoint. Nothing is intended as proof or disproof in any controversy, but merely to show a phase of human life as lived by thousands of solitaries on our Lower Mississippi.

When two enforcement officers meet in social session, they doubtless chat of clever captures. Simon wears his shoe on the other foot; if he talks at all, it is to waggle his wise old beard and chuckle over tales of smartness in outwitting the law. No divulgence can harm him now, for Simon is washed whiter than snow, bathed in absolution by the Statute of Limitations.

Let's end the Great Scalp Drought

It's almost universal, this masculine complaint about excessively dry scalp. And all so unnecessary. Let's end this great drought here and now, by spending a few minutes a week on "corrective exercises." Oh yes, your scalp needs exercise just like any other muscles and it needs a lubricant, too, to help overcome that tight, dry feeling. Try this system: Every week a liberal application of "Vaseline" Hair Tonic and a thorough massage, working the scalp until it feels loose and tingly. Then a regular shampoo. Simple, isn't it? The trick is to do this *regularly*, once a week. And the result—a return to scalp normalcy, and a new lease on life for your hair.

RADIO

TUNE IN ON 'FRIENDSHIP TOWN' EVERY FRIDAY NIGHT ON THE NBC COAST TO COAST BLUE NETWORK 9 P. M., EASTERN STANDARD TIME

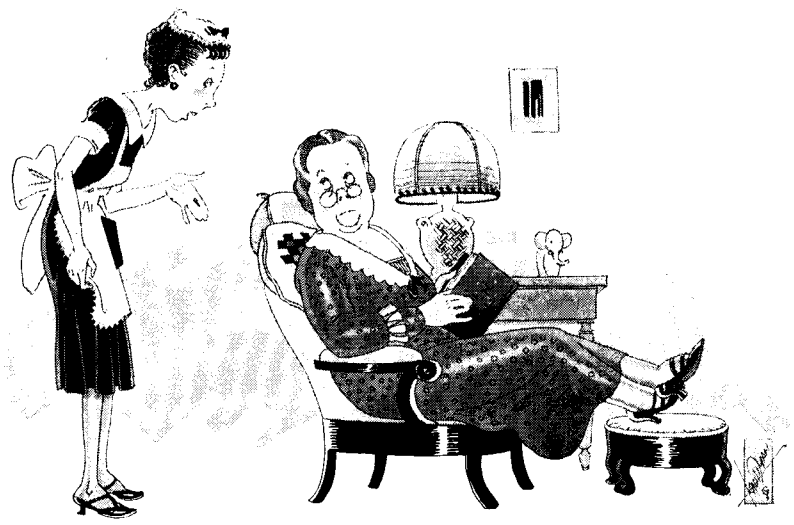
The nearest druggist sells "Vaseline" Hair Tonic. Barbers everywhere recommend and use it. Two sizes of shaker-top bottles. This is a product of the Chesebrough Mfg. Co., Cons'd., 17 State St., New York.

Vaseline HAIR TONIC

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

© Chesebrough Mfg. Co., Cons'd., 1932

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



"It's awful good of you, Mum, but I can't go to your bridge benefit tomorrow night. Y'see that's my night off"

How would you play it?

By Milton C. Work

Author of Common Sense Contract Bridge

North
S. 7
H. Q-7-5-4-2
D. 4-2
C. Q-10-8-6-3

West
S. A-10-9-8-6-5
H. 8
D. 7-6-5
C. A-K-J

East
S. K-4-3-2
H. A-J-10-9
D. Q-J
C. 9-5-4

South (Dealer)
S. Q-J
H. K-6-3
D. A-K-10-9-8-3
C. 7-2

THE above hand, which was published in last week's Collier's, was played at eleven tables of Duplicate Contract. South in most cases bid one Diamond. His hand contained two and a half high-card tricks, plus the somewhat questionable value of a doubleton Queen-Jack and three low-card tricks. Over South's Diamond West bid *two* Spades. His hand contained three and a half high-card tricks and three low-card tricks; quite enough to justify his bid. North passed, and East, with about four assisting tricks, bid four Spades. At a few tables South stretched his opening bid to two Diamonds. West bid two Spades and North passed. East bid three Spades and West did not hesitate to bid four. So at every table West was the Declarer playing a four-Spade contract.

Every North led the Four of Diamonds. South won the first trick with the King and the second with the Ace. At seven of the eleven tables South, at trick 3, led a Club up to dummy's obvious weakness. The seven Wests all declined the finesse, false-carding with the Ace, hoping to catch a singleton Queen with a second round finesse. The postponement prevents the possibility that South, having led a singleton, may ruff the second round.

The Ace of trumps won trick 4, the King trick 5. East then led a Club and West's Jack was captured by North's Queen and a Heart returned. Declarer won with dummy's Ace and easily took the remaining tricks, ruffing closed hand's third Diamond with one of dummy's small trumps. Losing only one Club and two Diamonds, he fulfilled his four-Spade contract.

At the other four tables the play was featured by brilliant defense by South, and at two of the four the game was saved. After winning the first two tricks with the King and Ace of Diamonds, South made two important deductions: North's play of the Four-Deuce marked West with one more Diamond, because a leader opening partner's suit with a low card subsequently should play down, keeping his lowest until the last. As dummy's trumps contained no card between the Four and the King, South realized that he could take a trick with his Jack or Queen of Spades if he could force out dummy's King by leading a small Diamond, unless West held seven Spades and North none. To trick 3 South led the Trey of Diamonds. (South reasoned that North might fail to ruff a high Diamond). West played the Seven of Diamonds, North ruffed with the Seven of Spades, and at two tables dummy over-ruffed with the King. A Spade was led to closed hand's Ace, in the hope of dropping the Queen and Jack. When North refused, Declarer played the Ace of Clubs; then put dummy in with the Ace of Hearts, and took the Club finesse. North won with the Queen and South's high trump set the contract one trick. North and South won two Diamonds, a Spade and a Club.

At two of the four tables where South's defense was perfect, West made game in spite of it. West correctly diagnosed South's motive in leading a small Diamond at trick 3 instead of the logical high Diamond or the still more logical Club. West realized that South held the Queen-Jack of Spades. If North's Seven of Spades, therefore, was over-ruffed with dummy's King, South would be sure of a trump trick, and the loss of the Club finesse would mean the loss of game. Declarer eliminated this possibility by refusing to over-ruff North's trump and by discarding, instead, one of dummy's three Clubs. North led a Heart which was won by dummy's Ace. The play of the Ace and King of Spades exhausted South and left Declarer with the simple task of declining the Club finesse and ruffing the Jack of Clubs in dummy. Confining his losses to the first three tricks, Declarer fulfilled his four-Spade contract.

Next week's hand is given below; determine how you would bid and play it before reading next week's description.

North
S. K-3
H. Q-9-7-5
D. K-8-6-3
C. A-Q-7

East
S. 9-6-5
H. A-J-4
D. A-Q-5
C. 10-9-3-2

West
S. 8-4
H. K-10-8-6-2
D. 9-7-2
C. K-J-4

South (Dealer)
S. A-Q-J-10-7-2
H. 3
D. J-10-4
C. 8-6-5

Like a Gloucesterman

Continued from page 21

spar clear, an' don't lose that axe overboard."

A tangle of rigging—of stays and lanyards and halyards and sheets—was holding the broken foremast to the vessel's side. The skipper and John went into the lee scuppers with their axes. It was the stays that gave the trouble. An inch in diameter and woven of wire strands, there was no cutting them through with single strokes. And they curled and cavorted like snakes around deck. The crew had to hold them steady to the deck or rail while John and the skipper hacked at them, put stroke after stroke to them. And there was no such thing as having one hand for himself and one for the vessel at that work. Both hands for the vessel it had to be; and to be doing that and holding their feet to the deck and the seas sweeping across her deck—well, something had to happen to somebody sometime.

THE something happened to John Houghton. The skipper warned him more than once to have a care; but John, the young and impatient one, did not want to be forever at the job. He wanted to get back to his book; possibly also there were big thoughts in his head of how the great heroes of the Tales would behave at such a time. No prudent ways for them, the gallant ones. No, sir.

A high sea picked John up, swept him over the rail. Before a man of the crew could make a move he was half the length of the vessel to leeward in the boiling sea. Deep under the white smother he was borne. He was trying hard to hold his breath and having a tough time doing so, when he felt something under his feet. It was something solid and it was lifting him up. It was the fore gaff, he saw, when to the top of the water he came, and his eyes cleared and he was able to draw a breath of air. He was at the peak end, the outside end of the gaff. He threw one arm around the gaff.

The gaff was riding high and low, even as the foremast to which it was still attached was riding high and low. John hauled himself along the gaff to the foremast. He hauled himself along the bucking mast, reached for one mast hoop after another, drawing quick breaths when he felt himself about to be drawn under water, holding them for as long as he could while under.

Without knowing just what they were saying, John could hear the shouts of his shipmates. A line, another line, half a dozen lines were thrown at him. By and by one fell into the sea beside him. He grabbed it, got clear of the mast; and was hauled back aboard the vessel.

He was water-soaked inside as well as out, also a weary man after his battle to stay afloat; but, being otherwise all right, he resumed his work with the axe. Through it all he had never let go the axe.

The cook had thrust his head up through the fo'c's'le hatchway to announce dinner just as John was washed overboard. He stayed there, the seas breaking over him, and he in his shirt-sleeves, until he saw John hauled safe back aboard. He was indignant with John when he came below to eat, demanding particularly to know why he had hung on to the axe.

"There's a cook!" said John. "Maybe I'd 'a' hove it away, too, if I was a cook. I s'pose it'd have to be a teakittle or a fryin' pan afore you'd hang on to it."

"He's a real cook, John"—this from Ben Proctor—"a great one to give advice but not to take it. I warned him to lash his galley gear last night. And did he? He—" Ben had his fork poised over the dish of boiled potatoes. He paused to gaff a man-sized one onto his plate. "He did not. And what happened? Off the stove an' down to loo'ard go a dory load of his pots 'n' kettles. Dan here came near not gettin' his mug o' coffee after his cold night watch, didn't you, Dan?"

"It was a close call," said Dan, "and speaking of coffee, Cook, will you pour another mug for me an' Ben before we go aloft?"

The cook poured the coffee. "What you an' Ben goin' aloft for, Dan?"

"For what? Why, for a breath o' fresh air, o' course."

"Oh, don't be so everlastin' smart. What for?"

"It's a long road home for a dismasted vessel and we'll have to get some kind of sail on her. We're goin' aloft to help rig a jury jibstay. An' wait. That's the boy—another mug o' coffee while you got the kittle handy."

"To the masthead, hah? You 'n' Ben c'n have that job. I hope nothin' happens to you."

Before anybody went aloft pieces of wire stays had to be salvaged from the wreckage and spliced together to make one long stay. One end of this long stay was then fashioned into a loop. Darkness fell before it was completed. The job of Ben and Dan was to fit and secure this loop to the mainmasthead so that it would stay there under the strain of a jib pulling on it in a strong wind. A tough job trying to hang on in the cold and dark, with the masthead swinging through a great arc and the vessel taking wild jumps below them, and it a cold, freezing night. Twenty times that night they were lucky not to be snapped clear of the masthead and into the sea.

After four hours at the masthead Dan and Ben came below to help themselves to a reviving mug of coffee. "I guess you both got all the fresh air you wanted, hah?" grinned the cook. "Tough job aloft, Dan?"

"It was no Old Ladies' Home job," admitted Dan.

THE other end of the jury stay had next to be bent around a drum of the windlass. The crew hauled it taut to the drum with the same power they applied to hoisting an anchor—that is, strong arms and capstan bars. That forestay was also a support to the mainmast, though not enough support to stand the strain of carrying her mainsail in a strong breeze. A smaller sail, a storm trysail, was set in place of the mainsail. The jib, the same salvaged from the wreck, was then bent to the jury stay; and so, a schooner made over into a jib and mainsail sloop, in a gale of wind and a high running sea, she was put back on her course to Gloucester.

All hands had been so busy laboring at the jury rig that little thought had been given to any damage done her underplanking by the pounding of the foremast in the heavy seaway. It was the cook who called attention to that matter. The cook always kept part of a round of fresh beef on ice in the forehold for one good steak meal on the passage home. Going into the forehold to break out the fresh beef, the cook found himself to his knees in water. He grabbed up his fresh beef and hurried on deck to pass the word.

The pumps were manned; and out came the water in great gushes—clear sea water.

Three thousand strokes they found she was leaking; which means fifty

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

strokes a minute they had to pump to keep even with the water pouring into her below. They double manned the pumps, spelling each other every ten minutes.

The wind stayed northwest; the ice continued to make on her deck and house and rails. They must have been a tough sight for passing vessels. They hadn't yet cleared the north shoal when two trawlers and a hand liner rounded under their quarter with offers to stand by in case she sank. The skipper waved them away. Later, the Alathea being well clear of the fishing banks, an ocean liner steamed alongside to hail that she would take them off.

"You mean for us to abandon our vessel?" shouted the skipper. "Go your way! I know you mean well and I'm thankin' you, but we got a trip o' fish we got to get to market. Go your way, man, go your way."

They were ten days making Gloucester; and what with manning the pumps, chopping ice, handling the vessel, and never getting more than two hours' sleep on end, they were long days and nights. A weary crew of men they were when they sighted Eastern Point Light.

A towboat met them outside the breakwater and hailed to take them in before the vessel would sink.

"Don't worry," said the skipper, "she's stayed afloat for us this long, she ain't sinkin' on us the last minute now. But you take our line and hustle us onto the marine railway so she c'n be pumped out an' patched up while we're havin' a watch below decks."

The vessel being safe on the railway, the crew were free to go ashore.

"Me," said the cook, "I'm goin' home an' sleep for about forty-eight hours, and you, John, hang on to that book till you finish it and then you take it to that rentin' lib'ry an' get the second volume o' the same stories."

THE book man of the circulating library was reading the afternoon paper's account of the hard trip of the Alathea when the marine reporter who wrote it dropped in on him.

"I see you through the window making a face over my story of the Alathea's trip," said the reporter. "What's wrong with it?"

"Nothing wrong as far as it goes, but you should have gone farther. You handled it too casually. Between the lines I could read the makings of an epic story, but all you gave was a scant and bald record of the stark fact."

"Huh! Listen, brother." The two men were good friends. "Nobody in Gloucester gets excited over stories of hard fishing trips. They are too common. And least of all the fishermen themselves. They get more kick reading about a fight between a couple of ham-and-egg palookas in a Boston ring than about all the hard fishing trips that ever happened.

"I was born and brought up in Gloucester. I know most of these fishermen and they know me. Let me wax enthusiastic about one of them in the Times and the next time I meet him, what do I get from him? A razzing most likely. And—but here's one of the Alathea's crew comin' up the street now. He's the one who hung onto the axe when he was washed overboard. You go ahead and try to sell him the idea that he's a hero."

"But why did he hang on to that axe? You didn't say."

"Ask him. I'm going along. See you later."

John Houghton entered the bookshop. From under his arm he drew the Tales. "How much to pay on this book? The cook of the Alathea took it out. An' he says you got a second volume of the same kind o' stories."

"I have. Liked that one, did he?"

"He liked it and I liked it. Wonderful stories and wonderful men. It's what the cook says—romantic and dangerous adventures they had! Nothin' like 'em now, hah?"

"No romantic side to fishing at all?"

"Nothin'." John shook his head firmly. "How could there be? It's just a way to make a livin'."

"But surely it's dangerous?"

"Mm—at times an' in spots it is."

"Wouldn't you call your last trip dangerous?"

"In a way, yes. The vessel lost the foremast, and we had to nurse her home, an' believe me we all got tired o' workin' them pump handles up an' down, but there was no time we couldn't manage her."

"SOME of the crew must have been in danger sometimes?"

"Mm—when Dan Magee and my dorymate, Ben Proctor, went to the masthead to secure that jury stay they were in plenty danger. But it's all part o' fishin' life. A man's got to expect it tough once in a while."

"Didn't you have a close call yourself when you were washed overboard?"

"Mm—too close to get any fun out of," the trawler smiled reminiscently. "But who told you I had a close call?"

"I guessed it from what the Times account said."

"Oh! What a lot o' gurry the papers print sometimes, hah? But no use blamin' them, I s'pose. They must have a tough job sometimes, tryin' to find enough words to print. But it's ev'ry man to his own job, ain't it? We bait trawls to ketch fish an' they hunt through what they call dictionaries for more words." The trawler smiled and the book man smiled with him.

"But why did you hang on to that axe?"

"What axe? Oh, that time I went over the side? I had to."

"But why?"

"There was only two axes aboard."

"But I still don't understand. Why?"

"Why? Well, you see, the vessel was hove to, an' there's a strong tide pushin' against her hull an' a gale of wind blowin' through her main riggin' an' the main riggin' of a vessel c'n hold a lot o' wind. They're both—wind an' tide—yes, an' a high sea, tryin' to force her into the shoal water to loo'ard. Let a dismasted vessel get caught in bad weather in the shoal water o' Georges Bank an' she'll soon smother."

"And you would be lost?"

"O' course—all hands. We'd lasted about four seconds where we was that day. An' that's why we'd maybe need that second axe, to cut away the mainmast in a hurry."

"Oh, that's it?"

"Sure. The riggin' of a vessel holds a lot o' wind."

"I SEE. But wait. Couldn't you let go an anchor?"

"We could let go two anchors, but would that akept her from draggin'? Not in that gale an' that sea."

"Oh! And so you had to hang on to that second axe."

"O' course; nothin' else left to do. Did y' say you had that second book o' those Tales in stock?"

"I have it here. I have been saving it for your shipmate. Here it is."

"That's fine." The trawler took the book, opened it up, nodded his approval of an illustration or two, smiled at the book man. "What men they were, hah? Well, I'll be joggin' along. Fair wind to you till I see you again." Out of the door he went, chanting softly:

"Oh, the Althy's left the ground
An' she's leapin' like a hound,
With fifteen hund'ed kentles in her
fore an' after holds."

..DON'T clip the coupon

(... *if you are over 55!*)

Since the announcement of our new policy, the **Provident Providor**, over a year ago, we have had many thousands of requests for information about this comprehensive retirement plan.

We do not want anyone to be disappointed. The **Provident Providor** is not offered to men over 55 or to women. We have other policies or annuity contracts more suitable to their needs. Nor is the **Providor** available to men in poor health or hazardous occupations. It is distinctly a selective contract, and those who obtain it get the full advantage of this selection. Here's what the **Provident Providor** guarantees to pay:

IT WILL PAY

$100 A MONTH commencing at age 65 and continuing as long as you live. A cash sum may be taken instead if you prefer.

◆ ◆ ◆

$10,000 IN CASH to your family in case you should die before reaching age 65. An income for life may be substituted if desired.

◆ ◆ ◆

$20,000 IN CASH, or double the face amount of the policy, to your family in case death results from accidental cause before age 65.

◆ ◆ ◆

A MONTHLY INCOME, guaranteed in advance, in case you are totally disabled for a period of at least four months before reaching age 65. All premiums will be paid for you during such disability and you will be entitled to your share of annual dividends on this policy.

FOR MARRIED MEN

The **Provident Providor** will take care of you and your wife if you live; it will take care of your wife if you do not live. An especially attractive feature of the **Providor** is that you may select a somewhat reduced income at age 65 with the guarantee that the Company will pay an income to your wife and yourself as long as either shall live.

TODAY let us send you our booklet describing this increasingly popular contract. Just clip the coupon—if you are under 55!

Provident Mutual

Life Insurance Company of Philadelphia, Penna.

Founded 1865

Mail this Coupon NOW!

PROVIDENT MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE CO.
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

Please send full information and quote premium rates at my age for the Provident Providor, with the understanding that it places me under no obligation.

I was born _____ (Month) (Day) (Year)

My name is _____

Home address _____ (Street) (City) (State)

Business address _____ (Street) (City) (State) CW-12

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Martin Comfrey meets the Blind Goddess

Continued from page 18

it after the gun, and he put up quite a fight with his bare hands before the other policemen got him.

There were other things in the case, but they were a little beside the point. Brady and Halligan, it was shown clearly, were petty grafters, and there was some question whether the real cause of their difficulty wasn't the division of the spoils.

The district attorney dug up the keeper of a speakeasy who claimed that when Halligan was on the late tour, he used to give him eighteen a week, whereas he was used to giving Brady twelve. He had never told Brady this, no, indeed—he wasn't such a fool. No, he never gave money to any other policemen, only to Brady and Halligan. Never to the sergeant? No, sir. Never to the lieutenant? Certainly not. No, only to the dead man eighteen dollars a week, and twelve to Brady.

The prosecution also showed, by many witnesses, that Brady drank habitually and copiously.

Then it rested.

It may well be believed that the defense had a case which would have tested the ability of Joseph Choate and Lord Coke. The defense did their best. They had Mrs. Brady and the four kids in court all the time. They had witnesses who testified that Brady was a kind and loving father. Relatives swore to his noteworthy sobriety at such festivals as Christmas, New Year's and Saint Patrick's Day. Not a total abstainer, no, but far from a drinking man, indeed. Three different people swore that they gave or sold Brady whisky on the ill-omened eighth of June—three drinks, one said; three or four drinks, another said; a pint of Old Overholt, the third one swore. Policemen testified that they had taken a pint flask out of his pocket, and that it was nearly empty.

THE point was this: Under the old law intoxication was no mitigation of guilt. But under the law as it stood when Brady was tried, the effect of the liquor drunk by the defendant must be considered as bearing upon the premeditation of his crime. How drunk was Brady when he came into a station house full of cops and shot his enemy? Wasn't he quite drunk? Wasn't he so drunk that he couldn't think straight? Did he intend to do this murder at all?

The defense argued, naturally, that Brady was befuddled to insanity; the district attorney credited him with the acuteness of Aristotle. Judge Ahearn made his charge and the jury retired.

The contumacious Martin L. Comfrey, from the north of Ireland, where if they say of a man that he is obstinate it means a little something, hung that jury for seventy-one hours.

Comfrey himself had been in his time a good judge of Scotch and Irish whisky. He knew the way a jolt of it would start an explosion in a man's brain, like the put-a-put-*bang* of a gasoline engine. He knew what it would do; how it made men outwardly grave or foolish, and inwardly happy or miserable. He knew how the drinker's mind would be so clear that it hurt, at first, and the next minute all blurry and confused; how things would lose their outlines, become shapeless, till he was as a giant striding through clouds. Liquor didn't make Comfrey angry or amorous; it made him kind, and a little sad, and very polite. He could drink a barrel of it, and walk home and to bed, and nobody would notice him, but his mind, ah, his mind would be the mind of a great king, a great old king, pondering over the petty troubles of the world.

This Brady was a man like himself, a thundering lug of a man, with a big neck on him. Why couldn't he lick this Halligan and have it over with? Well, maybe he was no boxer; Halligan was the smart fellow, the good card player, the man who could skelp around a handball court. Take notice—he was the one that got the eighteen dollars.

COMFREY sat sprawling in his chair in the jury-room, his coat off, the sweat over his eyes. The others were as a swarm of flies around him. First there were nine, then ten, eleven at last. "Are you afraid, huh, Comfrey, to give him the chair?" Comfrey looked down at his plasterer's arms, with the muscles bunched at the crook of the elbow, and sneered.

"Comfrey, you're bull-headed." "Comfrey, look at that testimony. He wasn't used to liquor, his cousins said. Do you believe that?" "Comfrey, do you think that guy was good to his family? Look at his wife, how pale she is, what a thin woman she is." "Comfrey, listen. Do you think it's a good idea, huh, to let a red-handed murderer off with a light sentence because he had a few drinks? Do you, huh? If I was gonna commit a murder, all I'd have to do is buy a bottle of booze and empty most of it and stick it in my pocket and you wouldn't convict me, huh?"

"Comfrey, that guy's a cop. Don't forget that. A cop, and he was helping to run Louie the Greek's dive; you know what that place is like. You know what it does to our kids, what it will do if we don't stop it. The booze? Nah! Louie's a coke-peddler. That's what he is. Peddles the snow. We got to stop it. Stop it! What do you care how? Kill these grafters. Kill 'em! There ain't enough killing in this country. Now, in the war—" "Comfrey, why wouldn't they put that cop on the stand? Cause he's yella, that's why. Yella! They didn't *dare* put him on the stand." "Comfrey, why did he throw his shield on the floor? Don't you think that shows he knew what he was doing?"

That's what they don't get, said Comfrey to himself. They've never been drunk, not drunk that way. They never figured it was the only thing a fellah crazy with drink could do, to throw his gat on the floor, and his shield with it. The king! That fellah was the king of the world right then. He was dumb, but he beat the smart guy, the smart guy that had him buffaloed. "I'm done now," he says, "and I ain't sorry." Bang goes his shield on the floor. "Come and get me, if you think you're lucky," he says, and he licks three cops, him that couldn't lick Halligan.

And still—and still—I dunno—

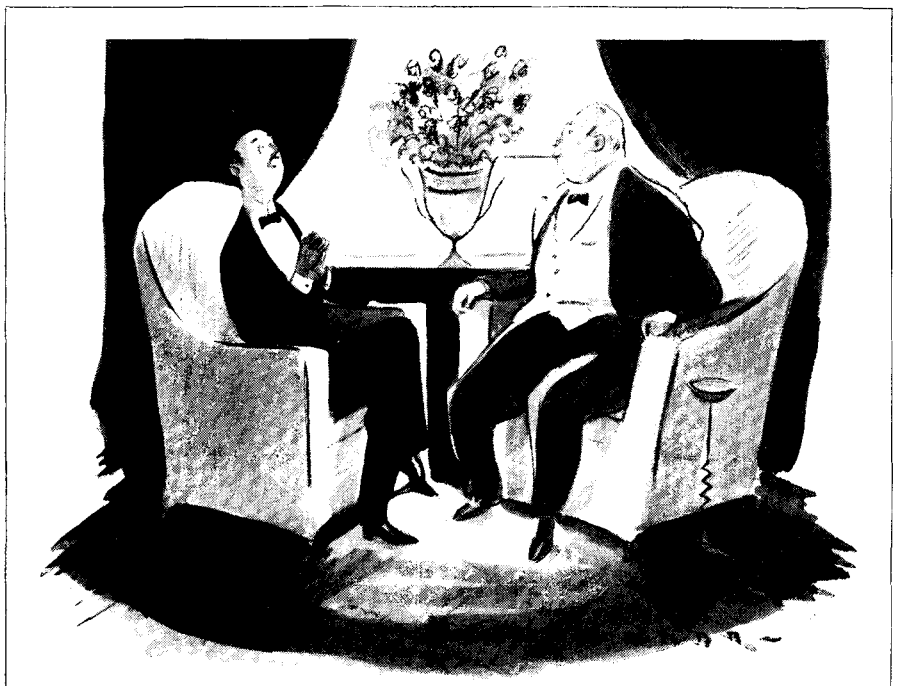
The court attendant informed the jury unofficially that Judge Ahearn wondered why they were taking so long to reach a verdict. They intimated that the judge would have to keep wondering a while longer.

"Ah, listen, Comfrey—"

"Hey, you! Shut up! Shut up, now, will you, and let a man think! I got to think, I tell you. Shut up! How can a man think, with you yapping all the time? You Cooper Union lawyer, you—"

"Mr. Comfrey, I—"

"Ah, pipe down. Leave him think. He's all right, only he, he—leave him alone a while, or I'll crown you myself."



"If my wife doesn't get a facial-cream endorsement or something this month I'll have to let another polo pony go, Major" *P. Webb*

For hours he thought, to an accompaniment on the side of "Well, I'll try you once," "Here's your ten cents and here's ten more, whadya thinka that?" "Aces and eights, the two red aces," "Darn' near a royal," "Gee, my wife's not so well; I'd like to get out of here."

His throat was dry from too many cigars, his head ached, he suffered from indigestion. Still he worried and tried to think.

At last he said, "Will you fellahs stand for second degree?"

One of them wavered. "No," said the man who'd been in the army, "I won't stand for no second degree." . . .

SEVENTY hours. Seventy-one hours. Seventy-one hours twenty-one minutes.

Solemnly they filed back to the court room.

"Gentlemen of the jury—"

"We have. We find the defendant guilty of murder in the first degree."

Brady's hand went to his throat. Then, quickly, he reached for his eldest boy, and he flung him up in his arms, and grinned: "'At's all right. 'At's O. K., Jim. 'At's what we've been waitin' for, see? Now it's all right— O'Malley! You get these kids outa here, quick! Get 'em out!"

Behind him, Mrs. Brady toppled over.

Judge Ahearn thanked the jury. Comfrey glared at him out of bloodshot eyes. Thanking the jury! What business had he to thank the jury?

Comfrey was glad to get back to work. His jury duty had cost him quite a few dollars. Well, it didn't make much difference. The governor would interfere. He'd commute the sentence. Brady's friends would get to him.

But the governor didn't interfere, and a day came when Patrick Brady went through the Little Green Door and made an end that befitted his name, whatever he had done before to defile it.

ALL that night, Comfrey tossed and tossed on his bed. "Sick, Mart?" asked his wife. "No. Not at all. A little restless; it's the heat," he said.

The next spring, Comfrey was working on a row of new houses at the shore. He came suddenly upon two of his helpers and heard the name "Brady." Maybe it was meant for his ears.

"What's that you say?" he demanded, advancing belligerently.

"Talkin' about Mrs. Brady. They were from our neighborhood, you know. She was buried Saturday."

"Mrs. Brady—"

"Sure." Why should a plasterer with a union card be subservient to anyone?

"Ah—'stead of gabbin' here, you might— Look! You got that all streaky. Where'd you learn your trade, you clumsy Port Mahon monkey, you! Get on with it! Get on with it! Union or no union, I'll show you."

And he departed, red-faced and muttering, and didn't come back again all day.

That Sunday Martin Comfrey put on his good suit of clothes and went calling on the Bradys, or what was left of them. It was a poor neighborhood and the street was shabby, and full of noisy children. Up the steps he went, with tight lips, and scanned the cards above the letter boxes. There seemed to be no Bradys in the house.

"Hey, Johnny," he bawled to the kids in the street, "where's Brady live?"

They gaped up at him, and at last one of them said, "They don't live here no more."

"Yeah, Mister, yes, they do. Mrs. Carney's. You ring Mrs. Carney's bell."

"Come here," said Comfrey, and crooked a majestic forefinger. "Here, now, take that and treat yourselves."

He pressed the button and by and by the door clicked and he grasped the knob, and paused for a second; then he gave his head a quick little shake and went steadily up the carpeted stairs.

An old lady was peering cautiously out at him through a door ajar.

"Mrs. Carney?" he said, and took off his hat.

"Yes, sir," she said, and bobbed him a curtsy.

"I'm—I'm Martin Comfrey."

"Oh, yes. Oh, yes, to be sure. Won't you step in, sir?"

"Thank you, I will. I'm—"

"Let me take your hat." Comfrey settled his bulk in a golden-oak chair that creaked under him.

"You—uh— Do you know who I am, lady?"

"Oh, yes. Oh, yes, indeed. You're one of Daniel's friends—"

"Daniel's—"

"Oh, no. No. What am I thinkin' of? You're one of poor Julia's friends."

Comfrey cleared his throat.

"A-gh. T'ch, t'ch. Now I mind who you are, entirely. You're one of poor Pat's friends. You're from the po-lice. That's it. Now I remember. My memory's not what it was."

"Hagh. Well, yes. It was Pat I knew. Pat Brady."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"Yes, the Lord have mercy on him. Ah, well— You've heard about Julia? Two weeks ago last Friday."

"I'm sorry for your trouble, ma'am."

"She was poorly for a long while. The poor thing, I wouldn't want to keep her. Ah, well, I'll not be long after her— It seems like only yesterday that Pat was runnin' around to show her the new uniform, and she hangin' out of the window, losin' an eye watchin' for him. We lived on Sixth Street then."

"Yes."

"Yourself'll be a sergeant, sir?"

"Well—well, no."

"Oh, indeed, excuse me, it's a lieutenant you are. Oh, many's the time I heard Pat speak of you, Lieutenant, ah, now—"

"Comfrey's my name, ma'am."

"Oh, sure, sure. Lieutenant Comfrey. Many's the time—"

"Yes. Well. Well, that's neither here nor there. Now, Mrs. Carney. I—well, I've been sent here to inquire about—about how you're fixed—"

"Oh. Oh, well, that's very kind. I'm—I'm comfortable. The girls is with my son Dan. They're visitin' him, over in Brooklyn. And the boys— Well, the boys is—is visitin' with their uncle. He's goin' to take them and bring them up."

"And yourself?"

"Oh, I'm all right. I've got nothin' to worry about. I've got me insurance from the Benevolent Legion, seventy-five a month— It does me nicely."

Comfrey got up, but he did not put out his hand.

"Ma'am, I—I hope if—if I can be of service to you at any time, you'll call on me. I'll—I'll give you my card. I—I felt—I felt very sorry for Pat. I did, indeed. I'd never want any of his to suffer."

"DID the department send you, Lieutenant?"

He stiffened a little at her tone.

"No, ma'am, I'm here on my own account. The po-lice have nothing to do with it."

"You're sure? I mean—"

"I'm tellin' you the truth."

"Oh. Oh. God forgive me for the black lie I told you. Listen. The kids, the boys, they're in St. John's Home. In an orphan asylum. I—I couldn't keep them. The girls is with my son, Daniel, like I told you. But he's got four of his own, and he only makes twenty-four hundred."

"Ah."

"If you came from the department, no. Not a penny from the cops. They could have sprung Pat. Don't tell *me*. If it's for yourself you come— In an orphan asylum. My grandsons. My grandsons in an orphan asylum. Listen. I'll say nothing for the Bradys; they're South-of-Ireland people. But the Carneys come from Tyrone. I can't lift up my head to think of it. My daughter's childer in a home—"

"St. John's. That's over on—"

"Yes. Yes. Oh, Lieutenant, listen—"

"Ma'am, I'll come to see you this day week."

"Ye'll—ye'll— Oh, it's the Little Flower! The Little Flower sent you to me. There's only one thing I ever asked for in the name of the Little Flower I didn't get. That was that they wouldn't give Pat the chair. Listen." She looked around, cautiously. "I asked for Julia to be taken. I asked for it. I can't help it if it's wrong. The prayerbook says you shouldn't desire the death of anyone. I made a novena. Twenty-seven days afterward, she died. She's my daughter, and she's with her man, now. And if I done wrong, I don't care. God forgive me. Ah, the poor thing, she was out of her head at the last, she cursed Ahearn. Ahearn was the judge."

"Yes, I know."

"It was terrible to hear her. She cursed them all, every one of them that had to do with it. But she was out of her head, the poor thing— You'll not be going before I make you a cup of tea, Lieutenant? There's not a drop of anything in the house. Never since Pat—"

"Nothin' for me, ma'am. Thank you. I'll see you this day week."

TWO weeks later, Comfrey rang the bell of Judge Ahearn's house. The judge himself came to the door.

"Yes?" he said.

"My name is Comfrey. I was on the Brady jury and I want to see you."

"Ah, the Far-Down," said the judge, and put out a hand like a rock. "Come in."

"I won't be keeping you," said Comfrey.

"That's all right. Come in. What's on your mind—? Sit down."

Comfrey remained standing.

"I was on the Brady jury— Well, maybe you don't know. His wife's dead."

"Yes—? No, I didn't know."

"They're in a bad way— She wasn't a well woman— They say she was very bitter—about—her husband."

Ahearn nodded. Lots of people felt bitterly toward Judge Ahearn.

"There's two girls, they're with an uncle. But they've got the boys in a home. Now what I want is this. I want to take them two boys and bring them up like my own. And I can't do it, because—because of the difference in religion."

"Yes."

"So I've come to you. You tell me how I can do it."

Silence. Then Judge Ahearn: "You can't do it."

"I can't, can't I? I'm going to do it. It's the least I can do."

"What do you mean, the least you can do?"

"Well. It's this. I told you I'd give Brady a fair trial—"

"You did what was right. I know all about who hung that jury."

"Who are you to tell me what's right? Hey?"

The judge looked at him, and tapped his chair with his fingers for a minute or two.

"I want to take them kids. And bring them up."

"You can't do it."

"Is that so? Well, I'm goin' to the Bishop, I'm goin' to say to him, 'Look here'—"

"And no doubt you'll tell him you don't need him to tell you what's right and what's wrong, and put him in a good humor. I'll tell you what I'll do. I'll go and see him, yes, I will, and I'll guarantee that you'll see him too. It'll do no harm to either of you. That you can do what you want to do I doubt. But I think, maybe, we'll get those Brady kids out of the orphan asylum between us. That's all you want, isn't it? To see them in a good home?"

"I—I dunno, Judge. I want to do what's right, that's all."

"Mr. Comfrey," said the judge, "I don't know who it was that invented the idea: 'Be good and you'll be happy.' 'Tisn't in the Sermon on the Mount, anyhow— Give me your telephone number. I'll have you and the Archbishop to dinner one night inside of a week. Good-by. Don't be worrying yourself."

OUT again in the haze of the September twilight Comfrey blinked and rubbed the back of his hand across his eyes. He had a headache again. It must have been something he ate. He'd have to watch what he ate. Having too many of these headaches lately.

A sprawling, paunchy, flat-footed man going home to supper after another day's work that was out of his line.

Use Handkerchief once—then destroy! It's possible with new

KLEENEX

Disposable Tissues

HANDKERCHIEFS are repulsive enough when used during colds, as every sensitive person knows. But that is not the worst about them.

Countless germs are concentrated in a single handkerchief! These germs do not die, but live and grow; for damp handkerchiefs, kept in pockets at body temperature, are ideal for breeding dangerous organisms.

Use Kleenex and destroy

How much more cleanly is Kleenex! Think of it! A handkerchief to use and destroy *at once!* A handkerchief that saves you from self-infection... makes disagreeable handkerchief washing unnecessary...and at the same time is softer and more agreeable than any handkerchief you have ever used.

Do not think of Kleenex as comparable to any tissue substance you have ever seen. Kleenex is made of rayon-cellulose; a remarkable material that is soft, gentle, and 400% more absorbent than old linen!

So many uses for Kleenex

But do not buy Kleenex for one use alone. Try Kleenex for polishing spectacles, wiping razor blades, applying medicines and ointments. Mothers find it invaluable in keeping babies fresh and clean.

And of course you know the use that first made Kleenex famous . . . removal of cold cream. Being so much more absorbent, Kleenex tissues blot up the embedded impurities that often cling in pores, to cause complexion troubles. Ask for Kleenex at any drug, dry goods or department store.

KLEENEX disposable TISSUES

CO-1

KLEENEX COMPANY,
Lake Michigan Building,
Chicago, Illinois.

Please send free trial supply of Kleenex.

*Name*_____

*Street*_____

*City*_____ *State*_____

In Canada, address: 330 Bay St., Toronto, Ont.

Germ-filled handkerchiefs are a menace to society!

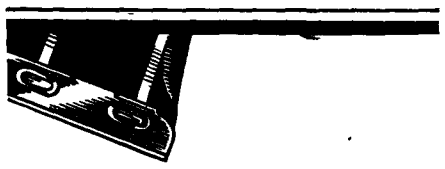
PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Made by the makers of Listerine

No more ruined clothes or bedding

Listerine's new salve for colds is

STAINLESS



Your common sense tells you that in these times we would not dare bring out a new product unless its superiority were so marked as to win people immediately.

When you try the new Listerine Rub you will see why it is already beginning to supplant similar products costing more.

To begin with, it contains five rubefacients selected for their penetrating power and for their stimulating action on the skin.

Therefore, it penetrates deeper and stimulates circulation almost instantly. Hence, it more quickly relieves muscular pain and congestion accompanying colds, coughs, croup. You simply rub it on the affected parts.

And it leaves no permanent stain on clothes or bedding, as ordinary counter-irritants do.

You'll like the tidy tube it comes in. What an improvement over the messy jar!

You'll probably like the price of 25¢ too. That's less than you pay for most counter-irritant salves.

Lambert Pharmacal Co., St. Louis, Mo.

25¢

LISTERINE

RUB

What Good is Money in the Sock?

Continued from page 11

There's a museum of money collected by Mr. Farran Zerbe in the Chase National Bank in New York. Money tokens going back into dim ages are here on display.

There was fishhook money, for instance, used along salt water in the northern part of Europe. Fishhooks! Everyone in the fishing localities wanted fishhooks. You could always trade something for a fishhook.

"The same thing happened to fishhooks that happened to the Chinese knives," said Dr. Kemmerer. "They began to be used as tokens of value. Pretty soon, in the hooks used as money, the dangerous or uncomfortable points were left off. Later on, for convenience in handling, the curve was shortened. Finally, the fishhook money consisted merely of a short piece of wire tightly bent double.

What We Owe to Cattle

"The most highly barterable thing is the thing that usually becomes accepted as money.

"In the hunting and fishing stage of a people the highly exchangeable articles are commonly shells, skins, animals' teeth, feathers, spearheads, arrowheads, fishhooks and the like. One of the earliest Chinese books used the expression 'a hundred thousand dead shellfishes' as synonymous with riches. Shells were widely used among the early Chinese as articles of ornament, and hence became highly barterable objects. In the Chinese language many of the words denoting buying, selling, riches, goods, store, property, prices, cheap, dear, and referring to money and wealth contain the sign which denotes shell.

"Wampum shells circulated readily among the North American Indians. Furs were highly barterable objects in the Hudson's Bay region at the time of the Hudson's Bay Company, beasts' teeth among the Solomon Islanders, arrowheads among the North American Indians.

"When we reached the pastoral stage in our development the popularity of ornaments persisted. But cattle soon began to stand high in the list of exchangeable goods. So they were among the Hebrews at the time of the patriarchs, among the Greeks at the time of the Homeric poems, among the ancient Italians and the Celts. Our modern English words capital, chattel and cattle trace their origin to a time when the principal form of wealth was kine, which when counted by the head (Latin, *caput)* were called *capitale*. Our English word pecuniary, from *pecus* (cattle) is also a monument to the early importance of cattle in exchange.

"In the agricultural stage various kinds of agricultural products and implements become highly exchangeable goods—grain in early Norway, cacao in early Mexico and Central America, olive oil in the Ionian Islands, rice, knives and hoes in China, and tobacco in the American colonies.

"A commodity may be in general demand and be highly barterable without being suitable to be called money. At the present time government bonds, the staple grains, silver bullion, diamonds, cotton, eggs and butter are all highly exchangeable goods, but we do not call them money.

"The question is: When and how does money emerge in this process of evolution?

"The best answer to this question is a classic passage by Francis A. Walker:

" 'Tobacco early became the staple export of Virginia. Since tobacco was in unfailing demand for shipment abroad, it was readily taken at the country store. Every planter brought his tobacco thither with perfect assurance, knowing that it would be taken as a matter of course. Every week the trader loaded up his teams and sent his stock of tobacco to the seashore, where, in the chief towns, it was exchanged against West Indian goods, dry goods, hardware, etc., imported from abroad.

" 'Such a use of tobacco, however, did not make it money. The transactions thus far described were merely instances of barter. . . . But the fact that tobacco was thus freely taken at the country store soon led to a further extension of its use in exchange which constituted it money. Since it was so freely taken at the store, in exchange for goods of every kind, it was freely taken between man and man throughout the community.' "

As with tobacco, tea, cloth, wire, knives, fishhooks and many other articles and materials which have been used as money by us humans, so, because everyone was willing to accept it, gold became a money material.

This was chiefly because gold is beautiful, durable and highly desirable as an ornament. It is also because the supply of gold is limited. Gold is scarce. If a solid mountain of gold were discovered in the world or if someone should find a way of turning lead into gold by a cheap process so that we would have vast quantities of it, gold would become useless as a standard of money values.

Gold is a good money material because a quantity of it can easily be divided into smaller units. It has, under heat, the quality of quicksilver in that small units can be merged into greater. It is the best money material yet discovered.

Human beings generally, throughout the earth, seem to have accepted gold as a measure for money value. It has always been desirable to have some stamp or seal of authority on gold, certifying as to its fineness and quantity in any certain coin.

"Such a stamp or mark or seal," said Professor Kemmerer, "removes from the use of such money all question as to the character or the credit of the individual who used it.

What Happened to the Pound

"When Great Britain was on the gold standard, for instance, the Bank of England was a buyer and seller of gold bullion as a money material. What it was willing to pay for an ounce of gold or what it would be willing to receive, in British money, for an ounce of gold fixed the gold value of British money. Here's the surprisingly simple law which the British government suspended, when it went off the gold standard last September:

" 'The Bank of England shall be bound to sell, to any person who makes a demand in that behalf at the head office of the Bank and pays the purchase price in any legal tender, *gold bullion* at the rate of three pounds, seventeen shillings and tenpence halfpenny per ounce troy of gold . . . but only in the form of bars containing approximately four hundred troy ounces of fine gold.'

"Mr. Snowden explained this very simply to Parliament. He said, in announcing that Great Britain had gone off the gold standard: 'All that is changed is that the right . . . to take from the Bank of England gold, in bars, is suspended.'

"See what happened just as soon as Great Britain declared that a certain number of pounds, shillings and pence would no longer be traded at the bank for one ounce of gold. The value of the pounds, shillings and pence went down at once in relation to gold. The value of one ounce of gold, however, did *not* likewise immediately go down because that is fixed by world demand and world supply of gold. It is probable, however, that Britain's action will lessen the world's monetary demand for gold and thereby cause a decline in its value.

"Suppose someone had gone to the Bank of England the next day and said, 'Well, if you won't accept yesterday's quota of pounds, shillings and pence for an ounce of your gold, how much *will* you accept?'

"If the bank had been willing to sell its precious gold bars, which it was not, and had quoted to the would-be buyer the world market value of gold, the buyer would have been forced to pay far more shillings for an ounce of gold than would have been demanded the day before. And the difference, in shillings, would have been the degree of the fall in the gold value of the pound sterling.

The Value of Money

"There is no rigidity about this gold value. The value of gold itself is continually changing. If you say that gold is worth what it will buy, see how its value fluctuates. Suppose we say that in 1913 a certain amount of gold would buy one hundred cents' worth of commodities at wholesale in the United States. The time came, in 1920, when it would buy only forty cents' worth. In October, 1929, it would buy sixty-six cents' worth. And now, today, it will again buy one hundred cents' worth.

"There's a metal measuring rod, put away in France, that is the standard for our yard. Its variations in length are infinitely small. But there is, as yet, no unchanging yardstick by which the value of money can be fixed."

We got back to the hoarders again. Neither of the two men, it appeared, could be sure that he would succeed in his effort.

"Make the strongest box you can with the hardest steel you can find," said Dr. Kemmerer. "Put your money into it and sink it deep into a hole cut in solid rock.

"But keep this in mind: You can lock up money but there never was a strong box made that would lock up the *value* of money.

"And that was what each of these men was trying to do.

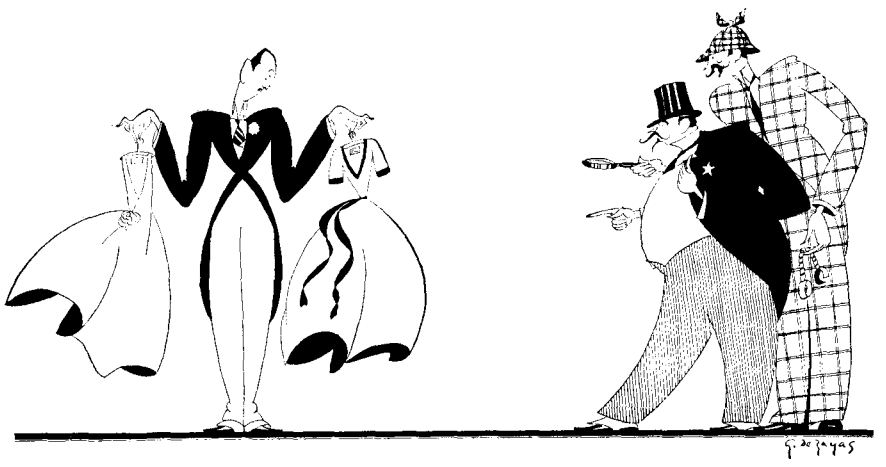
"Hoarding," concluded Professor Kemmerer, "is generally unwise. It is usually wasteful, because hoarded money earns no interest and is in danger of being stolen. The best place for small savings is in the banks.

"But, if a person, for any reason, loses confidence in his bank and therefore decides for the sake of safety to withdraw his deposit, it is much wiser for him in a country with a strong government like the United States to deposit his money at once in the local postoffice savings bank, rather than to bury it in the ground or hide it in the chimney corner. And Uncle Sam will then redeposit it in some well-tested local bank.

"The postal savings bank will pay the depositor two per cent interest, and Uncle Sam himself will guarantee full payment of both interest and principal.

"The limit of individual deposits at this time is $2,500, but each member of a family may place on deposit as much as $2,500 in the postal savings bank."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Keep Up with the World

By Freling Foster

Paris detectives recently raided several companies which were doing an international business in counterfeit labels of famous Parisian dressmaking establishments. One raid, in a reputable fabric house, yielded 50,000 forged labels of 18 celebrated designers.

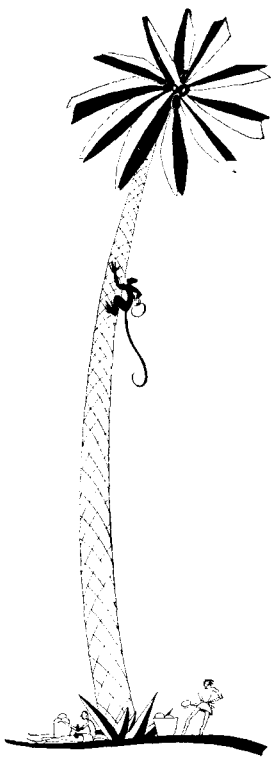
Depressions may come and even bread manufacturers may go out of business, but it is always fair weather apparently for yacht companies. Between June 30, 1930, and June 30, 1931, the number of our privately owned sea-going yachts increased from 3,315 to 3,582 or 8 per cent.

The last bank failure in Canada occurred in August, 1923—more than 8 years ago.—*By L. E. Cunningham, Robinson, Illinois.*

German telephone operators now will deliver and receive messages for you, and even write you daily about your incoming calls when you are out of town. A *written* line from an operator is a new idea.

In Japan, the greatest movie-loving country in the world, nearly every school has its motion-picture study club and the average show runs about 5½ hours.

The biggest part of our biggest city is not on the mainland of the United States. The recent census shows that 82 of every 100 New Yorkers live on islands.



Monkeys now are used to pick coconuts in Sumatra. And baboons work on farms in South Africa. The creatures are so dumb, however, that they do twice as much work as natives.

An electric meter can record as accurately as 99.999 per cent, which is more accurate than the average fine watch.

A fine food shop in New York, which imports choice viands from nearly every country on earth, sells—among many other delicacies—kangaroo-tail soup, shark's-fin soup, rum butter and snails in shells. No wonder millionaires have a high indigestion rate.

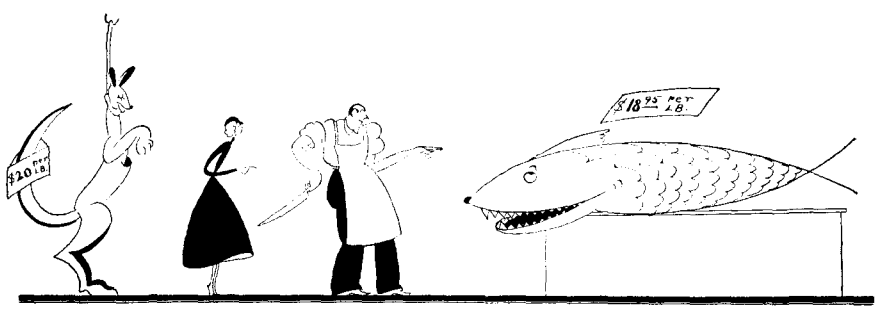
India today still lives in constant chronological confusion due to its use of 17 different calendars. One shows Friday while another shows the Sabbath. One shows the first month while another shows the fourth month. One shows 1932 while another shows 6933. It must be fun having groceries delivered 5,001 years before or after buying them.

Since last May, a silly little war has been raging around Kantze, on the Chinese-Tibetan border, "over the love of a lady." A powerful chief wanted this obstinate maiden so badly that he said it with troops. She fled to China for protection. War! For love! And in 1932!

The largest oil painting in the world is "Paradise," by Tintoretto, which hangs today in the Doge's Palace in Venice. It is 30 feet high and 74 feet wide and contains about 700 heads. — *By Howard Peckham, Ann Arbor, Mich.*

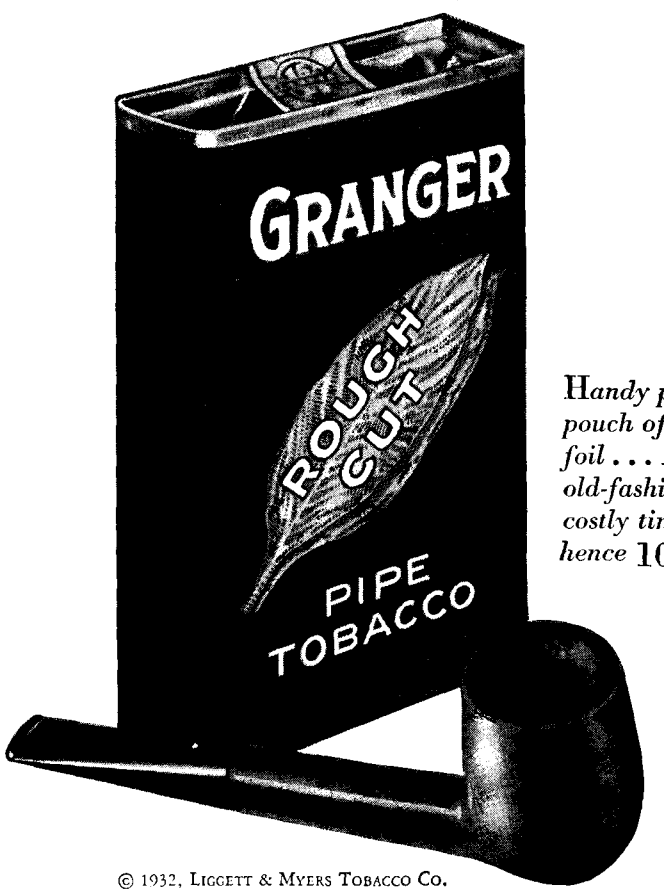
An international newspaper today contains one of the most unusual columns in print, called "Pen Friends." In it, lonely persons throughout the world are allowed gratis to solicit letters from other lonely souls for the purpose of exchanging snapshots, stamps and soft soap.

Collier's will pay $1 each for unusual facts accepted for this column. Give precise source of information. Address Keep Up with the World, Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New York City.



No matter what you pay

here's the best pipe tobacco in America!



Handy pocket pouch of heavy foil . . . No old-fashioned costly tin, hence 10c

© 1932, Liggett & Myers Tobacco Co.

YOU CAN DEPEND ON A LIGGETT & MYERS PRODUCT

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Many of the actresses in the "talkies" use Vapex.

COLD DISTRESS VANISHES

You will be honestly surprised how quickly and pleasantly Vapex relieves a cold.

Just a few deep breaths and your head clears, your nose stops running—you would almost believe you never had a cold. Yet it is as simple to use as perfume and as delightful.

Vapex is useful for all minor nasal ills. It was discovered in England in 1915 during a war-time epidemic of influenza, and is now known all over the world as the modern way to relieve a cold.

Keep a bottle handy on your dressing-table and use it at the first sneeze or sniffle. 100 applications in the $1 bottle—an average of 1c each. Always ask for V-A-P-E-X.

E. Fougera & Co., Inc., *Distributors of Medicinal Products Since* 1849.

A few drops on your handkerchief

VAPEX

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

Breathe your cold away

Don't count sheep. Just use Vapex on your pillow at night.

Bureau of Foods, Sanitation and Health

The Girl who Loved Another

Continued from page 13

neighbor and attorney, ex-Judge Stoat, of Stoat, Bryan, Felzberg, Darling and Beaseley, on the wire, and was instructing that shocked jurist to range himself in the Morristown police station, see what was what, and shut up everything. "And bring that puppy Simmons back here to me."

When Seymour opened the front door to them, Judge Stoat was leading the way, followed by June and Peter. The judge, elderly, lean, prognathous, took off his hat and his horn-rimmed nose glasses, and barked: "Here they are, John."

"No scandal?" demanded old John.

The judge grimaced at the recollection. "This fellow Albani was very glad to withdraw his charges."

"Humph!"

"And I guess that concludes my police-court duties," said Judge Stoat, with an indignant gesture which also served to return his glasses to his long nose.

There was a moment of tense silence after the door closed behind the judge.

Old John rose dramatically. "What's the idea?" he shouted. "What's the idea taking June into a joint like that? And get this clear: I didn't send Stoat down there to get you out. I'm not going to have June mixed up in any rotten affair like that. I thought you at least had enough respect for decent womanhood—"

"Don't be silly," June burst out.

Peter stared belligerently at Mr. Harrison.

"I got in the fight protecting June from a couple of bums."

"It was crazy," cried June. "I can take care of myself."

Old John roared, "If you hadn't taken her there in the first place this wouldn't have happened. What kind of a girl do you think my daughter is?"

"What kind of a girl do you think I am?" June jumped up, hysterical. "A begonia or something!"

"June!" bellowed old John.

She strode to the door, and whirled around to face them. "I can take care of myself. And maybe you'd like to know, I'm engaged to Hamilton." She looked at her father defiantly. "I guess that takes care of you, because you detest him, and I guess it disposes of any ideas of Mr. Simmons. And I guess I'm old enough so I don't need any men trying to protect me."

She left behind her a kind of dumb stupefaction. Old John was the first to recover. He turned and exploded on Peter: "Get out. I'll have Seymour throw you out!"

Peter did not move. He did not even look at old John. Finally he turned a red, sullen face on him, and muttered, "I don't feel like being handled by your butler. And I'd just as soon commit mayhem on you. Don't worry, I'm going. You can relax."

PETER woke up the next morning with a feeling that he had lost something. He decided that it was his self-confidence. He peered at his battered face in the mirror. He shaved painfully, and dressed. He ate breakfast with his mother, and gave her an inadequate explanation of his horrible appearance. Then he packed his bag, kissed her good-by and drove off to Bay City.

Two days later, back in the office of the Huron Traction Co., he went immediately and feverishly to work. He was going to make old John eat dirt. He was going to annihilate him.

He worked fourteen hours every day. He summoned his engineers and his managers and pounded out a program of expansion that would cost Huron money, probably take a new bond issue, but would put the outfit in an impregnable position in the state.

Meanwhile, he told himself very seriously that he did not care about June. He read the society columns of the newspapers which his mother sent him. One day there was a picture of June, and an announcement of her engagement to Hamilton Phelps. He tore off the caption, which said, "Engaged," and stuck the picture into the edge of his mirror. Then he went ferociously back to work, because he was going to make old John eat dirt. He drew up a proposal for bus lines to supplement the Huron electrics and drive down competing roads. He talked with politicians and lawyers and assured himself that he could get the approval of the state commerce commission. Then he began to dictate letters to shareholders asking for their proxies, and went into session with Bay City bankers and financiers.

THAT last was the most difficult task. These local men had become finally disgusted with the previous mismanagement of Huron, and identified Timson Simmons' name with it, rightly. They were suspicious of Peter. They got the blasts that old John sent out, as good as his threat, and showed them to Peter. Peter fought fairly. He did not tell them that old John had been in with his father and that to give him their proxies was simply to continue Timson's tactics. He did not tell them that old John was going to double-cross them. He talked with his figures. He described his bus plan. He was dogged and eloquent and inspired. He began to convince them. And two days before the meeting of the stockholders he knew he had won.

He stood in front of June's picture and said to it, "I'm going to make your old man eat dirt." He looked at the picture intently. It was not very good of her, but it made him feel suddenly and curiously indifferent about what happened to Huron. He looked at it a long time, and swore. He walked around his room several times. He came back to the picture with a decision. He was not going to relinquish her to any fish like this Hammy, or anybody else. He was going to marry her.

He put his proxies into his brief case, climbed in his car, and started for New Jersey.

The stockholders' meeting was in Jersey City. It was not even a battle. Peter controlled over sixty per cent of the voting stock. He elected himself chairman of the board, immediately appointed himself executive manager, and proposed and put to a vote a new bond issue. He won that, too. Old John sat there in glum and wrathful silence. The meeting adjourned, and Peter went out. In the lobby of the hotel where they had convened, he met June.

"I came to drive Father home," she said.

"I won," Peter told her.

"Won what?"

"It doesn't matter." He took her without ceremony by the arm, and led her forcibly across the lobby. "You're not married, yet, are you?"

She pulled away from him. "What if I'm not?"

Peter grinned. "There's nothing for it then but to elope."

"Elope?"

"Sure. Your old man doesn't approve of me, and this Hammy might get nasty. We'll elope."

"You're crazy. I'm not going to marry you."

"I'M NOT crazy. I'm going to elope with you. You're not going to marry this wishy-washy just because he gives you your head. You know darned well you don't love him. You know darned well you just got engaged to him to get me sore, and because he gives you your head."

"You're crazy. There's Father. I'm going."

Peter pushed her gently into a chair and towered over her.

"It'll have to be tonight," he said coolly, "because I've got to get back to Bay City. I'm going to climb right into your bedroom. If you won't come nicely I'll get tough. If you go and tell old John and he gets in my way, I'll knock him cuckoo. We're going down to Gretna Green. Have some warm clothes. It's a long ride."

"Good morning. This is the telephone company calling to see if you are satisfied with our service. Have you any suggestions?"

Robert Day

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

June jumped to her feet. "Let me go," she said furiously.

He let her go.

He drove home and told his mother's chauffeur to check over his roadster carefully, see that there was plenty of gas and oil. Then he walked across the fields to the Harrison estate, skirted the sunken gardens, hidden from the house, and there entered into a colloquy with a man named Alfred. Then he went back, had dinner with his mother, went upstairs and packed a bag, and spent the rest of the evening pacing about, whistling.

SHORTLY after midnight, with the lights on his roadster turned out, Peter drove slowly up the Harrisons' drive, circled the dark house, and stopped around back.

A figure emerged from behind a lilac bush, made a hissing noise, and approached warily.

"Alfred!" whispered Peter.

"That's me." Alfred was the Harrisons' gardener, and was of a romantic turn of mind.

"Have you got it here?" Peter inquired.

"Yeah—back of the bush."

"Will it reach?"

"I think you'll have to rest it like on the floor of the car. It'll reach then."

"That's all right."

"Are you gonna carry her down with her kickin'?"

"She's little. I'll wrap her in a sheet and she can't kick."

Alfred crept back to the lilac bush and returned with a light ladder. The top of Peter's roadster was down. They rested the ladder on the floor of the car, and raised it carefully against the house. It reached just below an open window on the second floor. Peter put one foot on a rung tentatively, jiggled.

"That seems safe. Here goes. You better go back. Old John would fire you if he knew you were in on this. Here." He handed Alfred a bill. "Put that with the other."

Alfred tiptoed away, and Peter gingerly started up.

He had reached a point from which his outstretched hands could just grasp the window sill of June's bedroom when the roadster began to move. He felt the ladder shift, sickeningly, under him. Suddenly panic-stricken, he recalled that he hadn't pulled on the emergency brake. The driveway inclined slightly at this place.

Peter heaved himself up, got his arms over the sill, hung there as the ladder went down, clattered across the back of his car and fell with a thud onto the ground. There was an ominous, suspended silence.

Peter, half in, half out of the window, stared into the blackness of June's bedroom, waiting for her to scream. And then the door from the hall opened to admit a shaft of light and Mr. Harrison in a bathrobe.

"Don't move," quavered old John. "I've got you covered."

Peter was aware that he made a splendid target draped over the sill.

"Don't shoot," he pleaded.

There was an exclamation, and the bedroom was suddenly flooded with light.

"You!" said old John.

Peter hoisted himself inside. "Yeah."

Mr. Harrison looked uncertain, and skittish. He held a tremendous .45 single-action revolver pointed in Peter's direction. They stared at each other in silence. And then abruptly both looked at June's bed. It was empty. It had not even been slept in. Pinned where such things are properly pinned—on the pillow—was a note.

Peter reached it first.

"Father," it said. Peter handed it to old John.

She had written, "Hammy and I decided to elope. We decided we didn't like large weddings, and the fuss—June."

"Hammy!" old John exploded. He dropped the gun in his bathrobe pocket and stared at Peter with helpless rage. Peter stared back blankly. He took the note away from old John, and read it.

"What time did she come up to her room?"

"About—about ten-thirty, I think."

"They've got probably an hour and a half's start. They've got to go to Connecticut or Maryland. The marriage laws—"

"Good heavens, Peter, she can't marry that squirt!" Old John was waddling after Peter to the door. "I'm going to get Stoat," he bellowed.

Peter was out in the hall. "I think they'll go to Maryland," he shouted back. "Gretna Green." Outside, he jumped into his roadster. Alfred was not in sight. He roared down the drive.

There is an express highway which cuts across New Jersey in almost a straight line, from Elizabeth to Trenton. It is the fastest route to Philadelphia. From Philly you go south to Gretna Green, in Maryland, where they marry you in a breath. Peter's objective was the highway. But somewhere near New Brunswick he got lost. He spent a quarter of an hour extricating himself from a labyrinth of dark roads that kept landing him in dismal farms before his headlights finally showed him a sign—"Trenton."

State Trooper Pflueger, chugging along on his motor bike in the direction of Trenton, heard Peter's car racing down on him, and when Peter swept by like a howling tornado, Officer Pflueger twisted his throttle and shot off in pursuit.

Five miles out of Trenton Officer Pflueger careened alongside of Peter's roadster and waved him down.

Peter groaned. He had an inspiration. "You ever hear of John G. Harrison of Morristown?"

"What's that got to do with you makin' close to eighty miles an hour? This ain't no race track. Let's see your license."

Peter reached for his license. "You ever hear of John G. Harrison?"

"I've heard of him. Who're you—his son, I suppose?"

"Listen—no—I'm acting for him in a way—see? His daughter is being practically kidnapped. She's only a susceptible young girl, and this unscrupulous man has practically kidnapped her. I'm acting for Mr. Harrison, you might say. I got to get his daughter back for him—"

AT THAT instant a car thundered past. Peter saw a large black coupé, and in it two figures wrapped to the ears in overcoats. He recognized old John.

"Now—listen—that's old John!" Peter pointed ahead frantically. He was filled with consternation. "That's Mr. Harrison just went by in that car. Don't you get the idea, buddy, I got to get there before old John does?" He took the trooper's arm and beamed good fellowship. "See, Mac? I got to get to this girl before Mr. Harrison!"

"You got a swell story. What are you guys makin' a race track outa this highway for anyhow? Me, I'm curious about you makin' a race track outa this highway." He leaned one arm on the door of Peter's car, gazing into Peter's anxious face with a sort of dull and leisurely interest. "What I could do," he finally said, "is leave you go ahead and tail you after these other guys."

"Say—O. K.!" Peter agreed eagerly.

They roared through Trenton and hit the road to Camden at breakneck speed. Peter had a desperate expression. Hammy alone had not worried him; but old John's presence was going to complicate things. They were swooping down a long hill when Peter's headlights limned two cars parked by the side of the road. He swung to the right, into the dirt, and Officer Pflueger drew up on the other side. There stood a little group, Hammy in the center, looking frightened; Judge Stoat, lean, prognathous, and palpably chilly in pajamas under an overcoat, looking outraged; old John, trying to gather June into his embrace, saying, "June, June," in a loud, compelling voice; and June, her hands on her hips, aloof and defiant. Peter, with great wisdom, kept his mouth shut.

Officer Pflueger was determined to find out what was what. He signaled Hammy out, jerked his thumb at Peter, and said, "This guy says you're kidnappin' this lady—"

"Why—why, we're eloping."

"Officer—" began Judge Stoat impressively.

"I didn't want to elope," muttered Hammy. "I wanted to wait. Mother had her heart set on a big wedding."

June suddenly began to weep. "Anyhow, Hammy—now—now it's all over. It's all off, Hammy. I—I couldn't marry you after this—bust."

"June," Hammy said.

"No—no!" June wept on. "It's all off now. I see that I made a mistake."

HAMMY made the gesture of a man accepting the inevitable. His face betrayed a shadow of relief. He turned around, and got hurriedly into his car. He lifted a bag out, that was June's, and deposited it in the road.

"Good night," he said.

While they watched, he backed his car around, and departed up the road.

They stood around, uncertainly, the men glancing at June. She had stopped crying abruptly.

"June," began old John. He looked around him helplessly. His eye caught Peter's. He liked Peter; good boy—Peter. He winked at him, and turned quickly to June. "I think everything's going to come out for the best—"

"I saw you wink at Peter," she cried angrily. "I suppose you think now I'll marry Peter!"

Mr. Harrison blushed. Peter winked for him to keep quiet.

"I'd like to talk to Peter," she went on, acidly. "I've got some things I'd like to tell him."

"Sure, sure," said old John. "But let's all go back home now."

"Listen," said Officer Pflueger, "I ought to give somebody a ticket—"

Judge Stoat took his glasses off and waved them under the trooper's nose, making some swift comments that were audible only to Officer Pflueger, who finally shrugged and remained silent.

"Come on, dear," said old John. "Get in the car—"

"I'll ride back with Peter," she said. "I'd like to say a few things to him."

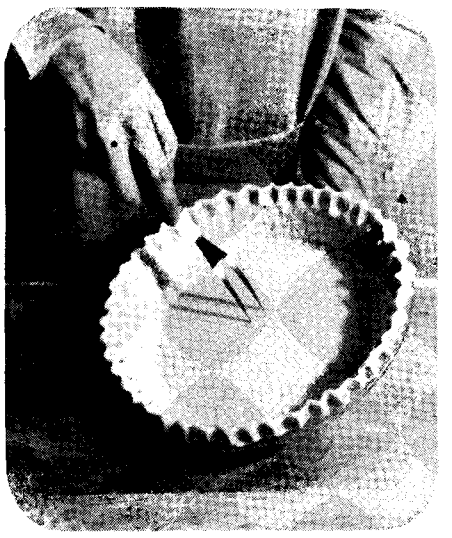
"Well, sure, you ride back with Peter. There's more room anyhow."

June had already stepped into Peter's car. She sat in the driver's seat. It was apparent that she was going to run every detail of the show from now on. She started the engine. Peter got in beside her with her bag, humbly.

Judge Stoat and old John crawled into the black coupé and old John backed to give June room to turn the roadster around. He was leaning out, peering behind him, as Peter's car started. When he looked up, expecting to see the roadster swinging towards him, he saw nothing but a red tail light fleeing down the road—towards Maryland. He watched, open-mouthed.

"What am I supposed to do?" asked Officer Pflueger impassively. "Is that a kidnappin' now or what?"

Old John collected himself, and sighed heavily. "Let 'em go," he said. "June didn't consult me, but I guess she's going to get married."



THIS PREVENTS

"Bulging"

by

BLANCHE KELLER KENDALL

(Home Economics Lecturer)

WHEN you bake your next pie, be sure to perforate the dough for the lower crust as shown—after it has been placed in the pie tin.

This insures the right kind of crust for the filling you use. Puncturing the dough as shown prevents "bulging"—and helps you get an even, appetizing crust.

Make these holes with a carving fork and space them about a half inch apart.

Watch Your Ingredients

Be especially careful about the ingredients you use in making your pie crust. If you like flaky crust, here's an excellent recipe:

HOT WATER PIE CRUST

1½ cups Occident Flour
½ cup shortening — *¼ cup boiling water*
½ tsp. salt — *½ tsp. baking powder*

Pour boiling water over shortening and beat until creamy. Sift in the flour, salt and baking powder. Stir and roll out. This will make two crusts.

Guaranteed Results

Be sure to use Occident Flour. You will have "No Accidents with Occident." It is guaranteed to be better, you know—on a money-back basis. All Occident dealers are authorized to carry out this guarantee.

Wouldn't you like me to send you our complete set of recipes for all kinds of baking? Just mail the coupon below and I'll send them by return mail.

Yours for better baking,

Blanche Keller Kendall

P.S. If you don't bake at home, look for the commercial baker near you who advertises his use of Occident Flour. You will notice a decidedly different flavor in his products.

Blanche Keller Kendall, 10 C
Home Economics Dept.,
Russell-Miller Milling Co.,
Security Building, Minneapolis, Minn.

Please send me the book of recipes developed and tested in your Home Economics kitchen.

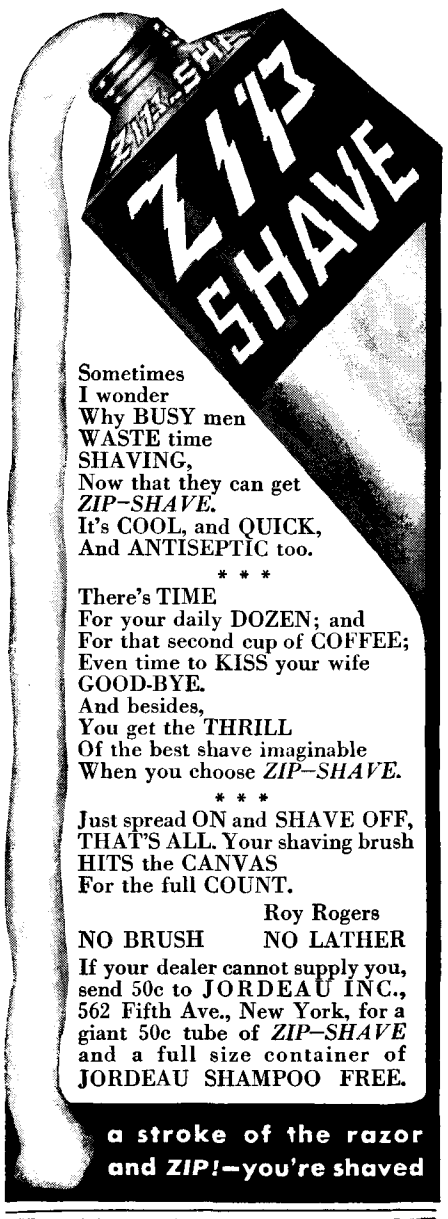
Name.....

Address.....

City..... State.....

Grocer's Name.....

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Sometimes
I wonder
Why BUSY men
WASTE time
SHAVING,
Now that they can get
ZIP–SHAVE.
It's COOL, and QUICK,
And ANTISEPTIC too.

* * *

There's TIME
For your daily DOZEN; and
For that second cup of COFFEE;
Even time to KISS your wife
GOOD-BYE.
And besides,
You get the THRILL
Of the best shave imaginable
When you choose *ZIP–SHAVE.*

* * *

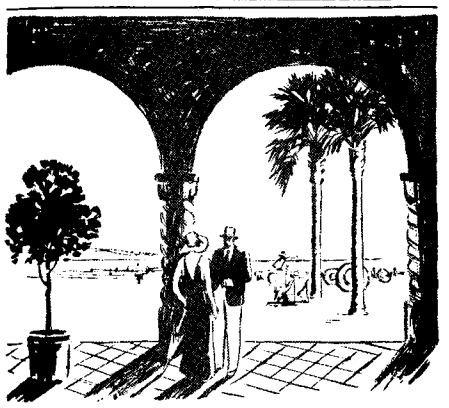
Just spread ON and SHAVE OFF,
THAT'S ALL. Your shaving brush
HITS the CANVAS
For the full COUNT.

Roy Rogers

NO BRUSH NO LATHER

If your dealer cannot supply you, send 50c to JORDEAU INC., 562 Fifth Ave., New York, for a giant 50c tube of *ZIP–SHAVE* and a full size container of JORDEAU SHAMPOO FREE.

a stroke of the razor and *ZIP!*—you're shaved



WINTER INEXPENSIVELY ON TROPIC TREASURE ISLE

Galveston welcomes you with its sunshine and bracing sea air. You'll gain new vigor here. Winter climate is ideal, curative. You can golf bare-headed, ride, fish, hunt, or simply rest beneath the swaying palms.

An economical place to live. Modern hotels overlooking the gulf. Pleasant surroundings—everything to make your visit delightfully beneficial. Come South this winter. Treasures of fun and health and contentment are here for you on Treasure Isle.

GALVESTON . . . . ON THE GULF

Write for free illustrated literature—no obligation. Address Dept. F231, Chamber of Commerce, Galveston, Texas.

Winter Range

Continued from page 17

idee. It might even be the man is sick."

"That man ain't sick," said Hopper. "The blood was already coming back to his face. Campo, something had happened to that man, just a few minutes before he come into this room."

"Do you suppose—" Campo began.

Somewhere outside the house a gun crashed. Lee Bishop jumped for the door, and they all seemed to move at once. Outside, Campo Ragland, unarmed, led the way to the corral where Joe St. Marie was most likely to have left his horse. The horse was there, head to the bars, waiting for the feed that had not yet come; but Joe St. Marie was not in sight.

CAMPO'S voice rose in a hoarse shout, an abrupt, strange sound in all that silence of snow and rock and stars. "You, Joe! St. Marie! Where you at? Sing out, man!"

The silence held for a moment more, and Campo had whirled upon the sheriff, when Joe St. Marie spoke in an odd, muffled voice, unexpectedly near by. "Yes, sir—here I am."

He came toward them now, slowly, from around the corner of the stable, and Lee Bishop let droop the rifle he had snatched up.

"Who fired?"

"Why—I did. I—I thought I seen a wolf."

"Wolf! A wolf up here by the house?"

"Well—I guess it was a coyote then."

"Go on in," Lee Bishop said disgustedly. "I'll see your horse gets fed." This offer St. Marie did not accept; but Lee Bishop stayed behind while the others went in.

"I thought I told you to stay in here," Campo said to his daughter, lighting a lamp.

The sheriff's temper seemed to have come to the end of its string, and there busted itself like a roped steer. "I'm sick and tired of this," he told them. "There's something almighty funny going on here, and I mean to know what it is!"

Campo Ragland said with sudden passion, "God knows I'll help you every way I can. I tell you, if I knew anything—"

"If you knew anything!" said Hopper bitterly. "There isn't a man on your place tonight who doesn't know more about this business than he means to tell!"

"That's all foolishness," said Campo Ragland. "You've gone up in the air because a quarter-blood cowboy looks like he might be coming down with a fever. As for holding stuff back from you—take us one by one if you want. Start with me. Or start with Kentucky Jones, who didn't even work for the Bar Hook at the time this happened. Or take—"

"You want me to start with Kentucky Jones?" said the sheriff. "Maybe you'd like to hear me ask a question or two of this Kentucky Jones?"

"Ask who and what you like," said Ragland.

Hopper swung his red-eyed stare to Kentucky. "Be careful how you answer me, Jones; try to remember what your boss sometimes forgets—that maybe I know the answer before you speak. Where were you at one o'clock last Saturday—the day that Mason and Zack Sanders died?"

Kentucky Jones took his time about answering. "At noon last Saturday," he said at last, "I was here at the Bar Hook."

Sheriff Hopper grinned, but not pleasantly, at Campo Ragland. "There you are," he said.

Campo said slowly, "You never told me that, Kentuck."

"No? I drove out to say *adios;* I was going away."

Hopper spoke to Ragland. "There's your man that couldn't possibly know anything about this," he said ironically. "But if you think that's all I know about Kentucky Jones, you're a fool. I can go to court with my case against him tomorrow, if need be." His tone was that of contemptuous statement rather than threat. "And I can put him where he'll have to fight hell for leather, as he never fought in his life, before he ever gets clear."

Ragland said, "If you think being here around that time is a case, you don't know much about—"

"Opportunity," said the sheriff. "Opportunity—and motive."

"Motive?" echoed Ragland, startled.

Here Lee Bishop and Joe St. Marie returned to the room.

They saw now that the normal dark color of St. Marie's face had returned, and with it had come back his look of solid strength. Sheriff Floyd Hopper looked at Ragland and indicated St. Marie with a jerk of his head. "Chills and fever seem to have passed off," he said.

Campo Ragland grunted.

"Campo," said the sheriff, "there's a head going to fall—maybe more than one head. Don't ever think that this is going to blow over, and be lost sight of in a general dust. There's a man going to be hooked hard and permanent before I'm through."

"Floyd, what are you going to do? You mean you're taking Kentucky Jones?"

"No. I'll know how to get him when I want him, I think. Now make your choice, Campo! If you don't want to string with me, I can go on without you."

"I don't know what you mean," said Ragland.

"Suit yourself," said Hopper; "only, don't be too sure that this case is shaping up against Kentucky Jones."

Ragland angered again. "Look here, Floyd—I'm plenty tired of this. You can't come in here and talk that way to me! I'm not going to stand for it, you hear me?"

"Have it your own way, Campo." The sheriff picked up his coat and gloves.

"You're not going back to Waterman tonight, are you?" Jean exclaimed.

"Sure, I'm going back. There's nothing I can do out here."

NOBODY urged him to stay. Campo Ragland asked what Hopper wanted them to do about Zack Sanders, and received instructions for reporting in Waterman for an inquest. No great warmth of understanding marked Hopper's departure.

"If you change your mind, Campo," the sheriff said, "let me know."

"I tell you I don't know what you're talking about!" Campo said stubbornly; and the sheriff took the long trail back to town.

Stamping back into the house, Campo Ragland turned immediately upon Joe St. Marie. The swarthy bronc rider was filling himself up on bread and cold meat and he met Campo's questions with a stolid gaze.

"What's got into you, St. Marie?"

"I don't feel so good."

"Look here, St. Marie—if something funny has happened around here I want to know what it is. Who did you throw down on when you went out to feed your horse?"

"I thought I saw a coyote."

"Don't you lie to me! You can't get away with that stuff here!"

"I don't feel so good."

Campo Ragland gave it up in disgust, and St. Marie hurriedly took himself out of range, retiring to the bunk house.

Campo seemed bewildered. To Kentucky Jones it seemed that the cross-purposes which held the boss of the Bar Hook in a state of paralysis were now almost physically visible, as wind is visible in prairie hay by its effect. Here was an owner whose range was being swamped, overwhelmed by the herds of his enemy; he faced a ruin which could only be averted by an immediate and determined contest for the ground. Yet something had thrown and hog-tied this man—some obscure and hidden circumstance which he seemed at a loss to combat. Kentucky no longer could doubt that the circumstance which hog-tied Ragland had to do with Jean.

"I'll hire a cook when we go in for the inquest." Ragland spoke tonelessly, like a man seeking escape from other things. "Jean wants to do the cooking, and I'll let her, I guess; but you fellers will have to get the fires started in the morning. I'm not going to have her slamming firewood around at any 4:00 A. M."

"I'll take the first crack at it," said Lee Bishop.

KENTUCKY JONES saw his chance and jumped it. The ultimate answer might be deep in twisted trails, but his next step was obvious and immediate: he had to force the truth out of St. Marie. Lee Bishop's removal would make opportunity for this, since the other hands would not be back from Waterman until the cars had been loaded in the morning. "Then take the bunk off the kitchen, Lee," he said. "I'll run down and get you your bed."

Down in the bunk house, to which Joe St. Marie had retired, no light showed; but from within came the complicated rhythms of a mouth organ played by a master, telling Kentucky that his man was still there and awake. Joe St. Marie could make a mouth organ sob and whimper, or imitate a herd of steers or a railway train. The mouth organ fell silent, however, as he approached; and Kentucky, stepping into the full light of no less than three lamps, saw that blankets screened the windows; and a six-gun had replaced the mouth organ in Joe St. Marie's hands.

"Oh, it's you," said St. Marie sheepishly, dropping the six-gun on the bunk beside him and placing the mouth organ to his lips.

"I was hoping you got that guy, Joe," said Kentucky. "Didn't you even wing him?"

The queer mouthing complaint of the harmonica stopped for a moment as St. Marie looked sharply at Kentucky over his cupped hands. He did not, however, take the mouth organ from his mouth.

Kentucky cast a glance at the blankets which screened the windows. "Look here. If I'm going to sleep in this bunk house I want to know who you thought was going to fire through the window."

"I hung those up to keep the cold wind out," said St. Marie.

"You don't figure to tell me, huh?"

"Nothing to tell."

"You look here, Joe! If ever a man was scared, you were when you came into that kitchen tonight. Now I want to know what lifted you out of your boots."

St. Marie considered briefly, then shrugged. "It wasn't anything; you'd laugh."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"Try it out, anyway."

Joe St. Marie grunted, planted his elbows on his bowed knees and humped over his harmonica again. The instrument let out a low quavering blat, like the distant bawl of a calf.

"And what was it drew your fire, out there by the corral?"

St. Marie did not answer; he had retreated into the stolidity native to his darker forbears.

Kentucky, stepping to the edge of the bunk, smoothly lifted the six-gun from St. Marie's side and tossed it into another bunk. The music stopped short.

Kentucky said, "Now—you—talk!"

Joe St. Marie slid his high heels under him, bunched himself as if he were going to start his music again; then the harmonica dropped to the floor as he uncoiled and sprang.

KENTUCKY dropped into a crouch and laced out with a long uppercutting wallop. Two seconds later St. Marie was on his back between the stove and the wall, while Kentucky held him down with a knee on the bronc rider's chest. "Now you be good," he said. "You fool with me, I'll snap you like a whip!"

St. Marie made a desperate effort to rise. "In God's name, Jones, there's somebody coming!"

"I don't care if there's a regiment coming. You're going to sit quiet and pretty until we talk this over."

"Then take my gun! Take my gun yourself," Joe St. Marie urged him. "You want to die?"

The honest fear in Joe St. Marie was not for Kentucky, he now recognized; undoubtedly it was for something beyond the door. "All right," said Kentucky disgustedly. He left the bronc rider, recovered St. Marie's gun, and stuck it negligently in his waistband. There was a low tapping at the door.

"Come in!"

The door opened quickly, but not wide, and Jean Ragland slid in. She shut the door and leaned against it, her hands behind her upon the latch. She wore no coat. "What's the matter here?" she demanded.

"Joe and I were wrestling," said Kentucky. "What's broke loose, Miss Ragland?"

"Nothing's broke loose." Her blue eyes looked almost black, but the yellow lamplight turned her hair into a glowing smolder, as if there were fire in it. "All right, Joe—I can't stay here forever; what happened tonight?"

Jean Ragland spoke without sharpness; but her question was an order which she obviously did not suspect could be disobeyed. Joe St. Marie dropped his eyes and swayed from side to side like a steer baffled by a fence. "Aw, Miss Ragland—"

"Come out with it, now!"

Joe St. Marie squirmed. "You wouldn't believe—"

"Never mind that."

The bronc rider could not escape Jean Ragland's waiting eyes. Suddenly he blurted out his answer:

"I seen a ghost! Miss Ragland, I swear to heaven, I seen the ghost of John Mason, as plain as I see you stand there now!"

The girl was silent a moment, astounded by St. Marie's idiotic answer. "For heaven's sake, Joe, pull yourself together! If some rider has been into this layout I want to know—"

"Miss Ragland," St. Marie insisted, "I've got good eyes. I don't forget. I know most of the cattle on this range by sight at a half mile. You think I don't remember how Old Ironsides used to set, half crooked in the saddle with his shoulders hunched—you think I wouldn't know him out of a thousand men—"

It was Jean Ragland that Kentucky Jones was watching; and now he saw that comprehension had come to her. She seemed to stiffen, and her eyes looked even darker than before.

"I saw it twice," Joe St. Marie was rushing on now. "The first time sitting out there on the hump; and again when I went out to feed my horse, farther out, going down the trail. I fired at it—and it disappeared.

"All right, Joe. Was that all you saw?"

"Good Lord, Miss Ragland, wasn't that enough?"

Jean Ragland drew a deep, unsteady breath. "Yes—I expect it was. You'd better keep this to yourself, Joe, if you know what's good for you." She added, "Both of you." She sent Kentucky Jones a glance that might have been an appeal; then suddenly turned and let herself out the door. Kentucky Jones hesitated and opened his mouth to ask Joe St. Marie a question; then, changing his mind, he followed her.

At the sound of the door Jean turned and waited; he fell in beside her and walked with her to the house.

"Miss Ragland," he said, "who, besides yourself, knows what Joe St. Marie saw tonight?"

She turned on him quickly. "Do you?"

"No; it was just a question."

"Listen," she said. "Listen. I've got to tell you this: When I—when I gave you that bullet—I swear I didn't know you had been here the day—the day Mason was killed. If I'd thought there was the least chance of your getting bogged down in this thing—"

"Am I bogged down?"

"Can't you see what Floyd Hopper means to do? Right or wrong—he'll see somebody roped. And that means more than just the sheriff against—the man he picks. All Wolf Bench will rise up to back the sheriff's play, without justice, without mercy—"

"We won't worry about that, just yet."

"But I tell you, Kentucky, if I'd only known— Is it true that he can show you had a reason to kill Mason?"

He considered. "Yes," he said.

"What can I say?" Her whisper came to him brokenly. "What can I say?"

"HOW did you first know that Mason was murdered?" he said.

She said in a smothered voice, "I can't tell you now."

"Did you know that Zack Sanders was dead?"

"No! I didn't know! I never guessed—"

"Then—"

"Don't! Don't ask me any more. I can't—I can't—"

"Child," he said gently, "you don't need to tell me anything you don't feel like telling me, now or any other time."

She said in a half-choked voice, "It's my fault that you're here."

"If there's anything I can do to make things any easier for you, I want to do it. And I don't blame you for wishing I was out of this. But—"

"No," she said in a small voice, "no, I want you to stay here."

He said to himself, "Good Lord, she means to use me yet!" Aloud he said, "Then that's all right."

She spoke with difficulty. "This—this is the meanest thing I ever did in my life."

"What is?"

She did not answer him; but instead she unexpectedly crooked an elbow around his neck, pulled down his head, and kissed his mouth.

When she was gone he stood for a moment or two in the snow, considering. Far off somewhere a timber wolf howled, the first he had heard in half a dozen years.

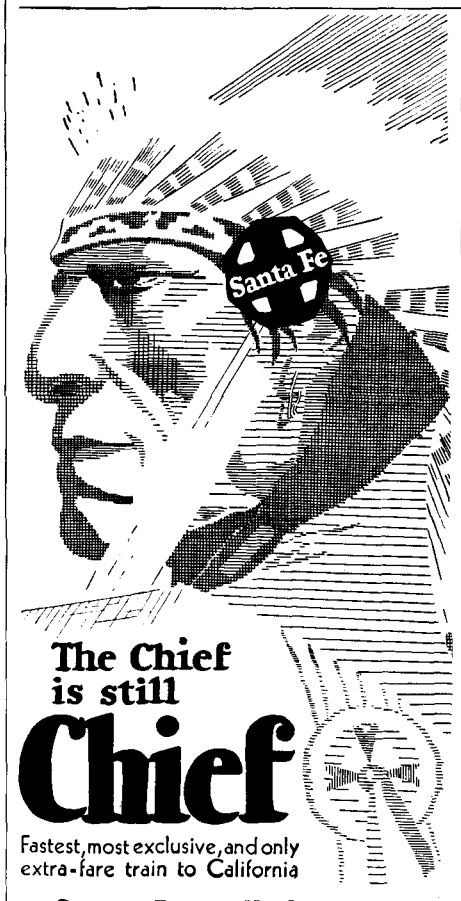
(To be continued next week)

I've learned how to pick candy bars

I JUST step up and take *any one* of the four Mars Confections: Chocolate Milky Way, Vanilla Milky Way, Snickers, or Honey Almond. They're all different from each other, and still not one of them tastes like any other candy I ever tried.

No wonder they taste different from all others. Whole milk . . . *fresh eggs* . . . all ingredients of the very finest quality. There's just one thing I demand of a candy bar. *It must be a Mars Confection!*

MARS CONFECTIONS



The Chief is still Chief

Fastest, most exclusive, and only extra-fare train to California

Santa Fe "all the way"

The Chief will carry a Special Phoenix Pullman this winter.

After California—Hawaii

MAIL COUPON

W. J. BLACK, Pass. Traf. Mgr., Santa Fe Sys. Lines
1029 Ry. Exch., Chicago, Ill. Check those wanted:
☐ California ☐ Death Valley
☐ The Indian-detours ☐ Arizona
☐ Grand Canyon ☐ All-expense Tours
☐ California and Arizona Hotel Rates.
Name.....
Address.....

A Seed that keeps you Normal

Psylla sweeps the system clean with gentle thoroughness. When immersed in water these tiny seeds swell to a soft, jelly-like mass which goes through the colon, carrying poisons with it.

Psylla is used and endorsed by the famous Battle Creek Sanitarium. It lubricates the intestines and furnishes the necessary bulk to make the sluggish colon act without drugs. It comes in two varieties, Psylla White and Psylla Black. Both are equally effective. Just ask your druggist, department store or local authorized Battle Creek dealer.

FREE diet advice MAIL COUPON!

At Battle Creek we maintain a staff of dietitians to advise you on any diet problem. *Check your particular diet problem on the coupon below* and mail to our Dietetic Department. We will send you suggestions for your individual diet, without charge.

Dietetic Dept. The Battle Creek Food Co., Battle Creek, Mich.
I want to avail myself of your Free Diet Service. My diet problem is checked below. Also send copy of "Healthful Living."
☐ Constipation ☐ Acid Stomach ☐ Overweight
☐ Nervousness (Check your diet problem) ☐ Underweight
Col.-1-347
Name.....
Address.....
City..... State.....

Insist on Genuine BATTLE CREEK PSYLLA

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

CAPTAINS, actors, kings and clowns, sobs and laughs and smiles and frowns. On the air tall tales are told to tempt the ear of young and old. Sunday nights from Collier's pages — entertainment for all ages.

TUNING TABLE

Baltimore	WBAL
Boston	WBZ
Chicago	KYW
Cincinnati	WLW
Cleveland	WGAR
Denver	KOA
Detroit	WJR
Kansas City, Kan.	WREN
Los Angeles	KFI
New York	WJZ
Pittsburgh	KDKA
Portland, Ore.	KGW
Rochester, N.Y.	WHAM
St. Louis	KWK
Salt Lake City	KSL
San Francisco	KGO
Seattle	KOMO
Spokane	KHQ
Springfield, Mass.	WBZA

Stations associated with the National Broadcasting Company, Inc.

TIME

8:15 P. M. Eastern
7:15 P. M. Central
6:15 P. M. Mountain
5:15 P. M. Pacific Coast

Every Sunday Evening

Collier's Radio Hour

MONEY FOR YOU AT HOME

You can earn good money in spare time at home making display cards. No selling or canvassing. We instruct you, furnish complete outfit and supply you with work. Write to-day for free booklet.
The MENHENITT COMPANY Limited
270 Dominion Bldg., Toronto, Ont.

For a Pal

Continued from page 8

Anyway, as Little Yid and Blind Benny are being prodded up the aisle by the big guys, Blind Benny states as follows:

"I still claim," he says, "that it sounds like a rotten play."

"Well," Little Yid says, "the acting certainly is."

There is much applause as Yid and Benny are getting the heave-o, and many citizens claim it is because the customers are glad to see them heaved, but afterwards it comes out that what many of the customers are really applauding is the statements by Little Yid and Benny.

Well, Yid and Benny do not mind getting the heave-o so much, as they are heaved out of many better theaters than this in their time, but they are very indignant when the box office refuses to give them back the admission price, although of course their duckets do not cost them anything in the first place and they are a little out of line in trying to collect.

THEY are standing on the sidewalk saying what an outrage it is when all of a sudden out of the theater pops this doll by the name of Mary Marble, and her face is very red, and she is also very indignant, because it seems that in the second act of the play there are some very coarse cracks let out on the stage, and it seems that Mary Marble is such a doll as believes that cracks of this nature are only fit for married people to hear, and she is by no means married.

Of course Little Yid and Blind Benny do not know at the time that she is Mary Marble, and in fact they do not know her from Adam's off ox as she marches up to them and speaks as follows:

"Gentlemen," she says, "I wish to compliment you on your judgment of the affair inside. I hear what you say as you are getting ejected," she says, "and I wish to state that you are both right. It is a rotten play, and the acting is rotten."

Now off this meeting, what happens but Mary Marble gets to going around with Little Yid and Blind Benny whenever she can spare time from her job, which is managing a little joint on Broadway where they sell stockings such as dolls wear on their legs, except in summer time, although even when they wear these stockings you cannot tell if a doll has anything on her legs unless you pinch them, the stockings that dolls wear nowadays being very thin, indeed. Furthermore, whenever she is with them, it is now Mary Marble who does most of the explaining to Blind Benny of what is going on, because Mary Marble is such a doll as is just naturally bound to do all the explaining necessary when she is around.

When it comes to looks, Mary Marble is practically no dice. In fact, if she is not the homeliest doll on Broadway, I will guarantee she is no worse than a dead heat with the homeliest. She has a large beezer and large feet, and her shape is nothing whatever to speak of, and Regret, the horse player, says they never need to be afraid of entering Mary Marble in a claiming race at any price. But of course Regret is such a guy as will not give you a counterfeit dime for any doll no matter what she looks like.

Mary Marble is maybe twenty-five years old—although Regret says he will lay six to five against her being any better than twenty-eight—and about all she has running for her, any way you take her, is a voice that is soft and gentle and very nice, indeed, except that she is fond of using it more than somewhat.

She comes from a little town over in Pennsylvania, and is pretty well educated, and there is no doubt whatever that she is unusually respectable, because such a looking doll as Mary Marble has no excuse for being anything but respectable on Broadway. In fact, Mary Marble is so respectable that many citizens figure there must be an angle, but it is agreed by one and all that she is perfectly safe with Little Yid and Blind Benny, no matter what.

And now at night instead of always doping the horses, Little Yid and Blind Benny will often sit up in their room talking about nothing much but Mary Marble, and Benny asks Yid a million questions over and over again.

"Tell me, Yid," Blind Benny will say, "what does Mary look like?"

"She is beautiful," Yid always says.

Well, of course, this is practically perjury, and many citizens figure that Yid tells Blind Benny this very large lie because he has an idea Benny wishes to hear only the very best about Mary Marble, although it comes out afterwards that Little Yid thinks Mary Marble is beautiful, at that.

"She is like an angel," he says.

"Yes, yes," Blind Benny says, "tell me more."

And Little Yid keeps on telling him, and if Mary Marble is only one eighth as good-looking as Yid tells, Ziegfeld and Georgie White and Earl Carroll will be breaking each other's legs trying to get to her first.

"Well," Blind Benny often says, after Little Yid gets through telling him about Mary Marble, "she is just as I picture her to myself, Yid," he says. "I never care so much about not being able to see until now, and even now all I wish to see is Mary."

The idea seems to be that Blind Benny is in love with Mary Marble, and the way Little Yid is always boosting her it is no wonder. In fact, the chances are a lot of other citizens will be in love with Mary Marble if they listen to Yid telling Blind Benny about her, and never get a gander at her personally.

But Blind Benny does not mention right out that he is in love with Mary Marble, and it may be that he does not really know what is eating him, which is often the case with guys who are in love. All Blind Benny knows is that he likes to be with Mary Marble and to listen to her explaining things to him, and, what is more, Mary Marble seems to like to be with Blind Benny, and to explain things to him, although as far as this goes Mary Marble is such a doll as likes to be explaining things to anybody any time she gets a chance.

NOW Little Yid and Blind Benny are still an entry at all times, even when Mary Marble is with them, but many citizens see that Little Yid is getting all sorrowed up, and they figure it is because he feels Blind Benny is gradually drifting away from him after all these years, and everybody sympathizes with Little Yid no little, and there is some talk of getting him another blind guy to steer around in case Blind Benny finally leaves him for good.

Then it comes on a Saturday night when Little Yid says he must go over to Hoboken to see his brothers about the cap business and, as Mary Marble has to work in the stocking joint on Saturday nights, Little Yid asks Blind Benny to go with him.

Of course Blind Benny does not care two cents about the cap business, but Little Yid explains to him that he knows a Dutchman's in Hoboken where there is some very nice real beer, and if there is one thing Blind Benny likes more than somewhat it is nice real beer, especially as it seems that since they become acquainted with Mary Marble he seldom gets nice real beer, as Mary Marble is a terrible knocker against such matters as nice real beer.

So they start out for Hoboken, and Little Yid sees his brothers about the cap business, and then he takes Blind Benny to a Dutchman's to get the nice real beer, only it turns out that the beer is not real, and by no means nice, being all needled up with alky, and full of headaches, and one thing and another. But of course Little Yid and Blind Benny are not going around complaining about beer even if it is needled, as, after all, needled beer is better than no beer whatever.

THEY sit around the Dutchman's quite a while, although it turns out that the Dutchman is nothing but a Polack, and then they nab a late ferryboat for home, as Little Yid says he wishes to ride on a ferryboat to get the breeze. As far as Blind Benny is concerned he does not care how they go as long as he can get back to New York to meet up with Mary Marble when she is through work.

There are not many citizens on the ferryboat with them, because it is getting on toward midnight, and at such an hour anybody who lives in Jersey is home in bed. In fact, there are not over four or five other passengers on the ferryboat with Little Yid and Blind Benny, and these passengers are all dozing on the benches in the smoking-room with their legs stuck out in front of them.

Now if you know anything about a ferryboat you know that they always hook big gates across each end of such a boat to keep automobiles and trucks and citizens and one thing and another from going off these ends into the water when the ferryboat is traveling back and forth, as naturally it will be a great nuisance to other boats in the river to have things falling off the ferryboats and clogging up the stream.

Well, Little Yid is away out on the end of the ferryboat up against the gate enjoying the breeze, and Blind Benny is leaning against the rail just outside the smoking-room door where Little Yid plants him when they get on the boat, and Blind Benny is smoking a big heater that he gets at the Dutchman's and maybe thinking of Mary Marble, when all of a sudden Little Yid yells like this:

"Oh, Benny," he yells, "come here."

Naturally Benny turns and goes in the direction of the voice and Little Yid's voice comes from the stern, and Blind Benny keeps following his beezer in the direction of the voice, expecting to feel Little Yid's hand stopping him any minute, and the next thing he knows he is walking right off the ferryboat into the river.

Of course Blind Benny cannot continue walking after he hits the water, so he sinks at once, making a sound like glug-glug as he goes down. It is in the fall of the year, and the water is by no means warm, so as Benny comes up for air he naturally lets out a loud squawk, but by this time the ferryboat is quite some jumps away from him, and nobody seems to see him, or even hear him.

Now Blind Benny cannot swim a lick, so he sinks again with a glug-glug. He comes up once more, and this time he does not squawk so loud, but he sings out, very distinct, as follows: "Good-by, Pal Yid."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

All of a sudden there is quite a splash in the water near the ferryboat, and Little Yid is swimming for Blind Benny so fast the chances are he will make a sucker of Johnny Weissmuller if Johnny happens to be around, for Little Yid is a regular goldfish when it comes to water, although he is not much of a hand for going swimming without provocation.

He has to dive for Blind Benny, for by this time Blind Benny is going down for the third time, and everybody knows that a guy is only allowed three downs when he is drowning. In fact, Blind Benny is almost down where the crabs live before Little Yid can get a fistful of his collar. At first Little Yid's idea is to take Blind Benny by the hair, but he remembers in time that Benny does not have much hair, so he compromises on the collar.

And being a little guy, Yid has quite a job getting Benny to the top and keeping him there. But this time the ferryboat is almost at its dock on the New York side, and nobody on board seems to realize that it is shy a couple of passengers, although of course the ferryboat company is not going to worry about that as it collects the fares in advance. But it is a pretty lucky break for Little Yid and Blind Benny that a tugboat happens along and picks them up, or Yid may be swimming around the North River to this day with Blind Benny by the nape of the neck going glug-glug.

THE captain of the tugboat is a kind old guy with whiskers by the name of Deusenberg, and he is very sorry indeed to see them in such a situation, so after he hauls them on board the tugboat, and spreads them out on bunks to let them dry, he throws a couple of slugs of gin into Little Yid and Blind Benny, it being gin of such a nature that they are half sorry they do not go ahead and drown before they meet up with it.

Then the captain unloads them at Forty-second Street on the New York side, and by this time, between the water and the gin, Blind Benny is very much fagged out, indeed, and in bad shape generally, so Little Yid puts him in a cab and takes him to a hospital.

Well, for several days Blind Benny is no better than even money to get well, because even after they get the water out of him they still have to contend with the gin, and Mary Marble is around carrying on quite some, and saying she does not see how Little Yid can be so careless as to let Benny walk off the end of a ferryboat when there are gates to prevent such a thing, or how he can let Benny drink tugboat gin, and many citizens do not see either, especially about the gin.

AS FOR Little Yid, he is looking very sad, and is at the hospital at all times, and finally, one day when Blind Benny is feeling all right again, Little Yid sits down beside his bed, and speaks to him as follows:

"Benny," Little Yid says, "I will now make a confession to you, and I will then go away somewhere and knock myself off. Benny," he says, "I let you fall into the river on purpose. In fact," Little Yid says, "I unhook the gate across the passageway and call you, figuring you will follow the sound of my voice and walk on off the boat into the water.

"I am very sorry about this," Little Yid says, "but, Benny," he says, "I love Mary Marble more than somewhat, although I never before mention this to a soul. Not even to Mary Marble, because," Little Yid says, "I know she loves you, as you love her. I love her," Little Yid says, "from the night we first meet, and this love winds up by making me a little daffy.

"I get to thinking," Little Yid says, "that with you out of the way Mary Marble will turn to me and love me instead. But," he says, starting to shed large tears, "when I hear your voice from the water saying 'Good-by, Pal Yid,' my heart begins to break, and I must jump in after you. So now you know, and I will go away and shoot myself through the head if I can find somebody to lend me a Roscoe, because I am no good."

"Why," Blind Benny says, "Pal Yid, what you tell me about leading me into the river is no news to me. In fact," he says, "I know it the minute I hit the water because, although I am blind, I see many things as I am going down, and I see very plain that you must do this thing on purpose, because I know you are close enough around to grab me if you wish.

"I know, of course," Blind Benny says, "that there is bound to be a gate across the end of the boat because I often feel it before, and in fact I remember hearing them fix this gate when we are leaving Hoboken. So," he says, "I see that you must unhook this gate. I see that for some reason you wish to knock me off, although I do not see the reason, and the chances are I will never see it unless you tell me now, so I do not put up more of a holler and maybe attract the attention of the other guys on the boat. I am willing to let it all go as it lays."

"My goodness," Little Yid says, "this is most surprising to me, indeed. In fact," he says, "I scarcely know what to say, Benny. In fact," he says, "I cannot figure out why you are willing to go without putting up a very large beef."

"Well, Pal Yid," Benny says, reaching out and taking Little Yid by the hand, "I am so fond of you that I figure if my being dead is going to do you any good, I am willing to die, even though I do not know why. Although," Benny says, "it seems to me you can think up a nicer way of scragging me than by drowning, because you know I loathe and despise water. Now then," he says, "as for Mary Marble, if you—"

But Little Yid never lets Blind Benny finish this, because he cuts in and speaks as follows:

"Benny," he says, "if you are willing to die for me, I can certainly afford to give up a doll for you, especially," he says, "as my people tell me only yesterday that if I marry anybody who is not of my religion, which is slightly Jewish, they will chop me off at the pants pocket. You take Mary Marble," he says, "and I will stake you to my blessing, and maybe a wedding present."

SO THE upshot of the whole business is Mary Marble is now Mrs. Blind Benny, and Blind Benny seems to be very happy, indeed, although some citizens claim the explanations he gets nowadays of whatever is going on are much shorter than when he is with Little Yid, while Little Yid is over in Hoboken in the cap racket with his brothers, and he never sees Blind Benny any more, as Mary Marble still holds the gin against him.

Personally, I always consider Little Yid's conduct in this matter very self-sacrificing, and furthermore I consider him a very great hero for rescuing Blind Benny from the river, and I am saying as much only the other day to Regret, the horse player.

"Yes," Regret says, "it sounds very self-sacrificing, indeed, and maybe Little Yid is a hero, at that, but," Regret says, "many citizens are criticizing him no little for sawing off such a crow as Mary Marble on a poor blind guy."

"Don't spill anything on that weskit, big boy; it set me back fifteen smackers"

Nate Collier

HOME-STUDY BUSINESS TRAINING

Your opportunity can never be bigger than your preparation. Prepare now and reap the rewards in earlier and larger success. *Free 64-Page Books Tell How.* Write *now* for book you want, or mail coupon with your name and address in margin *today.*

O Higher Accountancy	O Business Mgm't
O Mod. Salesmanship	O Business Corres.
O Traffic Management	O Credit and Collection Correspondence
O Law: Degree of LL.B.	
O Commercial Law	O Modern Foremanship
O Industrial Mgm't	O Personnel Mgm't
O Banking and Finance	O Expert Bookkeeping
O Telegraphy	O C. P. A. Coaching
O Rail. Station Mgm't	O Business English
O Railway Accounting	O Commercial Spanish
O Paper Salesmanship	O Effective Speaking

LA SALLE EXTENSION UNIVERSITY
Dept. 140-R Chicago

Let me pay you up to $75 A WEEK

A daily income of quick, cash commissions in advance by representing me in your locality. My prices are sensationally reduced on all-wool, tailored-to-measure suits. **Amazing values**—$19.50—24.50—29.50— make orders easy to take. 100% co-operation, liberal bonus to producers who show my **big selling,** well known line. No special experience required. Big **FREE** outfit of large swatches puts you in business. Write now. **W. Z. GIBSON, Inc.**
500 Throop St., Dept. N431, Chicago

Lowest Prices in 24 years

EARN MONEY AT HOME

YOU can make $15 to $50 weekly in spare or full time at home coloring photographs. No experience needed. No canvassing. We instruct you by our new simple Photo-Color process and supply you with work. Write for particulars and Free Book to-day.
The IRVING-VANCE COMPANY Ltd.
140 Hart Building, Toronto, Can.

WANTED: SERVICE MAN

Large manufacturer has number of positions open in various parts of country for middle-aged men to demonstrate and take orders for our new Improved Fire Extinguisher. Want man who is willing to refill and recharge all types of extinguishers along with the regular work. Service work alone should produce earnings of $35 to $50 a week in addition to earnings from sale of new equipment. Prospects—Factories, Stores, Garages, Schools, Theatres, Public Institutions, Warehouses, Truck and Bus Owners, Homes, Farmers, etc. If you are looking for an easy salary job don't waste time writing as we are looking for men who are ambitious to earn more than an ordinary salary job will pay. Address:
FYR-FYTER CO., 4-49 Fyr-Fyter Bldg., Dayton, Ohio

Learn Radio in 10 Weeks
TELEVISION
TALKING PICTURES
Prepare for jobs in Service Work, Broadcasting, Talking Pictures, Television, Wireless, etc., by ten weeks of practical shop work in the great Coyne Radio Shops. Free Employment Service. Write today for our Big Free Radio and Television Book.
Radio Division, Coyne Electrical School, Dept. 12-8A
500 South Paulina Street · · Chicago, Illinois

DO YOU WANT a new business profession of your own, with all the trade you can attend to? Then become a foot correctionist, and in a few weeks earn big income in service fees—not medical nor chiropody—easy terms for home training, no further capital needed, no goods to buy, agency. Established 1894. Address
Stephenson Laboratory,

LITTLE AD
200 note sheets printed with postpaid for Try a box.
AMERIC

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Big Pink

Continued from page 28

"Cops?" Miss Sullivan's eyebrows arched. "What do they want him for?"

"The way you talked I thought you could tell me." Mr. Solomon shrugged his shoulders. "All I know is a state trooper was in here trying to third-degree me about the Pink. I don't know what they want him for but they want him, all right. So I figure there might be something in it for us, after all. I looked over the papers for a couple weeks back and there's been quite a bunch of jobs that'd be good for headlines. There was a peach of a torch murder over in Jersey and—"

"Listen, you got the wrong number." Nevada spoke with assurance. "D'ja notice the kid I was dancing with last night?"

"I noticed you okayed his checks for eighty-two fifty." Mr. Solomon's face went into shadow. "If you got to fall for some kid in college, why not pick one with jack enough on him to pay for his own drinks? This one—"

"If this one signs checks for eight grand it goes," Nevada said sharply. "For one thing he's Breck Maybury's boy, and for another he gave me an earful, last night, that might be cheap at twice the jack. He goes to the college where the Big Pink's a professor."

"A professor?" Mr. Solomon's jaw sagged. "In a college?"

"You said it. Professor Beekman Winship. And not only that. Up to last week he wore whiskers!"

Mr. Solomon leaned forward.

"Where's this college?"

"Some place in Jersey."

Mr. Solomon struck his thigh. "It all fits in! I bet you I know who he is! I bet you he's the torch mur—"

"Oh, behave, Irv!" Nevada's gesture halted him in the act of reaching for the telephone. "If it was so, would you spill the story before we figured out how to cash in on it?"

"It's got to be done quick," Irving insisted. "That trooper might throw his pinch any minute. There's a five grand reward for this torch mur—"

"Listen. Do you think torch killers go around hunting for free advertising? If the Pink wanted to keep under cover would he come here and get introduced as the coming champ?"

The brightness of Mr. Solomon's face dimmed slightly.

"Well, if he isn't under cover, where's the front-page stuff for us? If he's just a college professor—"

"Wouldn't it be front-page stuff if a college professor quit his racket and started to crash the fight business?"

"Sure," Mr. Solomon admitted. "Headlines for him, anyhow, the first time he climbed in the ring with a fighter that didn't learn the business in a college. But front pages for us—how?"

"I could get engaged to him, couldn't I?" Nevada spoke with the annoyance of one obliged to diagram the self-evident. Her brother considered.

"Not till we know more about him, anyhow," he said. "What's the use of getting engaged to a bird who you don't know whether he's only a stumblebum scrapper or a swell torch murderer?"

THIS, Miss Sullivan admitted, was a reasonable position. When her brother had gone, however, she gave herself over to meditation and presently found light. By means of the telephone she placed herself in communication with the nearest source of reliable information on questions relating to the ring.

"Listen, Dan. What about this Big Pink?"

what about him?" Mc-
arry told Nevada
mation and that
ith it. This
ristic of
spiring
ie was

usually eager to speak fluently and at length.. Miss Sullivan wasted a large smile on the telephone transmitter.

"I'm giving you a break, Dan. You know if I get interested in this baby I can have him all over the front page before you could even squeeze him into the death notices."

"Yeah?"

The irony was not quite convincing. Once more Nevada smiled into the transmitter. In normal circumstances the suggestion would have caused McGurk's voice to quiver with anxiety to please.

"Yeah. And if I don't get interested in him a lotta other things might happen."

"Such as what?"

"Well, for instance, I might do a little talking to the state trooper that—"

"S-s-s-h!" The diaphragm of the receiver rattled under the urgency of Mr. McGurk's request for caution. "I guess I better come over and see you."

"For the first time since the San Francisco fire," Miss Sullivan stated cheerfully, "you guessed right!"

She replaced the receiver.

BUT little versed in the idiom of the underworld, Beekman Winship knew what it meant to be taken for a ride. The sinister implications of this phrase persistently occurred to him, although, through the cool, stippling shadows of late afternoon, he was taken merely for a walk.

The lady who took him was very lovely. Adverb and adjective forced themselves upon his unwilling thought. Mrs. Bedloe had always pleased the eye; today he was obliged to admit that she was beautiful.

He passed one of Signor Primavera's silk handkerchiefs lightly over his brow.

"I felt—" Mrs. Bedloe spoke in a hushed, thrilling murmur—"I felt that I owed you this."

"Ah—not at all." Winship cast a hunted glance at the inclosing walls of woods. "Not at all."

"But I doo-oo!" She drew out the sweetness of the wood-dove note. "I owe you everything I can possibly give, and more, oh, so much, much more."

Again Winship had recourse to the bright-bordered handkerchief. If Eddie Jewett had stayed awake they would have been doing roadwork by this time. And only a few minutes ago he had been hoping that Eddie would stay asleep!

"So much, much more!" Mrs. Bedloe repeated softly. Winship knew that speech was urgently required of him.

"Ah—not at all. Not at all."

"It's so like you to say that!" Her eyes swam up at him. "But I know! Sometimes I hate myself, Beekman, for being—" she paused, the rose-leaf color deepening, "for being good!"

A faint gasping sound escaped him.

"You needn't say it. I know. You're going to tell me that you couldn't care so much if I were—different. That's why I feel that I must tell you. Perhaps you can stop caring when you know that lately I've come to realize that I'm not good, not really good. I'm just afraid, conventional, selfish, taking everything, giving nothing."

Again a wordless noise issued from Winship.

"Does it make you hate me, despise me, to know what I'm really like?"

Dully Winship's brain remembered something. You could either push 'em in the face or equivocate 'em. It was, he discovered, impossible to adopt the first expedient. Therefore, equivocally, he shook his head.

"Truly? You care—so much?"

She had halted. Somehow he had been compelled to face her. Any answer, he perceived, except in the affirmative, would be equivalent to a push in the face. This being still impossible, he was obliged again to bow his head.

"Oh," she breathed. "I'm so sorry!"

She did not, however, sound sorry. Lifting his glance, he discovered that she did not look sorry, either. Indeed, meeting her eyes, he felt a sudden heart-freezing panic. These were not the eyes of a good woman. They were not the eyes, even, of a conventional woman. They were—

Blessedly the sound of thudding footsteps reached him. He could turn, now, could move his glance in the direction of those approaching thuds. Air was able to descend profoundly into lungs that had abandoned, for the moment, the business of breathing.

Around an angle in the path, elbows against ribs, clenched hands pressed to his bosom, stern purpose in his countenance, knees lifting high, came Ronald Bedloe, running.

He halted, stock-still, at the sight of his wife. The blankness of his wide, scared eyes led Winship's glance back to the lady. Her lips were parted; her brows had arched; the rose-leaf color had deepened to the rich, dark tone of purple cabbage.

"Ronald *darling!*"

The epithet was used, unmistakably, for the conveyance of emotions other than affection. Mr. Bedloe achieved a sickly grin.

"It's your embroidery hour!"

The grin became slightly more feeble.

"I—well, you see, I finished the pansy yesterday and—"

"But, dearest!"

"I didn't seem to feel like embroidery, 's afternoon. Went for a walk instead."

Mr. Bedloe's manner, still defensive and apologetic, held now a hint of resolution.

"Walk? Why, you were *running!*"

"Li'l roadwork," Bedloe said. "Get up an appetite for dinner."

THE suggestion of resolve was now more perceptible. Winship was moved to envy. After all, the heel of the hand . . .

"Appetite? Dinner?"

Mrs. Bedloe seemed to recoil.

"I can't eat without an appetite, can I? And I've got to eat or Eddie'll feel uncomfortable, won't he?"

He replaced his fists against his flat bosom. He clenched his teeth. Lifting his knees magnificently, he ran on. His wife's blank gaze pursued him to the angle in the path. Slowly it returned to Winship, the gaze, now, of a thoroughly good woman.

"I must see Dr. Frisbee about this! Running! When he's hardly had strength enough for his embroidery lessons!"

She stepped forward briskly. Winship gladly accommodated himself to the unromantic pace. Although, during the journey to the sanitarium, Mrs. Bedloe showed no sign of wishing to resume the interrupted conversation, he was conscious of a genuine pleasure in the sight of Dr. Rufus Frisbee on the broad lawn surrounding what had once been the Narrow Harbor clubhouse.

Even an undersized, heavily bewhiskered quack doctor like Frisbee, Winship discovered, might serve a noble purpose in the scheme of things.

He sighed deeply as Mrs. Bedloe, with a gesture that forbade him to follow, approached the doctor. Curiously, however, it was a sigh not wholly of relief.

Other things than blessings, it appeared, could brighten as they took their flight. He was shocked to find that he was base enough, stupid enough, to be faintly sorry that Ronald Bedloe had not arrived a little later. Unworthily he allowed himself to believe that in another moment, had they remained alone, Julie Bedloe would have kissed him.

Such a kiss, in theory, should only have mocked a heart that ached for a still lovelier lady. In practice, however, Winship felt fairly certain that it might have helped.

Mrs. Bedloe beckoned to him. He obeyed the summons, discovering that his dislike for Frisbee had revived.

"Oh, Beekman! Dr. Frisbee says it only means that Ronald's getting better!"

"Oh, he does, does he?" The sound of his voice startled and shocked Winship. It was a rough, harsh, discourteous voice. A random memory brought to his lips a flippant phrase of Beechy's. "Darned clever, these Chinese!" He barely managed not to utter it.

DR. FRISBEE bowed. "The desire for mild exercise gives ground for a most encouraging prognosis. Most encouraging. A change in the occupational treatment is indicated. Strongly indicated." He frowned thoughtfully. "Half-hours, perhaps, in the kitchen garden, morning and afternoon." His glance descended to the turf. "Possibly we may even decide to allow a more advanced treatment. I cannot promise definitely, dear lady, but I may say that I hope, I hope with some degree of confidence, to find Mr. Bedloe ready for one of our most effective methods of readjustment. From what you tell me I am almost sure that he is ready, now, for lawn-mowing."

"Lawn-mowing! So soon!"

Mrs. Bedloe spoke with soft, incredulous delight. Winship, however, glancing at the turf, barely resisted another impulse to rude, jeering speech. There might be doubt as to Bedloe's readiness for readjustment by lawn-mower, but there was no doubt whatever that the grass was ready. It cost him a sharp effort to refrain from saying so. He listened unsympathetically to parting words between Julie and the doctor and, as the homeward journey was begun, to Julie's rejoicings over Ronald Bedloe's imminent recovery.

In the midst of these she seemed suddenly to observe his unresponsiveness. She stopped.

"How cruelly inconsiderate of me! When every word must hurt you so!"

Ignobly a homely phrase intruded upon Winship's thought: this was more like it!

"And when I owe even this to you! When it's all because of you that—"

She paused.

"Oh, I'm so ashamed, Beekman, to let you give so much, when I give nothing!"

Winship held his tongue. Once more he was afraid, but not, this time, unanimously. There was a minority opinion that dissented strongly, that was not a bit afraid.

"Nothing," Julie repeated, "*but this!*"

Rising to sudden tiptoe, she kissed him.

It helped, he discovered. At least it helped until, at a faint sound behind him, he turned and, above the intervening shrubbery, met the indignant gaze of a tall black horse.

From the summit of this animal, visibly sharing its indignation and disdain, Miss Wilhelmina Borden looked briefly down on Beekman Winship. Then, without speech, she cantered on.

(To be continued next week)

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A Modern Miracle

Continued from page 30

light-colored hair are chosen, because skin condition is better and more easily determined on a light-haired animal. Only heifers are used, for reasons of cleanliness. The skin must be absolutely free from disease when the heifer is bought, and even then each one goes through a cresol dip before it is put in quarantine. They are quarantined ten days and then tested for tuberculosis and put through a thorough physical examination for skin infections, scratches or abrasions.

When they are prepared for inoculation, they are scrubbed all over and even the hoofs are carefully cleaned. Then they are taken to the operating-room, and the belly is prepared for operation.

When it is time to remove the scabs, in four days, the cow is again taken to the operating-room, the belly is again sterilized and the scabs are removed and put at once into sterile glycerine and water.

Our Insurance Against Sickness

In the old days, the cows used for vaccine production were borrowed from the farmer and returned to him. That is against the law now, although they say there is no good reason why such cows are not as good for other purposes as they ever were. The cows are now slaughtered and used for the enormous quantities of beef broth needed in bacteriological work. Cows which have been used for anthrax immunization are immediately killed and incinerated when their work is done.

Everybody who has a prejudice against vaccination and inoculation should visit one of these farms, which are run by private enterprise, of course, but which are supervised and licensed by the government as a part of the protection it gives its citizens. If a visit to such a place sends you away still believing that making use of animals for such a purpose, and in such a humane and scientific way is unjustified, you are not honest with yourself if you ever go to a meat market again.

There is something sacred, strangely enough, to most of us about food. If we need things for food, we can reconcile ourselves to any method of obtaining them. But to the doctor there is something sacred about health. The average doctor will go to great lengths, not only for himself but for others, to insure health. That bacteriological research, with its use of animals, has given health a greater insurance than was ever thought possible we can't deny.

We have only to look into the history of smallpox to verify that statement. Smallpox, nowadays, does not occur in epidemics where vaccination is a community habit. But when it does occur, in sections of this country where there is a general prejudice against vaccination, those people who have been vaccinated are in most cases protected from the disease. We have come to look upon smallpox as a rare disease; something which we need fear only if we go to certain countries where the general standard of living is lower than our own. We forget that it was once a common scourge in this country, and not because our standard of living was lower then than it is now. Our most respectable and honored citizens did not escape it, and if they survived they were pitted by it. George Washington was a notable example. It is the more or less general practice of vaccination which has made smallpox a rare disease in this country.

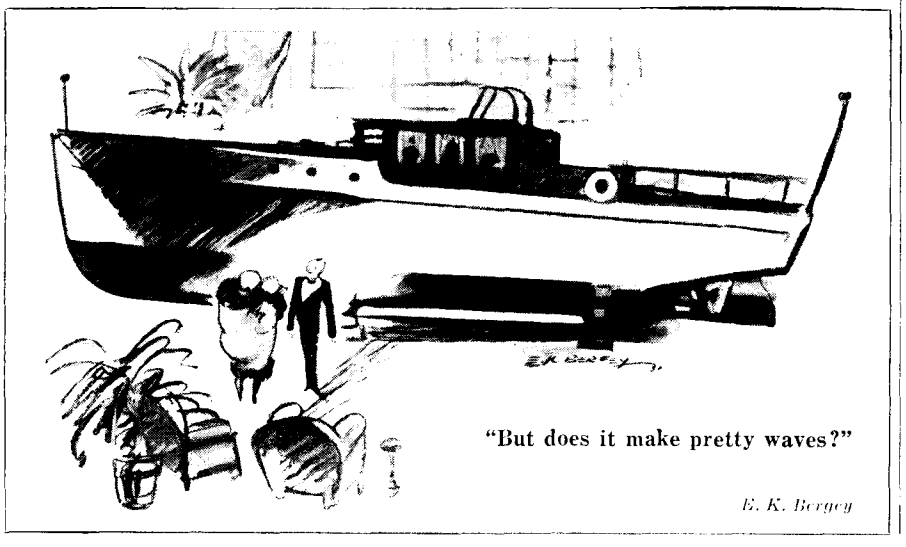
Our protection against diphtheria is a much more recent achievement of the scientists. But even with only a few years of the use of toxin-antitoxin, the facts about diphtheria are enough to make us take off our hats to the patient research worker. What was, only a few years ago, a pitiful and terrifying menace to the lives and health of children is now working its way, as a cause of death and disability, down the list of children's diseases.

I can understand the point of view of parents who are reluctant to have their children vaccinated and inoculated. They have heard, no doubt, of the things that used to happen, occasionally, after vaccination. But these unfortunate accidents have been eliminated by new methods, both of producing the vaccine and of treating the vaccinated area.

Your Duty to Society

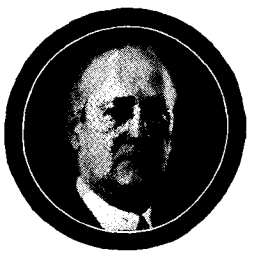
Our responsibility about having our children inoculated is not only a responsibility to them: the child who has not been protected is a potential menace to the community. Every child who contracts diphtheria because his parents have dreaded to have him immunized is a danger to other children who may have had no opportunity to be immunized.

I can't be unsympathetic with the timorous parent. But I can say, if you don't feel sure about the safety of the procedure, and are not willing to trust your doctor, inform yourself. Go visit one of the farms and one of the laboratories where vaccines are made, read the history of these diseases, and satisfy your conscience toward your community. The use of animals for scientific purposes is not cruel and inhuman and unclean. But don't take my word for it. Go and find out for yourself, and marvel at one of the miracles of civilization.



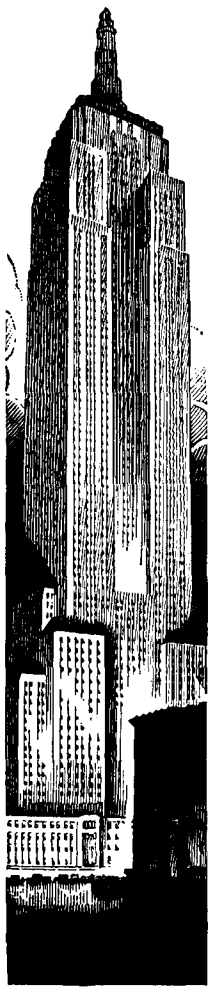
"But does it make pretty waves?"

E. K. Bergey



THE BUSINESS LEADERS OF TODAY

ARE THE I.C.S. STUDENTS OF YESTERDAY



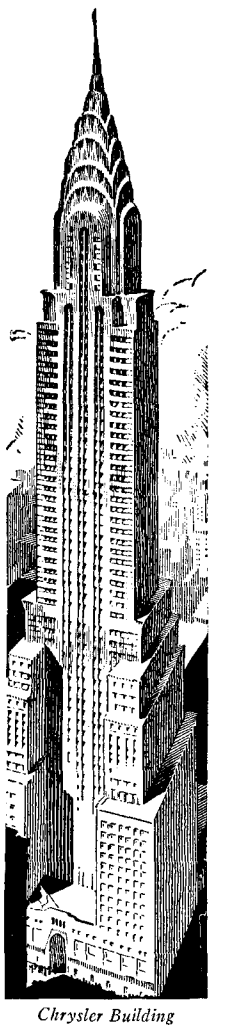
Empire State Building

STANDING in architectural grandeur above the sidewalks of New York, the Empire State and Chrysler Buildings are the tallest structures in the world. Necessarily built of the finest materials, all hollow metal swing units and running members in these buildings were manufactured by the Metal Door and Trim Company, of La Porte, Indiana. The Daily News Building, the Chanin Building, the Lincoln Building, New York Central Railroad Building and others throughout the country are also equipped with products supplied by this company.

E. J. Zahner is president of the Metal Door and Trim Company. Founded immediately after the World War with a personnel of 40 men, the company today employs over 400 men. Mr. Zahner, long experienced in metal manufacturing, cites spare-time study of International Correspondence Schools Courses as one of the most influential factors in his success. He says:

"Text of International Correspondence Schools Courses is solid reading that requires study and application. There have been in the past, and are now enough of your conscientious students in this plant to demonstrate that you can help toward success a man who makes it possible for you to help him through work of his own. For this reason your work here is encouraged by us. Before I was twenty-one years old I was studying an I. C. S. Course in commerce and engineering elements. It helped me!"

Whatever your profession, an I. C. S. Course can help you as it has done thousands of business leaders throughout the world for forty years. Why not begin *today* preparing yourself to earn more money? The I. C. S. students of today will be the business leaders of tomorrow!



Chrysler Building

MARK AND MAIL THE COUPON

INTERNATIONAL CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOLS

SCRANTON, PENNSYLVANIA

INTERNATIONAL CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOLS
Box 4085-B, SCRANTON PENNA.

Without cost or obligation, please send me a copy of your booklet, "Who Wins and Why," and full particulars about the subject *before* which I have marked X:

TECHNICAL AND INDUSTRIAL COURSES

☐ Electrical Engineer	☐ Gas Engine Operating	☐ Radio ☐ Architect	☐ Chemistry
☐ Electric Lighting	☐ Civil Engineer	☐ Architects' Blueprints	☐ Pharmacy
☐ Mechanical Engineer	☐ Mining	☐ Contractor and Builder	☐ Automobile Work
☐ Mechanical Draftsman	☐ Surveying and Mapping	☐ Architectural Draftsman	☐ Aviation Engines
☐ Machine Shop Practice	☐ Plumbing and Heating	☐ Concrete Builder	☐ Agriculture and Poultry
☐ Railroad Positions	☐ Steam Engineering	☐ Structural Engineer	☐ Mathematics

BUSINESS TRAINING COURSES

☐ Business Management	☐ Cost Accounting	☐ Advertising	☐ Civil Service
☐ Industrial Management	☐ Bookkeeping	☐ English	☐ Railway Mail Clerk
☐ Personnel Management	☐ Salesmanship	☐ Business Correspondence	☐ Grade School Subjects
☐ Traffic Management	☐ Secretarial Work	☐ Show Card and Sign Lettering	☐ High School Subjects
☐ Accounting and C. P. A. Coaching	☐ Spanish	☐ Stenography and Typing	☐ Illustrating
	☐ French		☐ Cartooning

Name.....*Age*..... *Street Address*.....

City.....*State*.....

Occupation.....

If you reside in Canada, send this coupon to the International Correspondence Schools Canadian, Limited, Montreal, Canada

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Collier's
THE NATIONAL WEEKLY
WILLIAM L. CHENERY, Editor

THOMAS H. BECK
Editorial Director

CHARLES COLEBAUGH
Managing Editor

We'll All Live Better

AUTOMOBILES are pleasant possessions. An Arab tribesman has only to see a motor car scooting over a desert trail to realize that camels are outmoded. Wherever in this world men see something better they desire new things. We can talk as much as we please about the simplicity of the good old days, but most of us prefer the complications of comfort.

We'd rather telephone than walk. We like radios and talking pictures. We enjoy electrical conveniences and labor-saving gadgets. Whatever our race, origin or tradition, very quickly we take up with the best we and our civilization can afford.

A dozen years ago old fossils thought it was funny to see laborers drive to work in automobiles. The silk shirts of workingmen and the silk stockings of their daughters were the occasion of jokes. We quickly learned, however, that the joke was on the conservative old gentlemen who looked askance at the social changes they witnessed.

The material standard of living established in this country between 1922 and 1929 was in truth high, but we liked it. All of us want to go on enjoying life as we were beginning to have it before 1929.

We were realizing the benefits of an economic democracy. Nearly everybody who had any kind of skill had a job. Money to buy necessities and luxuries was widely distributed. We had leisure to use what we possessed.

That standard of living was a sound ideal. All the world perceived that it was good for those who had been poor to drive their own motor cars, to listen to their own radios, to wear better clothes, and in general to share in the comforts and luxuries of a highly inventive civilization.

We learned also back in boom times that the soundest kind of business was based on selling good things to everybody. A million customers are a better market than a hundred thousand. The world is a better trading place than the village or county.

We are not going to forget these things. On the contrary, we have just started. In the years to come the standard of living in this country and throughout the world will be greatly improved. All sorts of manufactured products will be made for universal consumption. Markets will be expanded beyond anything we have ever known.

We had a setback but we have not changed the direction in which we travel. We don't intend to set a new destination. We are going to move on toward economic democracy. Actually we have no other choice. We have so much in the way of skill and productive capacity that we are destined to build up a steadily rising standard of living in which all classes and conditions share.

It is important at a time of adjustment such as this to keep this fact clearly in mind. We are not going to progress by going backward. We are going forward from the point at which we left off two years ago.

There was nothing wrong with the new economics in so far as it was new or economic. These words meant an increasingly high standard of living for everybody. Better living was based on mass production which made useful articles in large quantities cheaply. Prices went down as production went up and there was revenue to pay high wages. Workers were customers on a large scale. The new economics rested solidly on invention, science and the facts of human nature.

Our troubles did not come from an expansion of human consumption. It is a good thing to provide workmen with motor cars and better homes. The man with a car is more mobile. His range of activity, his usefulness, is enlarged. It is a good thing to distribute home comforts to those previously enslaved by drudgery.

What we have been suffering from is a hangover of the old economics and not an overdose of the new. Unsettled war debts, tariff barriers, frenzied speculation, chicanery in the security markets, were not new. These things are old, very old.

Raising tariff barriers so high that the currents of international trade are dammed is certainly no part of modern wisdom. Greedy speculation and the issuance of worthless securities are by the same token not new offenses. Yet it was from these things that our difficulties came.

Necessity will compel us to clean house. We shall make adjustments which ought long ago to have been accomplished. Gradually we shall recover from what ails us. As we get well we shall carry on where we left off when confusion hit the stock market.

The intelligent manufacturer will build the best product he can devise and sell it for the lowest profitable price to the largest number of consumers he can reach. Wages will again tend upward and the hours of employment will diminish.

A hundred years ago we achieved the forms of political democracy. This time the same forces are operating in the economic field.

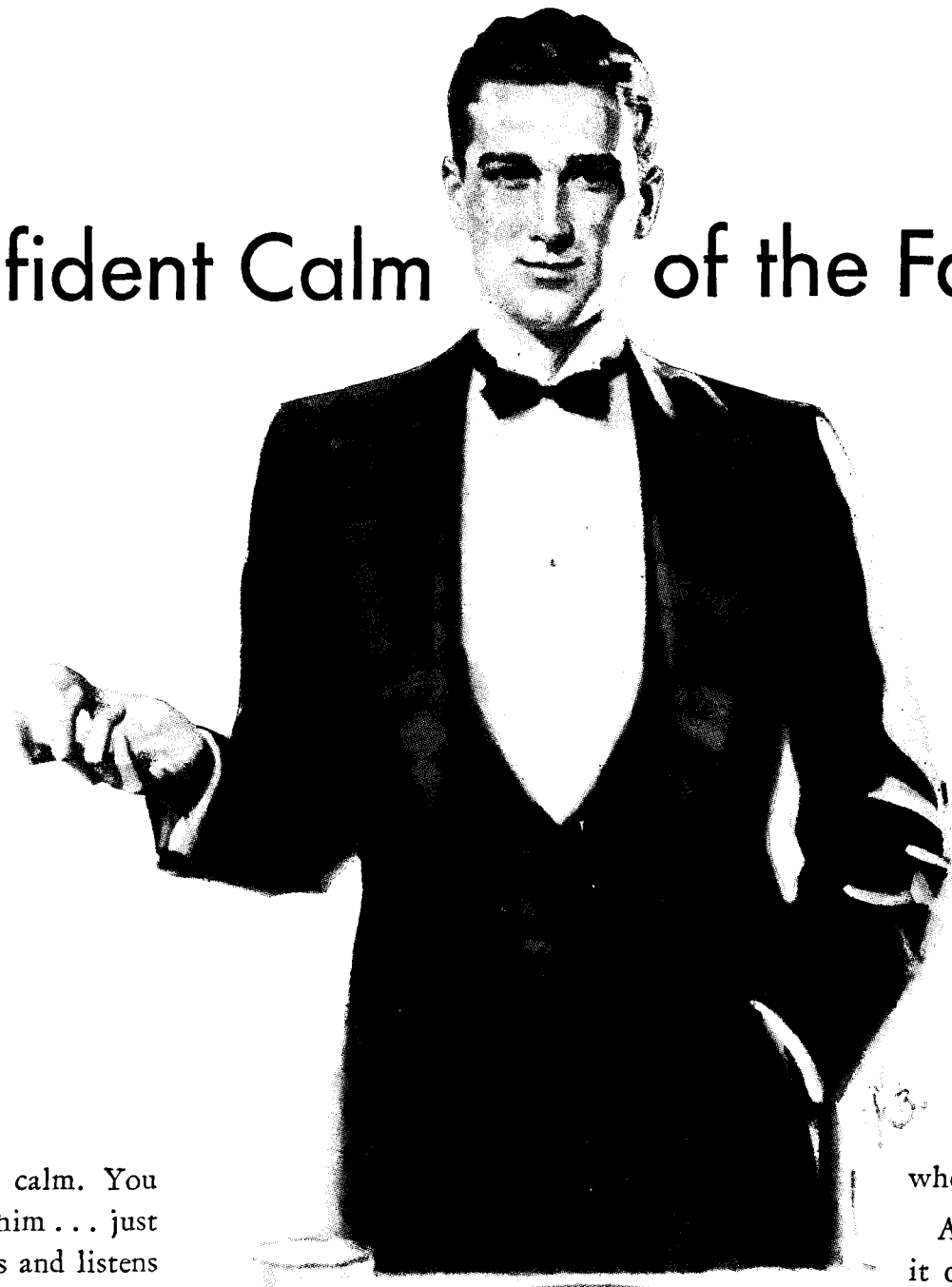
The nineteenth century gave us universal manhood suffrage. The twentieth century is giving us mass consumption.

The men and the institutions which prosper in the years immediately ahead will keep in step with their time.

The people of this world are going to live better and not worse than ever before. Manufacturers, merchants, all are concerned. Those who keep that reality in mind, who adjust their businesses to the serving of the largest number of people the best possible way, will be the leaders when again we have hit our stride.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Confident Calm of the Face that's Fit



HE rises . . . confident, calm. You like him; you listen to him . . . just as the world *always* likes and listens to the man whose Face is Fit.

Face Fitness! It begins with the five pleasant minutes you spend with Williams Shaving Service.

First, that quick-acting Williams lather that softens the beard right down to skin level. As your razor skims through that moist, snowy-white mask, it leaves a path of clean, pink skin — smooth as silk. For there is no clogging grease . . . no drying, parching, free alkali . . . no dye, either, in Williams Shaving Cream. It's cool, but not irritatingly cold. That's why a man's face feels so fresh and looks so clear when the last fleck of lather is gone.

And then . . . Aqua Velva! Dash it on the still-moist skin. Thrill to its racy, bracy tingle as it wakes up sleepy tissues—conditions them for the day. You'll like the way it helps to care for unseen nicks and cuts—the way it *keeps* your face as fit as Williams lather leaves it.

In any company, a Face that's Fit is a perfect introduction. That's why millions of Face-Fit men insist upon Williams—*they will not accept substitutes!*

JUST NOTICE THE FINE SKINS OF MEN WHO USE

SHAVING CREAM—AQUA VELVA

MAIL THIS!

It will show you the way to Face Fitness.

THE J. B. WILLIAMS COMPANY, Dept. C-240
Glastonbury, Conn., U. S. A.
Canadian Address: 3552 St. Patrick St., Montreal

I am anxious to try Williams Shaving Service. Please send me trial sizes of Williams Shaving Cream and Aqua Velva.

PLEASE PRINT NAME AND ADDRESS

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Pancakes

Simply add cold water or milk sufficient to make batter of the thickness you prefer. The usual mixture is equal parts of pan-cake flour and liquid. Stir batter until smooth and bake on a hot griddle.

Bran Pancakes

If you wish to add mineral and roughage to the diet, add two heaping tablespoons of Pillsbury's Wheat Bran for each cup of pancake flour. Bran pan-cakes are delicious!

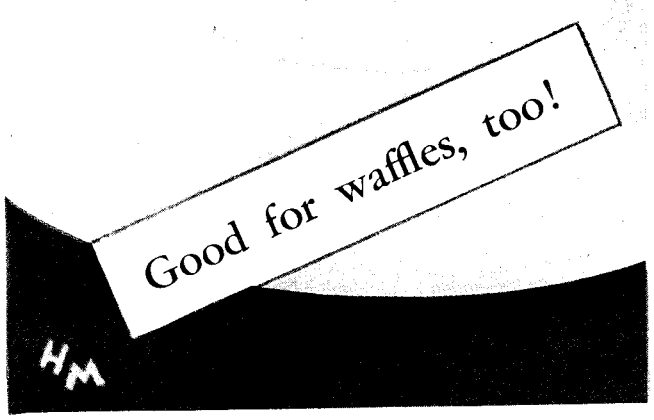
Waffles

Slowly stir 2 cups sweet milk into 2 cups Pillsbury's Pancake Flour. Add 6 tablespoons melted butter and 2 well beaten eggs. Mix batter thoroughly and bake in hot waffle iron. (Do not grease electric waffle bakers having alu-minum grids. If your baker is new, be sure to follow carefully the manufacturer's directions for breaking in the grids.)

Buckwheat Pancakes

If you like real buckwheat cakes, ask your grocer for Pillsbury's Buckwheat Pancake Flour. It makes the genuine, old-fashioned variety.

Pillsbury Flour Mills Company
General Offices
Minneapolis, Minn.



HERE is the *modern* way to make pancakes. No mixing, no fussing. Simply add milk or water, stir the batter, and bake your cakes. They'll be ready in almost no time. The improvement in the flavor and tenderness of your pancakes will be just as welcome as the saving in time and trouble! Pillsbury's Pancake Flour is made by the millers of Pillsbury's Best Flour, America's leading family flour for over sixty years.

LISTEN

to the music of the Pillsbury Pageant, each Friday night at 10:00 to 10:30, Eastern Standard Time, over the Columbia Broad-casting System.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED